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MY CLASS IN COMPOSITION

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MY CLASS IN COMPOSITION

A TEACHER'S DIARY

BY

JULIEN BEZARD

Professor in the Lycée Hoche, Versailles

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

PHYLLIS ROBBINS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

ROLLO WALTER BROWN

CAMBRIDGE

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Ma première vue a été de mettre par écrit et de fixer la méthode d'enseigner usitée depuis longtemps parmi vous.— ROLLIN, Dedication of the *Traité des études*.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

This translation is based upon the fourth French edition; but several chapters not yet published in France have been included. In order to avoid certain repetitions, which the addition of this new material involved, and to prevent the volume from becoming too large, some changes and omissions in the original text have been made, with Mr. Bezard's coöperation.

Sincere thanks are due to Professor André Morize of Harvard University for his unfailing interest and valuable help in the preparation of this book; to Miss Gertrude Fogler for her kind advice on many details; to Mr. Warren H. Colson for information about stamps; to Mr. R. H. Wetmore for reading the chapter on Botany; to Mr. Robbins Milbank for reading the chapter on Chemistry; and to Professor J. Van Dooren of the Athénée Royal, Arlon, Belgium, for his courtesy in photographing the postal-card reproduced in the chapter on Stamp-Collecting.

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are at least two good reasons why this diary of a teacher of composition ought to be welcomed heartily by teachers of English, directors of schools, and all other persons who look upon penetrant thinking and adequate expression as important ends in educational procedure.

In the first place, the helping of boys and girls to think honestly and to write clearly is a task that may be approached from so many different points of view, and must be entered upon daily with such an open, mobile mind, that the conscientious record of what any teacher has actually done in the classroom ought to be alive with suggestion for anyone else who is engaged at the same task. Especially should the suggestions be numerous and vital when the one who has recorded his procedure lives in a country where the aims in the teaching of the mother-tongue are the highest, but where the environment in which the teacher works is different enough from our own to induce frequent variations in method and daily practice. From any such classroom record there should spring many stimulating doubts, a certain amount of comforting assurance, and an occasional idea that could be put to immediate new service. No less profit than this should be expected from any such journal that has had a conscientious origin.

But in the present instance the second of the reasons is the more important one. Mr. Bezard is an unusual teacher. To begin with, he possesses an irresistible enthusiasm. He can hold a two-hour recitation on one of

Lamartine's short poems and keep his class of sixteen-year-old boys eagerly, even noisily, interested from the beginning of the period to the end. He can direct an informal discussion on "the nature of an elegy" among his mature students in the special normal school at St. Cloud, and send them away at the end of the hour impatient for another session of lively give and take. He can criticize themes before a class of twelve-year-old boys with such kind-spirited raillery and sympathetic incisiveness that every boy in the class will be up in his seat begging to be heard. He remarked to me one day, with almost apologetic modesty, that the only real trouble he ever had in teaching was to keep all the boys from talking at once.

His range of interest, moreover, helps to set him apart as an unusual teacher. Nothing seems to escape him. Everything is turned into glowing material for classroom discussion and for themes. Boyish pranks, boyish laziness, boyish hobbies; the life of the street; the flowers and trees and animal life in the gardens and fields; the pictures in the galleries; the imaginary experience of living in all sorts of historical periods and places; the study of foreign languages (he has written a fascinating book on the teaching of Latin); the ideals and the prejudices of his country; the literary masterpieces of his country (the pupils lose all fear of meeting a masterpiece face to face); the holy cause of international goodwill — these are some of the fields which he is constantly working, and from which he draws material that his boys eventually discuss with avidity.

Under such a teacher, consider what a boy is led to think about, to meditate upon, to write about, in the course of a year — in the course of five or six years. How

unanswerably does Mr. Bezard tell us what constitutes "culture" or education! For he sees to it that his boys are not allowed to escape the invigorating experience of applying mental energy to a great variety of ideas that in themselves are humane. How his catholicity of taste ought to set at rest the puny attempts of those who are endeavoring to prove that only this kind or that kind of material is good for a student!

Mr. Bezard is an unusual teacher, too, in that he has developed one practice that not only puts him in immediate sympathetic accord with his pupils, but enables him to possess a detailed account of everything of importance that takes place in the classroom. He writes with his pupils. After they have been guided through the discussion of a topic, and have reached some intelligent conclusion, he will say, "Very well; now we'll put *that* down." And for two or three, or perhaps four or five minutes, the pens are busy on every desk, including the teacher's.

Just how this practice actually works out may be seen in this typical instance. It was in the autumn of 1922. The class of twelve-year-old boys were to discuss a scene in one of Corneille's plays. After the preliminary announcements of the hour, Mr. Bezard explained, somewhat casually, that there were certain words in this author's plays which were regarded as distinctly Corneillian; that there was one such word in this scene. And then he announced, as if he were putting a premium upon intelligence, — which he always does, — that he would cancel the requirement for the next written exercise for any boy who would go through the scene and pick out this word. There was an eager, noisy shuffling of books, and then a steadying down into nervous silence. One boy suddenly put up his hand.

"What is it?" Mr. Bezard asked.

The boy mentioned a word at which the teacher laughed heartily. "But, my dear boy, that is absurd! Don't you see that it is?"

There were deprecatory "Oh's" and sidewise glances which meant, "Well you did n't know so much after all, did you?" The boy good-naturedly squirmed back into his seat and resumed the search.

After two or three others had made dramatic but unsuccessful attempts, a boy toward the rear of the room put up his hand. "I have it, monsieur," he announced in quiet confidence.

"What is it?" the teacher inquired.

"'Honor,'" he replied.

"Splendid! The very word!" Mr. Bezard exclaimed. "How did you happen to find it?"

"I read through the entire scene [a short one] while the others were guessing!"

There was laughter; yet it was easy to note that it was a respectful kind of outburst. The boy evidently had a good reputation.

"How many times does the word appear?" the teacher then asked.

Upon being told that it appeared at least five times, he announced, "We shall see, then, exactly how." And he sent another boy to the blackboard to write down the five lines in which the word appeared.

The meanings thus revealed were not the same; there were nuances that required discussion. So the recitation resolved itself into a discerning consideration of the different meanings of the word: the honor that is integrity or chastity — the honor of an upright man or virtuous woman; the honor that is reputation or solid fame —

the honor of a military leader or great civil servant of the people; the honor that is ornament or glory — the honor of the transient hero; the honor that is high sensitiveness — the honor of a people who fight when a less sensitive people would avoid the necessity. After all these meanings, and others, had been discussed, and after every boy had had opportunity to mention examples or illustrations, the class and teacher went busily to work with their pens, and soon had in their notebooks an orderly, unhackneyed account of the discussion.

Of course, very little of such a teacher's recitations can be recorded on cold paper. It is one of the ironies of the profession that the best part of a good teacher always must remain unrecorded. The essence of his spirit, the flavor of his delight in his work, will not readily lend themselves to the mosaic of the printed page. But something can be saved. From his own records, his fellows can catch glimpses of his enthusiasm, his genuineness, his patience, his love for his boys, his creative spending of himself without stint, his devotion to the wholesome and fine-tempered. He can help us to bring together a body of suggestions that may find their way profitably into our daily work. He can help all of us to see, too, how our own minds may be saved from incrustation. And above all, he can help us to renew our faith — our faith that the ordinary, everyday boy and girl may be led to be a little less disorderly in their thinking and writing, and that the occasional young genius who sits in our classrooms may by good chance be quickened sufficiently to push on into the land of animation and light where one ceases to be a student and becomes a learner.

Rollo Walter Brown

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION

This book, as the title gives warning, is but the class-diary of a teacher of composition. Like the "Devil on two sticks," whom Lesage imagines lifting the roof from each house and uncovering to the public gaze the private life of its occupants, I have set ajar the school-room door for those outside who care to watch my class at its daily work. "A mad attempt," I was told by my good friends. "Such a thing has never been done; a teacher has never been so guileless as to write a history of his class, even if destined merely for the pupils' families. The public is too heedless, too busy with its own affairs, to pay attention to these trivial memories of school life. Besides, your work fits no recognized category." And they would gladly have echoed the advice of Lamartine's cautious bookseller: "Give up these novelties where the reader is on unfamiliar ground! Turn to our Masters! If you want to be accepted and read, for goodness' sake imitate someone!" Alas, my friends, your wise and prudent words suffered the fate of all prophecies and counsels. They did not delay my folly for an hour. I submitted to the public a method contrary to that of "our Masters," and I have had no reason to regret my decision.

Under another form of the old, yet ever-young Rhetoric, my *Diary* presents a new conception of its principles. We are trying — the class and I — to follow the laws of

nature, to draw close to reality, to bring education and life nearer together. I want my pupils to live in the present rather than in the future; while I am shaping them for their adult years, I want them to realize that youth has its own value, that it is worthy to be lived in and for itself. I want them to discover the *things* that *words* stand for, the meaning and the living interest of what they learn, in order that they may carry with them some definite good from their studies, and be ready, the instant a thought is ripe, to act upon it.

Two distinct aspects of this reality the school should make known to the pupils before they turn to an historical study of literature. The first is the world that lies about them every day, wherever their boyish pursuits lead them; the second is the world they have glimpses of in books. The one speaks more particularly to eye and to ear, the other to imagination. Both appeal to judgment, to reason; both take for granted the ABC of rhetoric — analysis and synthesis.

Thus, the observing of facts and the reading of books work together to develop order and logic in writing. This cannot be repeated too often. But I resort to other means as well. Since in class it is necessary at all costs to be understood, I do not hesitate to underscore divisions, to use Roman and Arabic numerals, capital and small letters. The pupils laugh (and the teacher with them) at these artless procedures; but they are not deceived by their jokes; they make fun, but they take heed; and they know, even in the midst of their jesting, how to apply what they have learned. One young rascal conceived the plan of writing an entire letter according to school methods. The parody made the round of the class, and I was not left in ignorance of its contents:

"Preamble," wrote the author. "I intend to go to the country the day after to-morrow to see you.

"Part I. I have three principal motives for my decision:

1. The need of fresh air;
2. The desire to go canoeing on the river;
3. The hope of playing another good trick on your neighbor, old Baptiste!

"Part II (reservations). Nevertheless, I shall perhaps be prevented from going for three main reasons. Each of them is sustained by three arguments:

1. The first is . . ." and so forth.

It is needless to add that this pupil (an English boy) used to hand in excellent themes, conforming strictly to rules. His very raillery proved how fully he had understood, and I was almost as much pleased as the dramatist must be who sees his play caricatured at the end of the season in the *revues*. I continue, therefore, without a qualm to require divisions, Firsts and Seconds, capital A's and capital B's. On alternate weeks I ask the pupils to submit these divisions undisguised, without development, in the form of a simple *plan*; this fortnightly work is only a report or summary of a text that has been carefully studied; it obliges the pupils to read, to read thoroughly, and to analyze what they have read; it is the written proof of work accomplished. It is the symbol of the principle that should above all guide us in our studies: it represents the *love of order*.

Order, however, is not enough; there would be danger of overdoing these exercises were they not supplemented by imaginative work. Many of the pupils do not realize this danger. Captivated by the ease with which they draw up their rather superficial plans, they readily exaggerate the value of them. To make a plan becomes their highest literary ambition. In their eyes, the more quickly

a teacher covers the blackboard with brackets and divisions, on the first subject that arises, the cleverer he is; and well-meaning boys come to me with their grievance: "They gave me only five [1] at the Sorbonne. Yet I had made a very good plan!" Poor lads! Your plans, of course, count for something; but their usefulness depends on your ability to develop them. Taste, feeling, imagination, must complete the work of reason; [2] the most important and difficult task is to teach you to *write*. "Style," says Buffon, "is but the order and the movement we give to our thoughts." It is true that the scientific qualities that attract the modern boy are as precious for movement as for order. A pupil who has written an orderly theme, with carefully constructed paragraphs and ideas in close sequence, will find more readily than another the right word, the exact, perhaps even the vivid and picturesque, expression; words come easily to him when he sees his way through his own mind. But he must add the literary qualities, — to be learned from poets and orators, — the "glow," as Buffon puts it, "that gives life to each expression, when thoughts and feelings are flooded by the light of reason."

You will object that such things cannot be taught; that the gift of style belongs to a chosen few, and is innate even in them. "Ah! Daniel," said Mother Jacques to her brother, "what a right way you have of saying things!" [3] How can the average boy be taught this

[1] In France it is customary to mark on a scale of 20 as a maximum.

[2] This antithesis, expressed in various ways, recurs throughout the book: Preparation — Correction; Plan — Development; Imagination, Observation — Reflection; Research — Composition, Choice; Analysis — Synthesis; etc. And many other pairs of words throw light on Mr. Bezard's methods: The art of reading — The art of writing; Words — Acts; Books — Facts; School — Life. — *Translator.*

[3] A. Daudet, *Little What's-His-Name* (*Le Petit Chose*), part 2, chap. ii.

"right way of saying things"? How can he be made to see the color in an image, to catch the music in a phrase? How can eye or ear be trained, if Nature herself has not given it exquisite sensibility?

To this all too sound objection I reply that I do not pretend to produce writers; that, if most people are incapable of feeling as acutely as "Petit Chose," they should at all events be able to express definite ideas in a correct form, and that this less ambitious feat may perhaps be achieved, little by little, through assimilation.

There are two processes on which we teachers over here rely to gain this end, the *preparation of themes* and the *correction of themes;* of these we think by far the more important and the more delicate is the *preparation*. We seldom give out a subject without adding some advice as to how to treat it; preferring, as far as possible, to discuss the home-work with the pupil before he does it rather than after. We try to encourage him, to show him what he would have little chance of discovering for himself, and, without rousing his suspicions, to turn him toward sources abundant in material. Yet care must be taken not to check his initiative, not to accustom him to read too much in his teacher's face, to lean continually on another's foresight. You will see that, far from going to extremes, I am almost too scrupulous. Several times, trusting that the boy has been sufficiently prepared by his own experience or by previous talks, I let the subject speak for itself. Usually it is with questions that we can best point out the way; but knowing how tedious they become when written down, how baffling in even divine Plato's or charming Xenophon's skilled hands, I have preserved here only the barest outlines of our

pseudo-Socratic dialogues, which the reader will complete without difficulty.

Moreover, we are not speaking to the boys only: when they go home with our remarks neatly copied into their note-books, the subject-matter and the advice find their way to their parents and older brothers and sisters. "I know all about your classes," I have had fathers tell me; "I can follow them easily. My boy's note-book is as good as a dictaphone." And the parents often show interest in our common-sense methods and are a great help.

In my written accounts of the second process, the *correction of themes*, I began by giving, as I had done in class, a certain importance to the purely critical or negative side of the corrections, analyzing the main characteristics of the average themes and calling attention to the defects. Unfortunately, these analyses, once separated from the themes (which were too numerous to print), usually lost all interest. They were intelligible to those who had been present at class, but to the reader, coming on them unprepared, they would have been obscure. Any such uprooting and transplanting I decided was a breach of faith. I have, therefore, discarded all but a few remarks dealing with short themes, from which it was easy to make extracts. These will give an idea of the others. It would be still more uncalled-for, on the pretext of painting the class from life, to lay bare even a fraction of the carelessness, bad grammar, misuse of words, triteness, with which the schoolboy's style at all times and in all lands is so well equipped. I have now and then pointed out an instance, but only rarely could I bring myself to dwell on these slips — trifling as they are and, what is more, uninteresting. It seemed unfair to my alert, confident pupils; and I have left to the reader the task of filling in the gap.

Instead, I chose to develop the positive side of our discussions, clearly the most effective side if it is true that "a good example is the best sermon." Of course, shortcomings must be criticized, mistakes pointed out, weeds pulled up whenever they sprout too abundantly in favorable soil. But how much surer it is, relying on the preventive method dear to modern medicine, to strengthen the organism so that it will itself eliminate the harmful seeds. Our psychological soil is rich in good elements: the fine qualities in our pupils far outnumber their defects; their natures ask nothing better than to develop in the right way, provided we take care to direct them wisely, to trust to reason and feeling — two forces for which there are no substitutes. Reason and feeling — "order and movement." Not that in class we have adopted the tone of the *Discourse on Style;* indeed, the purists, if inclined to reproach us, might complain that there was nothing solemn or academic about us. Nevertheless, in a natural, simple, though perhaps too informal way, — the only way the pupils seem to like, — we have really all along been applying, if not the familiar methods, certainly the traditional common sense of our ancient Masters.

The reader can easily imagine, by recalling his own schooldays, what this class-work is likely to be. A poorly prepared sentence is never corrected or recast; a theme once neglected remains neglected, no matter at what pains I may be to minimize its defects. To delay long over it would waste our time and profit no one; it would merely put a premium on the pupil's laziness. But when a theme is written with care, it is a different matter, even if the result is mediocre, even if it is bad! This is true of the simplest exercise, so long as under its colorless exterior the "intention" is evident, the steady effort

to find the correct expression. For then an idea is "thinking itself out," an intelligence is asking for help, to whose rescue we are only too eager to go.[1] One pupil suggests a more definite term; from this beginning, others vie with him for something still better; they try the sentence over and over, in search of a rhythm that shall satisfy the most exacting ear; and they generally succeed in finding the proper turn. Thus, so far as style allows of assimilation, those who have any natural taste sometimes acquire the "right way of saying things."

Must I ask indulgence from a foreign public for these unpretentious themes? Whoever has cared to look through this preface is probably a teacher like myself, whose smile will be more kindly than disdainful when he reads these boyish essays full of an appealing inexperience. He will be wary of harsh judgments, fearing in this matter-of-fact age to discourage any effort to capture that fast-vanishing thing called *literary sense*.

[1] When a theme has been little changed, the version printed here is signed simply by the boy's name; when it is followed by "rewritten," "altered," or "added to," the class has had a hand in it, and often not much remains of the original form.

Comparative Chart of Grades in American Schools and in French Secondary Schools [1]

<table>
<tr><td>Av. age of pupil</td><td colspan="4">11–12 12–13</td><td colspan="3">13–14 14–15 15–16 16–17</td><td colspan="2">17–18 18–19</td></tr>
<tr><td>U. S. A.</td><td colspan="4">Last Two Years of Gram. Sch.</td><td colspan="3">Four Years of High School</td><td colspan="2">Freshman and Sophomore Years at College</td></tr>
<tr><td rowspan="4">France</td><td colspan="4">Division A = Latin, and, beginning with Class 4, Greek</td><td>A</td><td>Latin–Greek 2 A</td><td>Latin–Greek 1 A</td><td>Phil. or Math.</td></tr>
<tr><td>6 A</td><td>5 A</td><td>4 A</td><td>3 A</td><td>B</td><td>Latin–Modern Langs. 2 B</td><td>Latin–Modern Langs. 1 B</td><td>Phil. or Math.</td></tr>
<tr><td colspan="4">Division B = no Latin; two modern languages</td><td>C</td><td>Latin–Sciences 2 C</td><td>Latin–Sciences 1 C</td><td>Phil. or Math.</td></tr>
<tr><td>6 B</td><td>5 B</td><td>4 B</td><td>3 B</td><td>D</td><td>Sciences–Modern Langs. 2 D</td><td>Sciences–Modern Langs. 1 D</td><td>Phil. or Math.</td></tr>
</table>

[1] "The French have two distinct school systems running parallel from the lowest grades to the end of the school courses. . . . The 'primary' instruction is intensely practical in character, corresponding in the upper grades to the work in our vocational or manual training high schools." R. W. Brown, *How the French Boy Learns to Write*, pp. 12 and 13.

The French boy on entering Class 6, after his preparatory years, chooses between Divisions A and B. On entering Class 2 he chooses one of the four divisions, A, B, C, D. His training in writing is practically the same in the various divisions. After Class 1 (formerly called "Rhetoric") he takes the first part of his baccalaureate examination. The second part he takes the next year, after a special course in philosophy or mathematics. This last year includes no systematic instruction in the mother-tongue.[1] From the lycée he may go to higher special schools or to a university.

"It should be borne in mind that the course in the secondary system, that is, in the lycée, though no longer when measured in years than the American course through the high school, is long enough, in days and hours and the work actually done, to carry a student almost to the end of his sophomore year in an American college." [2]

"The French teacher comes from a country where the *curriculum vitae* of the student is divided in an entirely different way. This, you may say, is a mere detail; but it is a very important detail. If, up to the age of fifteen or sixteen years, our children follow a fairly similar career, after that age a great change occurs. Whereas the American boy finishes high school when he is about seventeen years old and immediately enters the completely different atmosphere and régime of a college, the French boy stays in his secondary school two or three years longer. Our 'lycées' or 'collèges' correspond, indeed, to your high schools, with the two first years of your 'college' added, — the freshman and sophomore years, — a fact of great importance." [3]

[1] As this book goes to press, a project of reform is before the French Legislature, which may materially alter the present programme.

[2] R. W. Brown, *loc. cit.*, p. 14.

[3] A. Morize, *A French Teacher's Impressions of American Education*, Harvard Alumni Bulletin, vol. xxiv, no. 27, p. 643, April 6, 1922.

PART I

OBSERVATION OF REAL LIFE

INTRODUCTION

THE FIRST TWO MEETINGS OF THE CLASS

General Advice on the Writing of Narrative

Analysis of One of Daudet's Short Stories

The first of October is here. At the Secretary's office I have just been handed the schedule for the coming year, and I snatch a moment before going into class to scan the paper in secret dismay. How can I carry out my programme in so short a time? What is more, how will the pupils manage to do the work? Happily for them, they are not thinking about this. They have far different concerns. They are choosing their seats, pushing and jostling one another with exclamations and laughter. I must hasten, and go in.

Silence falls abruptly, one of those silences that only fear or curiosity explains. You may rest assured, it is not due to fear. Under the modern idea of discipline, despite the strictness luckily in favor at our school, fear is the last sensation experienced by the boys. This cannot be said of curiosity. Remember that they are in Second C,[1] the scientific division, where their minds are constantly straining over problems of algebra or geometry. Doubtless, they like this stiff work; they undertake it with enthusiasm. But they are nothing loath to find a comparative relaxation in writing, and they have known masters

[1] The boys are from fifteen to seventeen years old.

of composition — last year, and the year before too — who (strange to say) made their classes positively pleasant, almost amusing! Will the new teacher be of their sort, or will he be more like that Professor Crocodilus, of whom Alphonse Daudet says that he "relentlessly hunted down, in the pupils' themes, the rare flower called imagination"?[1] At first sight the teacher does not look very forbidding, and the older boys last year did not complain much of his class; still, appearances are so deceitful, and some boys are so easily taken in! Better wait and see. You may be sure that this vital question is the only one present in those motionless heads, whose thirty pairs of eyes betray so unmistakably their innermost thoughts.

The scrutiny, lasting while I take down all the names, does not seem to result too unfavorably, for a movement of almost responsive attention greets the opening of my thin portfolio. A book emerges — a small book, a pretty binding, gilt edges. A good sign! I announce: "Daudet's *Short Stories*" (*Contes*). Pshaw! That old thing! (Perhaps they would prefer Maupassant!) Oh, well! After all it is better than *Britannicus*. — I proceed:

"Who is the best reader?"

Silence.

"Come, confess! Who won first prize in recitation?"

A hand goes up.

"Here is the book. Turn to page 128. Are you ready?"

He reads: "*The Wreck of the Sémillante*" (*L'Agonie de la Sémillante*).

"That's the place. I shall take notes on the blackboard as you read. Stop when I give you a signal, after the opening passages. Now begin."

[1] A. Daudet, *The Immortal* (*L'Immortel*).

He reads: "This happened two or three years ago. I was crossing the Sardinian Sea — "

The first class has begun!

The pupil continues; I silently take notes on the board. When he reaches the line: "Still under the impression," I break in:

It seems [I tell them] as if Daudet must have composed this little narrative expressly for us. It is the one where we can follow his methods most clearly. He has explained in *Thirty Years in Paris* (*Trente Ans de Paris*) what these methods are, but it is much more interesting here to catch him at work, under our very eyes. *The Wreck of the Sémillante* is divided into two sharply contrasted parts; I stopped you at the end of the first. It shows us the *work of research* to which each pupil who is studying a subject should devote himself first of all. "The material is so dry!" you sometimes complain. "How can a boy be expected to find ideas by himself!" From this it is but a step to declare the subject absurd, and to denounce your teacher. Oh, I do not say that you have taken the step, but about some things I should rather not commit myself. The fact is that you put the cart before the horse, and that you turn at once to the second process, the *work of composition*, without enough preliminary analysis.

Now, nature has decreed that in these two successive operations we should call upon different faculties, different methods. The first relies on the mechanical part of the brain, the second on the reflective; the one has to do with *imagination*, the other with *reason*.

I. THE FIRST PROCESS

The Search for Ideas and the Working of the Imagination

You are aware that the fundamental law followed by the human brain is the *law of the association of ideas*. A recollection, an idea, an image, does not start up singly in our memory; that "image" (this is the term used by philosophers) is always introduced by a preceding image, and never fails to draw a third after it. The imagination is like a moving-picture that never stops. Day and night, it reels off its long succession of photographs; they come fast or slow, sometimes clear-cut, sometimes blurred, but never is there the slightest gap.

The force that moves this chain of images is purely mechanical. It is independent of reflection. Often, indeed, the feebler the thought, the more vivid the image. When we are half-asleep, or worn out by illness, — that is, under conditions when our will falters, or our reasoning powers grow weak, — imagination holds more sway over us: instead of guiding it, we are led, carried along by it; we no longer desire, we no longer reason, we drift. What we call waking is nothing but the reason or the will reasserting its rights and saying to the mechanical, subconscious part of our being: "Halt! I resume command!" Clearly, this mechanical force acts quite differently from reflection. Reflection everywhere introduces order and logic; it establishes a rational connection between images. The peculiar quality of a dream is its absurdity, its incoherence; images are associated with one another almost haphazard, by any insignificant, accessory detail, rarely by the essential parts. Even when wide-awake, if we are the least absent-minded, or are

talking by fits and starts, we are sometimes astonished at the distance we have traveled over the stepping-stones of four or five ideas.

Now, our chief concern, during the introductory work of research and analysis, should be to create the semi-conscious state in which the mind is content to register whatever the imagination presents. These images are frail, elusive: a trifle, a movement, an unrelated idea, puts them to flight. Let them unfold in your memory; coax them gently; and direct the revery only enough to keep it fixed on the subject of the theme. This is what Daudet does here. He watches, he listens, he makes notes. He does not attempt to arrange them; he takes good care not to do so. On our first sheet of paper we write at random, at the top, at the bottom, no matter where, very fast, keeping pace with the ideas. The page should have the general appearance that I have given to the blackboard. Look:

The Situation. — The setting. — Cemetery.

In the Course of a Conversation. — The condition of the sea. — Fog. — Loss of the rudder. — The captain, good seaman. — The time.

Two Witnesses who Continue the Conversation. — The custom-house officer perceives the frigate. — The custom-house officer's cap (the enormous space, out of all proportion, occupied by this cap in the series of images). — The ship under bare poles. — The leprous shepherd, half idiot. — Image: his lip held up. — The bodies.

Second Conversation. — Other details. — Six hundred bodies. — Wreckage. — The captain in full dress. — The chaplain with his stole. — The cabin-boy, his eyes wide-open.

Interruption. — The fire goes out.

Last Details. — Another episode. — The first shipwreck. — The sloop of war. — The twenty rescued soldiers of the supply convoy. — The corporal's moustache.

II. THE SECOND PROCESS

Choice of Ideas. — Order is then Introduced by Reflection

Now let us read the transition carefully (from "Still under the impression," — to "I saw the frigate").

Here, everything changes. Daudet, who up to this point has been only *taking notes*, begins to think. First, he *chooses* the most important details, those that have the greatest power of evoking (the expression is his own); the others, of secondary interest, will group themselves round these (first process of composition); again, others still, which have not appeared on our sheet, which were not told to the author, will be inferred by him, rescued through reflection (second process of composition). This is exactly what Augustin Thierry does in his *Tales of Merovingian Times* (*Récits des temps mérovingiens*), and Walter Scott in *Ivanhoe*. They infer from a small number of important details what must have taken place in the sixth or twelfth century; they "reconstruct" — another of Daudet's words — an entire scene, as Cuvier drew the skeleton of an animal from the few bones in his possession. This process is not within everyone's reach. By it we recognize a writer's talent.

1. The Peaceful Embarking. Confidence of the Passengers. — Filled in from one detail: "The captain is a good seaman." (Here we see the process of logical reconstruction: the question is to find the *effect* when the *cause* is known.)

2. The Fog. — The pitching. — On the lower deck. — Fear. — The soldiers' story. — The corporal's jokes. (All the incidents are brought in. There is no actual invention, only order and animation.)

3. A Cracking Noise. — The important fact, centre of the paragraph: the *loss of the rudder*. (It was among the first things mentioned, whereas the episode of the soldiers was one of the last. The logical order, as you see, is different from the primitive disorder.)

The *inferred* consequences of this irreparable loss. — Drifting hither and thither. — Reports like cannon-shots. — The breakers. (None of these details appear on the first sheet. They are recovered, evoked from the original fact.)

4. The Last Scene. — The *significant details*. — The captain's full-dress and the chaplain's stole. (Here, on the contrary, the *cause* must be found when the *effect* is known.)

"Where there is smoke there is a fire," one of the pupils observes.

Exactly! There is some explanation of the captain's full dress.

"He wanted to look his best to die!"

The wearing of a stole suggests a religious ceremony; and on these simple indications Daudet builds the great closing scene, with the prayer for the dying.

This is how reflection completes the work of imagination.

Go now, and do likewise — if you can!

FIRST SERIES

ANECDOTES OF TOWN AND VILLAGE

I. A Narrative: A Good Lesson [1]

1. Grandfather smilingly listens to the children. The two boys and the little girl are complaining of their school-teachers.

2. "I was ten years old," he tells them. "The village school-master had mildly punished me. I ran home in tears to my father, protesting against his 'cruelty.'

3. "My father, a carpenter by trade, a rather rough man but full of common sense, without answering returned with me immediately to the school. He invited the 'Master' to 'do us the honor' of dining that evening at our house."

4. The children flush, and understand. The old man convinces them still further. It is to that excellent father that he owes a habit of obedience, of self-discipline, and a sense of justice. That evening left an indelible impression on him.

(True anecdote. In a Burgundian village, about 1809.)

Classroom Discussion

COMPARISON BETWEEN TWO THEMES

To-day we have a good many mediocre narratives, acceptable and painstaking, but rather colorless. Two pupils, however, seem to me to have found the interesting ideas, and to have brought them out with some vividness. The discussion, then, will be a simple matter. We shall ask each of them in turn to read us a paragraph

[1] Outline of theme dictated to the class.

from his version; after the passage is read, we shall sum up the impressions of the class and discuss the two themes; this continual comparison will help us to appreciate them. Courtet, will you begin? And speak up! Make yourself heard! It is the surest way to make us listen!

PARAGRAPH I

First Version.[1] — Near the window my aged grandfather was dozing, leaning back in his wicker chair, his elbows resting on the arms, his head nodding over his right shoulder, a newspaper open on his knees.. His white, slightly curling hair and whiskers outlined his face; his long, silky eyebrows drooped over his lids, which were reddened by toil. He was so good, so gentle, that I never failed to go to his room, followed by my brother and my sister, as soon as I returned from school. I used to open the door noiselessly; he would sham an ever fresh surprise; we all would fling ourselves on his neck, and then, astride his knee or seated at his feet on a hassock, we would tell him the various incidents of the day. Now, on that particular day, I threw my knife-scarred leather portfolio violently on the table, and without kissing the old man, who looked at me in surprise, I cried: "O Grandfather! What is the use of working? You know — my lovely page of copy! Was n't it carefully done? Well, all for a tiny little blot, the teacher gave me a zero!" And, with an angry flounce, I planted my elbows on the table. It is certain that one protest brings out another, because of the pleasure people find in complaining, for my brother and my sister continued in the same tone. Luckily, Grandfather interposed, and, smiling, said in his gentle voice: "Children, sit down near me; I am going to tell you a true story." We were not slow to obey, and the dear old man began: —

CHARLES COURTET

The description of the grandfather was declared by the boys to be successful; they commented with particular approval on the "open newspaper," and thought that the "knife-scarred portfolio" and the "true story" —

[1] The translations of the pupils' themes are as literal as it has been possible to make them.

the expression children use — were realistic touches. But there was general regret that the description of the children was so short; every one would have liked to know more about the brother and the sister.

As a matter of fact [I resumed, after asking for opinions here and there], those of you — and there are many — who devote half a page, if not a page, to the portrait of the old man, also sketching his room and furniture, are guilty of a fault in composition. It is better to dwell here upon the characters of the children; the more we know of them, the more we shall be interested in their grandfather's story. For this is not addressed to us; we listen willingly, because we feel that it is followed, judged, almost lived again, by the children; from their alert or solemn expressions we should never suspect that the events were not happening then and there. Yes, decidedly, Courtet should have added a few lines. But, if I remember correctly, we are to hear further, in another theme, from the high-pitched voice of Mademoiselle Suzanne. Your turn, Rémilly.

Rémilly's Version. — In a large room, dusky in the twilight of a November afternoon, an old man was placidly sleeping. Suddenly he was wakened with a start by the joyous bounds of two small children, who clambered on his knees and kissed him affectionately. "How do you do, my dears?" said their grandfather, patting the cheeks of his granddaughter and his grandson. "How did you get on at school? Did all go well?" "Ugh! Grandpa," said little Suzanne, shaking her head, and making up a face. "Our teachers are so strict — so awfully strict! To-day I had a bad mark again, and I was not doing anything naughty, either! It is about the tenth I have had. I get bad marks all the time for one thing after another!" — "Pooh! You're much to be pitied, you girls," broke in young Maurice, his nose in the air, his hands in his pockets. "You complain because your schoolmistresses give you bad marks. But for us, with our masters, it is much worse! They give us lines to copy, lots of them. To-day, I had sixty — long ones too!" Grandfather heard without a word the complaints of these martyred children.

Then he laughed and said to them: "Come, here is a story of what happened to me when I was little and used to go to school." Quickly the two children settled themselves to listen. Grandfather's stories were so funny, especially those about "when he was little!" They put down their satchels; the little girl scrambled on to her grandfather's knee; the little boy sat down at his feet, and the old man began: —

ANDRÉ RÉMILLY

From a less disciplined class, there would have escaped one of those rippling murmurs that Homer compares to the humming of bees, and that formerly, in the Greek assemblies, were a mark of the highest approval. I read the approval, none the less, in faces and attitudes, and expressed it without delay:

As you see, Rémilly has accomplished more than Courtet, by sacrificing an easily drawn portrait, of which we could say hardly more than, "He is a fine old gentleman." The grandfather's greeting to the children; their joy in listening to his stories, are enough to show us his radiant goodness. Rémilly has wisely chosen to emphasize the children. And he has not done badly.

THE LAST THREE PARAGRAPHS

I should weary the reader were I to reproduce similar remarks for each paragraph. I shall, therefore, give merely the results of our little discussion, printing for Paragraphs 2 and 3 the versions that received an overwhelming vote. Since in both copies the fourth section was considered dry and colorless, I have substituted here, as in class, a few suggestions for its proper treatment.

PARAGRAPH II

It was sixty-five years ago, on a day in February. I had for my teacher a good old man, who superintended our games in the little courtyard and took walks with us on holidays. But he was strict

in school-hours. When he crossed the threshold of the small, low-ceilinged room, his manner changed completely: he would put on his spectacles, pull his velvet skull-cap down to his ears, scowl, and walk with slow step, an iron ferule in his hand. Oh, he was terrible like that — old Daddy Delenque! Then he would seat himself behind his great desk; and after that, woe to anyone who did not pay attention! On this day, as on other days, he was in his seat, and we were reading, or rather my classmates were reading, in sacred history of the death of Moses. I, while pretending to listen, was peering furtively under the table at a big, black beetle, which was tugging away at a little paper boat. Suddenly, Daddy Delenque said in his nasal voice, "Charles, read on!" Charles, alas, was myself! I gave a violent start, and began where my eye happened to fall: I was still in the open desert, at the foot of Mount Sinai. In vain my companions whispered to me, "Farther on — the Promised Land." It was a long way off, that Promised Land! On a sign from the teacher, I walked up to him, slowly, shamefacedly, my hands behind my back; then, more slowly still, I held out my right hand, the fingers together, the nails on top; three or four well-aimed blows of the ruler taught me how foolish it was to amuse myself at the wrong time. During the rest of the period, my head was filled with plans of revolt. Having no good excuse for my inattention, I finally made one up. "How can any one listen to reading for so long?" my self-conceit whispered to me. "Whose fault is it? His! Why did n't he stop in time?" I ended by feeling that I was the victim of an unjust tyranny, and I did not doubt that my father would be indignant at this act of shocking brutality. Therefore, hardly was the class over when, like a shot, I ran home.

CHARLES COURTET

(Slightly revised.)

PARAGRAPH III

My father, a carpenter by trade, was in his workshop, a little shed at the end of the courtyard. I seated myself on a pile of planks, and as, busy with his work, he had not even noticed my arrival, I began to sob as loud as I could. He turned and said, "Well, Charles, what is the matter?" "It is — it is," I answered, through my tears, "because the teacher — struck me. My fingers are bleeding — almost." My father said nothing, but, frowning, shook his head. Then, while I watched him, surprised and puzzled by his silence, he put down his tools, removed his big gray apron, flicked off with the back of his hand the shavings that were clinging to his trousers,

took up his cap, and said, "Well, come along!" He walked away with a quick step, making straight for the school; I followed him, at a jog-trot, without checking my sobs, a little uneasy at his mysterious air, but certain that we were going at least to demand an explanation. Therefore, the more surely to put the master to shame, I kept gnawing my fingers, on the pretext of easing the pain, but really for the sake of making them a little redder.

Mr. Delenque was out in his garden, busy transplanting some pansies. He turned at the sound of our steps, and at first opened his eyes wide in astonishment; then, with his most gracious smile, he suggested our going into the house. Yet, I kept repeating to myself: "Daddy Delenque, look out; you do not know what is in store for you!" Alas, it was to my own self that I should have said those words! For, to my amazement, my father answered the elderly teacher: "No, no, it is unnecessary, Mr. Delenque, to disturb you. We are here, Charles and I, merely to see if you will do us the honor of dining with us to-day." Then he glanced at me, smiling in a way that meant, "Ah, my young man, you were not expecting that!" I felt myself growing red to the roots of my hair, and took to my heels.

ANDRÉ RÉMILLY

PARAGRAPH IV

At this point, the best themes become dry and cold; they are satisfied with solemn maxims, whereas a picture should be drawn similar to that by Daudet, at the end of his story, *The Pope is Dead* (*Le Pape est mort*). "I remember," said the naughty child, "a sad, quiet evening. . . ." This time the evening is not sad, but quiet and full of charm. The arrival of the schoolmaster, in his best clothes — his waistcoat of flowered velvet, his gold chain, his embroidered skull-cap. The meal, with sparing comments on the modest table-decorations — the coarse linen cover, the homely dishes, simple but carefully prepared *in honor of the guest* (tell what they were). The conversation afterward of these wise, good men: the news of the countryside, the illness of a neighbor's wife, the promising harvest, the tidings from the distant

war, which weighs cruelly on the families in the village — the sound opinions on all these subjects. Finally, the thoughts that naturally occur to the child: little by little, the idea takes shape in his mind that, without intending it, without reasoning it out, just by the force of example, wise, good people are an inspiration to children. He sees dimly that life is not meant to satisfy his own whims and to give in to his moods; and, many times, when he is older and everything is going wrong with him, instead of railing at his bad luck, he blames himself for his failure — because he remembers the story of Daddy Delenque.

II. A Story of the "Good Old Days"[1]

At Versailles: "Back-Numbers"

1. I watch with satisfaction a group of genial old men who are sunning themselves on a bench in one of the small gardens of the park at Versailles. Their portraits.

2. For a while they exchange with one another the latest gossip of the town. But their chief topic is the days when they were young, when everything was better and more beautiful than it is to-day.

3. And yet, were the "good old days" always as good as people say? What hardships there were sometimes! What sad events they had seen! Only, they were young. — (All in dialogue and conversation.)

4. Their old age is peaceful, at least. They speak of their daily lives, of the pleasures they can still enjoy. I like their kindly, gentle wisdom, and my eyes follow them approvingly as they slowly move away into the great, silent park.

Memories of the Discussion

A pleasant class, a delightful hour — but once again we complained bitterly of its shortness. I hesitated as to which of three boys should have first place. One, our best student, had composed a model theme, systematically worked out, written with unusual correctness, which deserved a 16. Should I give the same grade to two others, a little less complete perhaps, but much more spirited and full of lifelike details? I asked the class to decide. Naturally, the two livelier themes gained by being read aloud; I had some trouble in seeing that

[1] Given as a test.

justice was done to the solid, sober merits and the correct but pale style of their rival. And the class was not mistaken. A feeling for form, movement, harmony — in a word, taste — cannot be prized too highly. Once more, *vox populi vox Dei*.

Yet how undemocratic our schedule is! We devoted the hour it meted out to us to the "aristocracy" of the class. Remember that the twelve next best copies ranged from a 15 to a 10, each with a page, half a page, or a sentence, that their authors would have been enchanted to hear read in class, and that would have left an impression on their minds of what to do next time. I had marked all these passages. As it was, I was obliged to content myself with sending the themes home to the authors' families, so that at least an appreciative word would encourage these eager attempts.

VERSION COMPOSED OF PASSAGES TAKEN FROM FIVE DIFFERENT THEMES

1. It was during Easter week. For the first time that year the sun was thawing the earth after the frosts of a long winter. The sky was blue and pure, and the tender green of the tall, budding chestnut trees in the park at Versailles formed a contrast with the dull foliage of the yews that rose at the water's edge.

In the sunny gardens, sheltered from the north wind, four old men were seated, four kind, placid old men, with faces as wrinkled as their hands. Near by, some children were making mud-pies, playing hide and seek, shouting with the delight of being alive and able to run about at liberty.

But the dear old "back-numbers" did not hear them; they were engrossed in their talk. One of them still held himself erect: his decoration (a large red ribbon of an ancient design), his stiff moustache, his loud voice, and his cane with its eagle's head, announced the retired soldier. His neighbor, short, thin, and bent, wore gold-rimmed spectacles; when he took off his hat to mop the perspiration that beaded his brow, he uncovered a perfectly bald head. He was Mr. Tabellion, formerly an attorney at D——, a large village in the vicinity.

As for the two others, everyone knows them: always together, supporting each other, arm-in-arm. Whenever in the distance we catch sight of the green overcoat of Mr. Durand, who was once chief clerk in the Prefect's office, we are sure to see Mr. Lionet, former secretary to the Mayor, his moustache stained yellow by his old-fashioned pipe.

2. "I suppose you know," said the Captain, "that one of Mr. X.'s clerks has gone off with the cash-box."

"Alas!" Mr. Tabellion sighed, "nowadays you can't trust anyone. When I was an attorney, clerks were honest. If mine had wanted to rob me, he could have done it easily, for I had implicit confidence in him. I do not mean to say that to-day everyone is a thief — no; but, you see, when we are old we always think the days of our youth were the best."

"Whom can we rely on now?" Mr. Lionet added. "We see cashiers running off with their employers' money; unlucky speculators killing their brokers; hotel proprietors cutting their clients' throats; sons murdering their fathers. The streets are no longer safe; we are never sure that some villain is not going to riddle our bodies with bullets, — by way of a joke, — or that we shall not be brought home on a stretcher, crushed to atoms by an automobile."

"Surely," Mr. Durand answered like an echo, "in our day things were better: assassinations were rare; people did not keep up such a pace; life was calm, peaceful, and simple; the very best provisions were not dear. To-day everything is doctored; even eggs are manufactured. How foolish it all is!" he added, shrugging his shoulders. Then, as a solace, he took from his pocket a shell snuff-box, offered it to Mr. Lionet, loudly inhaled a pinch himself, and flicked off some little black grains that had spilled on his waistcoat.

3. After a moment's silence, during which each one, tilting back his head and half closing his eyes, seemed to contemplate his happy past, Mr. Tabellion went on: "Do you know that I think we are pretty indulgent toward the 'good old days' that are so much praised? The truth is that they had their bad moments; our lives were not all peaceful and rose-colored. Moreover, as far as we are concerned, in our obscure existences we were sheltered from heavy cares, content with little, lacking in ambition; we have never known the keenest enjoyments, but we have escaped the worst catastrophes. Whereas, round about us there was always trouble, and often sorrow and deceit, then as now. We had better ask the Captain, who has seen so many things, whether he regrets the good old days."

"Certainly I regret them, my dear sir, as the days of my youth, as the days of boundless hopes, of health and strength; but I feel sure that it is upon myself, upon the vanished lad of twenty, that I smile in thinking of those days, and that, when I look closer, I discern more griefs and troubles than joys. The good old time for me means, of course, the Italian campaign: Magenta, Solferino, our entry into Milan under a shower of roses, our return to Paris, the march through the Place Vendôme amid acclamations; but it means also the death of my dear colonel, my best friends killed or mutilated, my sister left a widow with three children. The good old days mean the campaign of 1870 in France, the trying, hopeless campaign, in snow, under gray skies, our bodies exhausted with privations, our hearts wrung with grief. Ah! May the young men of to-day, who suffer in a precarious peace from the follies of those disastrous times, never know like misfortunes; they could not know worse."

4. "All that is ended for us, thank God," the gentle Mr. Lionet replied; "and now we can at least rest from our labors. As for me, when my grandchildren climb on my knee, when my daughter and my son-in-law surround me with affectionate care, I thank God for sparing me to see this day, and I pray Him not to take me away yet from the love of my dear ones."

"You still have time," said Mr. Tabellion, laughing. "You are young men, you others, who are only seventy, or a little over. I shall soon be past eighty, and it is no longer my grandchildren who ride on my knee. You see that young woman over there near the yews with a nurse and three little boys; she is one of my grandchildren. I am like a patriarch."

And the Captain, who had been silent, said with a sigh:

"I also see about me fair-haired, laughing children, who make me forget my age. But I am only a borrowed grandfather. I have never known, as you have, the joys of a family; for a long time I had only the care of one, and God knows that it was hard work out of my meagre pay to support my three nephews — the three orphans of Magenta. Now, they are grown up, married, and fathers of families; one is a civil engineer; another is about to be made colonel . . ."

At this moment, a little girl seven or eight years old ran toward the bench:

"Grandpapa," she cried in her high-pitched voice, "Mamma is afraid you will catch cold; she says it is getting chilly."

"All right, all right," the old attorney answered. "Tell her not to worry; we are going!"

And all four, with a last look at the gardens, the tall trees, the magnificent château, tinged with pink in the setting sun, moved away under the arches of young green. I watched them stroll off through the cool air — gentle, peaceful, kindly; their old age too was the refreshing evening of a lovely day.

III. A Narrative

The Cross of the Legion of Honor

Benoît is an old lieutenant who knows no family but the regiment, no home but the barracks. The son of a common soldier, adopted and brought up by the regiment, which he has never left, he was growing old with only a sergeant's stripes, when the War of 1870 made him an officer.

1. Describe his appearance and character.

2. His ardent longing for the Cross of Honor. His hopes and his disappointments whenever the season for Honors comes round. His fits of temper.

3. His resolution in 1878, at the time of the distribution of flags. He wants to go to Paris to show his record of service to the War Department. As he is about to start, he falls ill. His delirium.

4. The supreme pity of his comrades. Knowing that he is doomed, they bring him a Cross, and convince him that he has been decorated.

Bear in mind certain stories by Daudet about war; in particular: *The Color-Bearer* (*Le Porte-drapeau*); *The Siege of Berlin* (*Le Siège de Berlin*); and *The Soldier Decorated on August 15* (*Le Décoré du 15 août*).

Discussion

We tried a method that used to be a favorite with some of my old masters. I took from my papers a theme handed in, thirteen years before, by an excellent pupil, and compared it, paragraph by paragraph, with the best themes by my class. This year's boys stood the compari-

son with their predecessor fairly well; the two generations applied similar processes in much the same way. I admit, however, that in none of the new themes was every paragraph developed with uniform success; I should have had to patch together the best passages from our first ten themes to make one as good as my former pupil's. All that is needed, then, is to give this one theme as a sample of the method common to all.

The first paragraph should acquaint us with the *principal personage*, —

Indirectly, through the impression produced on those about him (the *effect* always reveals the *cause*, as in *The Wreck of the Sémillante*).

Directly, by means of a few personal traits, carefully chosen. (Here we know that all depends on our skill in choosing.)

My present pupils used almost exclusively the second process. No one but the author of the model theme prefaced his own description of the old man by telling us how he looked to others.

1. Triumphantly, to the sound of martial music, the One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Infantry Regiment marched through the streets of X. Along the line of route the people stopped to see the soldiers file by; and they, conscious of being watched, straightened themselves proudly under their dusty uniforms. But one of them, an old lieutenant, seemed specially to attract the attention of the curious. "Look, there goes Lieutenant Benoît!" they said, as soon as he appeared. Everyone in the town, in fact, knew the history of this fine old fellow, who, although the son of a common soldier, had been made an officer because of his bravery in the War of 1870. Wearing the closely-fitting frogged tunic of the Hussars, sword in hand, his cap a little over one ear, Lieutenant Benoît, despite his fifty years, held himself as erect and stepped out as briskly as a St. Cyr [1] cadet. His thick, grizzled moustache, his knitted brow, his

[1] The French Military Academy.

rather abrupt ways, and loud, gruff voice, used to intimidate the soldiers when they first entered the regiment. But they soon discovered that for all his alarming threats and awful oaths, he was the best of men and the most indulgent of officers. He looked on his soldiers as his children and knew how to make them love him like a father.

PARAGRAPH II

The second paragraph is the *preparation of the crisis*. A good narrative, as we agreed once more, implies, like a good play, the *art of preparing*.

It was necessary to show the force of Lieutenant Benoît's monomania, his anxiety, his impatience, at the approach of the annual Honors. My old pupil did this rather cleverly. He divided the analysis into two parts: the eve of the great day; the day itself. And, between the two, in order to keep the reader in suspense, he recalled his humble hero's past, he explained his obsession, made it seem probable, natural, touching.

2. Yet at certain times of the year his habitual indulgence gave way to an extreme severity. He seemed anxious, out of sorts. For a mere nothing he would fly into an awful passion. A deep line constantly furrowed his brow, and he, ordinarily so punctilious, would go eight days without shaving. He even became absent-minded: one day he was seen arriving at the barracks without his sword. "Ah!" murmured the soldiers in his company. "It is Honors-Time."

Honors! This was indeed the cause of his astounding rages and sudden abstractions. Though, doubtless, Benoît was happy, something was lacking to his happiness. He did not hope to be promoted: having been made a lieutenant after twenty-five years of service, he expected to die a lieutenant. But he had one desire, a passionate desire: he dreamed of seeing the Cross of Honor fastened on his breast. Did he not deserve it more than some of those others, he who during the war had so brilliantly displayed his courage? And each year he cherished the hope of receiving this just reward for his bravery. A month before the time of the Honors, he used to confide his hopes and fears to his friends. He fluctuated between the wildest joy and the deepest dejection.

On the day when a list of the men newly decorated was due to appear in the official bulletin, he could contain himself no longer; and when the journal finally arrived, he did not dare to open it. He would hold it a long time in his clumsy fingers, turning it over and over; then, suddenly, would open it feverishly, run his eye down the list, and give a cry of anguish and indignation. For several days he was like one possessed; he wanted to challenge his successful rivals to a duel, and his friends had hard work to restrain him.

PARAGRAPH III

The *violent crisis*. Exaltation. Analysis by enumerating definite memories.

His illness. Another analysis, by evoking images, and then entire scenes, in his delirium.

3. At last one year, unable to wait any longer, he resolved to go himself to get his Cross, since no one remembered to send it to him. He would go to Paris; he would speak to the Minister, would show him his record of service, his campaigns. On each page, a wound; at every line, a famous name — Alma, Traktir, Malakoff.[1] — Seriously wounded at Magenta, left for dead at Reichshoffen! And Africa, Syria, Mexico! Every clime, every country, where he had followed his glorious flag. How could any one say "No!" in the face of such memories? All the preparations for his journey were completed, he was just setting off, when he fell ill.

It was about a month before the Honors of 1878. The first days of his illness were fairly peaceful. He hoped to be well soon and able to start for Paris. He talked of nothing but his trip, the Minister, the Cross — and a smile parted his pale lips, a gleam lighted his tired eyes, whenever he spoke the magic word. But, as the date of the Honors drew near, his condition became worse. He was uneasy, and worried: There would not be time to reach Paris; he wanted to get up; he felt quite strong enough for the journey. Soon fever set in; then delirium. Sometimes the poor lieutenant imagined he was in the War Department; he would recount his exploits in a wheezing, broken voice. Sometimes he thought he was at Metz, he complained of the brutality of the Prussians toward their prisoners, and gesticulated wildly in protest: "My Cross, my Cross!" he cried. "Don't take my Cross away from me!" Or sometimes he was at the review on the Fourteenth of July: the drums beat; the bugles

[1] Analysis added (next 5 lines).

sounded; and the Colonel said in a loud voice, as he embraced him: "Lieutenant Benoît, in the name of the President of the Republic, I dub you Knight of the Legion of Honor!" And the poor invalid pressed to his heart the Cross that he thought he felt beneath his emaciated fingers. In his rare lucid moments he asked if the day of the Honors was near. His friends always answered that it was still a long way ahead, that he would be able to go to Paris; but they had no hope. "He is doomed," the doctor told them.

PARAGRAPH IV

The Conclusion, in three parts

4. The great day came at last, and again Lieutenant Benoît's name did not appear on the list of the decorated. The night before, through some indiscretion, he had discovered the date of the Honors. When his friends went to see him, they found him quieter than usual. "Well," he asked them, "am I decorated this time?" The officers looked at each other in silence; they realized that, if they told him the truth, Benoît might die then and there. "We shall know tomorrow," one of them answered; and they persuaded the sick man that he was mistaken about the date.

All that night the lieutenant was delirious. The next day he insisted on getting up and putting on his best uniform. The doctor, seeing his condition, consented, and when the officers came to pay their daily visit they found him sitting in his arm-chair. He was in full dress, and was trying to hold himself erect; but he was so weak, so weak, that his back stooped in spite of himself. His face was pale, his eyes dilated with fever, and his labored breath hardly passed his discolored lips. The effort he had made in getting up had exhausted him. His friends at sight of him understood that his last day had come.

"Well, am I —?" He had no strength to finish his sentence.

Then an old captain walked up to him. "My friend," he said, "at last it is all right; you are decorated; here is your Cross." And the officer pinned his own Cross of Honor on Benoît's breast.

At these words the lieutenant started violently; his body shook; his dull eyes blazed; his cheeks flushed a deep red; and he succeeded in rising to his feet.

"Decorated!" he murmured, kissing the Cross he thought his own.

Then he fell forward into the arms of his friends: he was dead!

GASTON BONHOMME
(Pupil in the Second Class.)

J.-L. Gérôme pinx[t]

Phot. Manzi, Joyant et C[ie]

THE RESULTS OF A MASKED BALL

(Condé Museum, Chantilly)

IV. Reflections on a Picture

Frivolity, or The Results of a Masked Ball

1. The picture. What it tells at the first glance. The costumes. The two adversaries. The scene.

2. One detail in particular strikes me: the grief of the three men who are supporting their dying comrade. What must have taken place. Who are these masqueraders? Friends, doubtless. A futile quarrel. Fault on both sides. Precipitancy. Thoughtlessness of the seconds.

3. This is why they are so overwhelmed. For a long time to come their regret will haunt them. A little courage and decision on their part, and a life would have been saved for a worthier cause.

N. B. It should be clearly understood that we are not discussing dueling, a question far above your heads. Still, I believe that you can, without going into the subject as a whole, express a sincere opinion on a particular incident. There are not many pictures that allow of this kind of analysis; here we have one of the most striking.[1]

Prescribed reading. — Diderot, *Extracts* (*Extraits*), J. Texte's edition, pp. 173–201; A. Cahen, *Selected Extracts from French Authors* (*Morceaux choisis des auteurs français*), p. 382; Fromentin, *The Old Masters* (*Les Maîtres d'autrefois*).

Advice

The reading that I have recommended introduces you to two widely different methods, one literary, the other artistic. The best is obviously the second, Fromentin's. It is not, however, the one for you to follow; your guide

[1] See an interesting article by Weil and Chénin, "Teaching by Means of Pictures, and French Composition" ("L'Enseignement par l'image et la composition française"), *Revue universitaire*, January 15, 1908.

for the present must be Diderot, the author of the first *Exhibitions of Paintings* (*Salons*).

Perhaps some of you are already embryo artists; at all events, several of you draw with some skill. But you are not able to point out in a picture all that Fromentin sees in it. To discuss lines and colors as he does means vast experience, a painter's even more than a critic's, and I should be treating you unfairly were I to give you as a model *Les Maîtres d'autrefois!* Read Fromentin, then, and be inspired to go to see the beautiful things he describes, — in the Louvre to begin with; later, in Brussels, Antwerp, The Hague, — but do not try to imitate him.

Not that I am blind to the shortcomings of the other method, the literary method. Instead of dwelling, like the artistic, on the technical ability of the artist, it sets out to describe the scene, to explain the attitudes of the characters, and to analyze their emotions; it translates into words what the painter has expressed through the medium of his art — through drawing, line, color. You can imagine how much skill such a translation requires. Diderot sometimes falls short, conspicuously in the two studies on Greuze contained in the *Selected Extracts*. In *The Father's Curse* (*La Malédiction paternelle*) he admires without stint what he should condemn, — the complication of the subject, the violence of the gestures, the theatrical attitudes, — in a word, the painter's unsuccessful attempt to rouse our emotions by dramatic devices instead of appealing to us through our eyes by mere harmony of form. But you will find in the more varied extracts of the Texte edition many skillful, discriminating pages, which will blot out the others: Diderot's essays on Boucher (p. 180), Loutherbourg (p. 173), Hubert Robert

(p. 198), Carle Vernet (pp. 188, 192), or Van Loo (p. 194), will show you how much a fine literary sense helps in appreciating a work of art.

You will apply this method to the study of Gérôme's picture. Though Gérôme, like all genre painters, gives the subject considerable importance, he lacks neither taste nor sense of proportion, and his work has nothing in common with such engravings as *The Poor Man's Funeral* (*Le Convoi du pauvre*), and *The Conciliatory Priest* (*Le Curé conciliateur*). The incident is so simple, the unity of the composition so perfect, that the whole scene can be taken in at a glance and explained in a few words. The attitudes are natural, the expression of sincere grief is not exaggerated. You will have no trouble in describing the feelings that this sad picture rouses.

REVISED COPY

Extracts from the best Theme

1. A winter's day is breaking after a cold and foggy night; a gloomy sunrise in this corner of the forest, where the bare tree-trunks stand in relief, black and sombre, against the grayish snow. What are these people doing here at this strange hour, in these gorgeous or grotesque costumes? In the foreground is a young man dressed as a Pierrot. His face is livid, his eyelids are already closed, and his knees give way under him.

Three men are supporting him, feeling him all over, examining him with anxious eyes. Alas, wretched men! the answer to your unspoken question is but too clear: before the dawn, before the mournful dawn of this sad wintry day shall break, this white Pierrot will have offered up his soul in your arms.

A short time before, on the then immaculate carpet of snow, poor Pierrot had been fighting a duel; the prints of trampling feet are visible, numerous where the seconds stood, fewer in the centre. The struggle in fact had been brief. Hardly had swords crossed when Pierrot received his mortal wound; he fell on the very spot where he was struck. He still holds his sword; it hangs from his long white arm; his adversary's weapon lies on the ground several paces off.

Meanwhile, at a little distance, Harlequin leads aside the murderer, who is disconsolate, tottering, perhaps wounded himself; he supports him, comforts him, tries to entice him away from the hideous scene. Indeed, the wretched Sioux is a Redskin only in his dress; he is a man of the world, a Parisian, who has never scalped any one; it is plain that he is ready to faint.

In the background the landaus are waiting; their lights barely pierce the fog; all is cold, silent, lonely, and the leafless trees lift their fantastic arms to the gray sky.

2. One detail strikes me: the infinite sorrow, the evident remorse, of the three men who are holding their dying friend. One of them stoops over him; his brows are knit, his mouth drawn into a deep crease. Another, with Pierrot's arm resting on his hand, lifts his anxious face, his frightened, supplicating eyes, to the doomed man. The third gazes as if distracted; with his hand he presses his throbbing temples; he seems to refuse to believe the awful truth. And yet it grows only too plain: under the folds of the loose jacket it is hard to feel whether the heart is still beating. Minutes seem ages to these three; the blood rings in their ears, their foreheads are damp with sweat. Who would have supposed that the evening would result in this? Who could have foreseen the terrible catastrophe, the tragic ending to the masquerade?

You, who are now dying in the arms of your unhappy companions, Pierrot, with your whitened face, a few hours before in the great, brightly-lighted ballroom you were fluttering gayly from one group to another, a jest on your lips. Pierrettes, Columbines with black silk masks, pages clad in satin, astrologers in starry robes, red-nosed Punchinellos, Scapinos with comic faces, toreadors in velvet jackets, southern beauties with rosy cheeks, all admired your grace and animation! You, noble squire, in cloth of gold, do you remember now your majestic air when the waltzing couples stopped to look after you as you advanced into the light with stately steps? You, my lord of the lace collar, with what nonchalance you made your entry into the crowd, your sword carelessly hanging at your belt, the flagstones ringing to your step! A quarrel, an insult, a slap in the face. The music stops, a circle is formed. And while Columbine in a swoon is carried out by the women in attendance, Pierrot chooses as his seconds the fine young squire with the arrogant bearing, and the gentleman of the time of Henri III.

The festivities begin again; the men disappear; each hastens, as a solemn duty, to vindicate his insulted honor.

3. Bitter mockery! For a word, for a heedless word in the midst of merry-making! Oh, how could the seconds be so foolish! They allowed two young men to fight at dead of night, with no hatred for each other — men whose anger would have cooled as quickly as the excitement of the masquerade. What stupidity! What unpardonable weakness! This then is why they are so overcome, why their haggard eyes watch the last breath of life on Pierrot's discolored lips. And to-morrow, when the irreparable has come to pass, what thoughts, what remorse!

YVES KÉRAVAL

(Slightly corrected.)

The end, which was slow and colorless, is omitted.

SECOND SERIES

MEMORIES OF SCHOOL LIFE

I. A Narrative: Anatole, or Doing One's Work

1. Anatole complains. His composition teacher "does not trouble himself" about him. Nobody helps him with his home-work. One of his relations, who formerly had difficulty with his baccalaureate examination, praises and encourages him. His father alone maintains a disquieting silence, and goes to speak to the teacher.

2. The latter announces, with the greatest solemnity, that after mature deliberation he has decided to change his method. He dictates a grotesque regulation by which some thirty-odd boys would thenceforth be tied to the coat-tails of their overburdened teacher. They laugh.

3. Anatole is the only one who does not laugh; he sees that he is being made fun of, and asks his family to take his part. This time his father answers him, and sharply: "You must count on no one but yourself. Your teacher decides on the method and explains it when he assigns the subject. No one can apply it in your stead. Pay attention in class, and you will succeed in your work alone at home."

4. Then, as, after all, Anatole is careless rather than naughty, his father continues in a gentler tone: "You should remember, my boy, the records of your grandfather and your Uncle Charles; they began life with nothing, and made their way all by themselves, through their energy and worth. Very different from Cousin Jules, — lazy, good-for-nothing, — who has always been dependent on others. Decide, make your choice, and expect nothing from anyone. Then, and then only, will your teacher help you."

Advice

The material is more detailed than usual, because I am eager for you to grasp my whole idea.

Here then is your chance to pay particular attention to the *style!* Remember that each sentence should be composed and planned as you would plan an entire paragraph.

In the first two paragraphs, make your portraits live: Anatole, his cousin, his father (not too much of the "noble" father about him; let him be simple and natural), the recitation — mark by a word each attitude, each gesture, and each look. Let it be "painted," as Mme de Sévigné says. It will help you to read over again Taine's *La Fontaine*, and to notice how he describes without dragging; two or three well-chosen details, and the others answer the summons and stand before us.

In the third paragraph the process is rather different. Anatole's father leads him to his desk. Together they inspect his exercise-books and themes. His father reminds him of bits of advice from his master, which Anatole did not know enough or care enough to heed; he drives all his carelessness home. Here again, be definite, choose wisely. We saw in our first analysis of Daudet that *art is choice*.

In the fourth paragraph, I want, as far as possible, to have the example taken from life. It will be vivid only if you reproduce real memories. Look for ability in your own ancestors; it will not be hard to find. There is not a boy among you whose family does not owe what it is to the energy, the intelligence, and, it may be, the talent of a grandfather or a great-grandfather, when it is not the father himself who has blazed the trail.

Discussion

PARAGRAPH I

Anatole is fourteen years old; he attends school as a pupil in the Third Class. He usually appears with tangled hair, cap awry, dirty nails, and hands daubed with ink; his buttons find it quite impossible to stay on his clothes for more than three or four days; he buries his hands in his pockets, argues endlessly, and judges his comrades' behavior severely. He detests Latin and abhors mathematics, but he has a passion for bicycling and adores automobiles. He is at the foot of his class, but he makes up for this by thrashing his classmates. This is a true portrait.

It is evening. Anatole is dining with his family. There are present his mother, his father, his sisters, and his cousin Jules, who is laughing and talking gayly. But Anatole does not laugh; he is very uneasy; at any moment now his father will ask him what marks he has had, and he will have nothing to answer. As a matter of fact, he has formed such a habit of neglecting his themes that his teacher, Mr. Richard, no longer takes the trouble to correct them for him. His parents are surprised at this, and have already spoken about complaining of the neglect; their visit to his teacher would have dire results for Anatole. Therefore, he is very much worried; he gulps his soup at top speed, as if to drown his uneasiness; to see him squirm about in his chair, you would suppose that he was going through some gymnastic exercises. All at once a bright idea crosses his mind: to allay suspicions, he accuses his teacher, and brandishing his spoon, "Do you know, Mamma," he cries, "Mr. Richard gave back some more home-work to-day, and mine was not corrected!"

"It is really extraordinary," answers his mother. "For a whole month you have not had a single mark! I should like to know why."

"It is because Mr. Richard does not trouble about me, Mamma," Anatole replies. "He says that I am backward. It is small wonder: he never helps me to write my themes as he does the others."

"You are right, old man," then says Cousin Jules. "All teachers are shirks, who don't care a straw what their pupils may learn. Thank Heaven, I am done with them!"

Cousin Jules had his own reasons for bearing a grudge against professors in general: he had failed four times to pass his baccalaureate examination.

The father listened without speaking; then he went out on a mysterious errand.

Robert Ricard

PARAGRAPH II

The next day, when the recitation was over, the teacher said: "I received a call last evening that both grieved and delighted me." And, turning toward Anatole: "It was from one of the boys' parents. He told me of his son's dismay at having to write themes, and his disappointment that no one helps him with them." Everyone was already smiling, enjoying the joke, and looking at little Anatole, who did not know quite what to do with himself. "You are right, my dear Anatole, ten times over; and this is how, thanks to you, we shall proceed in future. Write down our rule.

"The Third Class A, considering,

"That it is truly regrettable to see intelligent pupils, actuated by the best intentions, toiling and moiling over their papers without finding the trace of an idea;

"That it is even more scandalous to think of the teacher, all this time, reading things that interest him, that amuse him perchance, in a spirit of incredible egoism;

"That these unfortunate boys, what is more, are not to blame for the condition in which they are placed, and that the poorness of their work until now is the result, at the very worst, of a taste, which is most excusable at their tender age, for poetic revery;

"That professors and families, by seeking an explanation in the hackneyed, unjust, and inhuman formula, — laziness and stupidity, — are thinking only of screening their own negligence;

"*Resolves* that:

"*a.* Henceforth, some means shall be found whereby the teacher need never leave his pupils;

"*b.* If he alleges that the correcting of themes, the preparing of texts, the time spent in the library, prevent his devoting himself to this labor, he shall be asked to sacrifice what is accessory to what is essential. He can perfectly well talk of things he has never read; every day we see how easy that is! And as for the themes, why correct them, seeing the new conditions under which they are written?

"*c.* His rôle henceforward shall consist primarily in composing, paragraph by paragraph, almost sentence by sentence, a theme for the class to repeat in unison;

"*d.* He shall be forbidden to favor one more than another during the common exercises; in this system, where (thank Heaven!) no one works except the teacher, there shall no longer be either good or bad scholars; any grading would be favoritism and a menace to equality;

"*e.* However, after eight o'clock in the evening, when the day's routine is over, the pupils may go individually to ask the teacher to correct their spelling. To this end, a night-bell will be put at their disposal."

MAURICE REYNIER and ANTOINE DE BOYSSON
(Combined and revised.)

PARAGRAPH III

Who laughed on the wrong side of his mouth when the class was out, and plotted vengeance while he ran up the stairs in his house, four steps at a stride? It was our friend Anatole. "Papa," he called indignantly, as he entered his father's study, "Papa, Mr. Richard dared to make fun of you right in class; he twisted what you said to him — " A resounding box on the ear cut him short. "You young scamp! Are you a telltale as well as a loafer? I know what Mr. Richard said; we wrote it together. But after all, let that be. Mr. Richard, of course, has every fault, and you have every virtue. We will go to your room, to that temple of hard work!" What a temple! What a looking room Master Anatole's was! "Come, open your desk."

Anatole trembles. What is going to happen? The fact is that his poor desk is in terrible confusion. All Anatole's books, all his exercises, are there pell-mell, piled one on top of another, with the Latin dictionary, wide open, crushing them under its weight. There are all sorts of torn papers, odds and ends ripped up the middle, covered with blotches of ink; some of these rear themselves in the air, as if to protest against their uncomfortable attitude. There are also bits of old books with pages torn out, a few maps, the remnants of an ancient atlas, a broken ink-bottle, a glue-pot, everything and nothing; you would be afraid to probe to the bottom of this shocking disorder.

His father contemplates the chaos severely, and says: "So this is how you keep your desk! All right! Let us go through it." And straightway he sets to work to examine his son's notebooks, or rather the disgraceful remains, held together by a thread. He finds countless caricatures of Mr. Richard, huge blots, an illegible scribbling. Exploring the desk further, he comes upon some old themes, one and all bearing the same comment: "Did not listen in class; accomplished nothing in study-hour."

Anatole is abashed.

Now his father turns to him and says:

"Ah! Is this the way you work? A nice way! Very well! And still you have the impudence to come complaining of your teacher, finding fault because he pays no attention to you! He is entirely right; he told me that you were doing absolutely nothing, that you never listened to one word he said. It is not astonishing then that your themes are full of absurd mistakes, and that you are at the foot of your class. You insist that Mr. Richard should help you; but it is your business to write your own themes! If you ask help from others, you will never succeed in anything. All that has happened to you is your fault. You are a bad boy; you will be laughed at, and it will serve you right!"

MAURICE REYNIER

II. An Informal Dissertation

A Pupil's Reflections

My Self-Examination after the First Term at School

Work and Method

[I gave this subject at the request of several parents. Perhaps they wanted for once to read such moral sentiments from their sons' pens; perhaps they trusted to the efficacy of merely writing them down, as our grandparents trusted that copy-book maxims would instill righteousness into us. I resolved, in dictating it, not to add a word of advice beyond the details of the ground to be covered. Unfortunately, I slipped up, just once; and, as you will see, recommended the subject "Handwriting." Whereupon, three quarters of the boys — who were repudiating all help — chose (with amused grins) "Handwriting"![1]]

I Won't Be Helped![2]

Some of our teachers are too soft-hearted! They cannot bear to see us struggling over our own themes, and long to smooth away our difficulties by taking our pens in hand. Do they know how weak my resolution is, I wonder? and what a habit I have of turning to others instead of doing the work myself? I fear that, if these fatherly professors give way to an impulse of injudicious pity, the cure will be worse than the disease: my feeble efforts will in a few weeks cease for good and all. Why not adopt the English motto, "Self-help," and have no

[1] Whenever it might be difficult to decide whom Professor Bezard is addressing, he uses square brackets to mark off what he tells his readers from what he tells his boys. — *Translator.*

[2] Outline of subject.

more complaints from the lazy, the short-sighted, and the incompetent, with their everlasting, "Help me!"

The truth is that a sound method, thoroughly mastered, is the only guide I need. The process, indeed, has often enough been explained to me; I alone am to blame for not listening. Who knows! It may not be too late even now to imitate the head boys, who have never been helped by anyone, but have always understood and used good methods. I can but try. Let us seek for the cause of my mistakes, and the means of correcting them!

PRELIMINARY REMARKS

Accuracy and Care

1. *Examination of my Handwriting.* — A line of my everyday writing. Good and bad qualities. Analysis. A line of my improved writing.

2. *My Principal Mistakes in Spelling and in Punctuation.* — Imitation of a chapter by Legouvé, *Reading Aloud* (*La Lecture en action*), p. 38: a self-evident rule.

3. *My Principal Mistakes in Grammar.* — Inaccuracy, repetition, carelessness; sentences incoherent, and too long.

4. *Mistranslation of Latin, Owing to Pure Stupidity.* — Words incorrectly read; words, phrases, even sentences, omitted. Examples to be taken from my exercises in the first term. I shall have plenty to choose from!

METHOD AND CARE IN THE STUDY OF LATIN

I. *The Art of Understanding*

Examination of Sentences. — 1. Errors in the logical analysis of separate sentences, or failure to grasp the logic of the complete text. — Two examples of the extraordi-

nary things that I found by this examination. What should have been done.

2. Ignorance of forms and of syntax. — Five examples. A mistake

in declensions (legacy from the forgotten Sixth Class);

in moods or in tenses (result of my wool-gathering in the Sixth);

in the study of clauses (result of the same method in the Fifth);

in complementary clauses (again and always the same cause);

in qualifying clauses (just reward for my poor attention in the Fourth).

Examination of Terms, or the Disastrous Effect of Careless Consulting of the Dictionary. — 1. Examples of one or more terms hurriedly looked up, according to my usual methods.

2. Example of one or more terms methodically studied, in Baize's *Lexicon.* — Finding the primitive meaning. Finding the derived meaning from the word's connection with the rest of the sentence.

II. *The Art of Expression*

1. An example of my deplorable custom, word for word.

2. Corrected version of the same sentence, conforming to the two reasonable principles: the Latin order and the rhythm of the sentence; the translation, phrase by phrase, and the search, step by step, for equivalents.

METHOD AND CARE IN THE STUDY OF MY MOTHER-TONGUE

1. *Reading, Analyzing, and Preparing of Texts.* — It takes courage to compare the work that was recom-

mended to me with what I actually accomplished. Still, let us put on two corresponding pages, to the left, what I should have done, and the way to do it; to the right, what I did, and how I did it.

2. *Methods of Composition.* — I understood the method well enough, but I happened to find it a bother

to name the *main idea* in each paragraph;

to trace the development of this idea by the methodical enumeration of proofs, illustrated by examples.

Three paragraphs in confirmation of this, taken from my most typical work.

3. *Forms of Expression.* — And now, to end with, comes an examination that I dread. How they bear witness against me, all those *improprieties* and *vague epithets*, those *trivial phrases* and *ambitious* or *vulgar metaphors*, that I sprinkle so freely through my themes! I can stand them no longer! A little attention paid to my reading, an atom of taste in my work — and I shall be rid of them.

CONCLUSION

There is nothing for it — help must come from myself and not from others.

1. By being attentive and careful, "faithful in that which is least," [1] I shall no longer wear out my family with complaints, my teachers with needlessly complicated corrections.

2. If only I apply the unfailing methods that I have neglected until now, I can be my own guide along the path that is traced for me.

No, I cannot feel that my danger lies in being helped too seldom! Never, in class or in private, has help been

[1] Luke, xvi, 10.

lavished on any pupil with a more generous or a more skilled hand. My feeble energy is liable to be weakened still further, my ardor dampened, by injudicious pity. All I need is severity.

N. B. This subject is ten times too long to be treated as a whole, but I feel bound to follow the wishes of your families by reminding you that the method is the same, no matter what we apply it to.

You will take only one part, whichever you please. I much prefer a *detailed analysis of a single idea* to a superficial summary of several points. A very interesting study might be made, for instance, on *handwriting*.

SOME SUBJECTS THAT WERE TREATED SEPARATELY

My Knowledge of Latin Grammar. — An excursion through my translations.

My Logic. — An argument: in a translated sentence; in a paragraph of a theme.

Punctuation. — As the spirit moves me; as logic requires.

My Spelling.

My Processes of Analysis and of Composition.

My Sentences. — Some very complicated sentences (who — which — of which — that —).

My Style. — The translation of an oratorical period. — What I dared to put into a moralist's mouth. — How I maltreated a poet.

III. A Narrative[1]

The Choice of Picturesque Details. — Movement in Narration

Charlemagne at the School

[As long ago as 1478, the "Emperor with the snowy beard" was chosen patron saint of the ancient University of Paris, and the festival of St. Charlemagne, established in 1662 by the Rector of the University, C.-E. du Boulay, is still very popular in the Paris schools. On every St. Charlemagne's Day, January 28, a banquet is given to all the best scholars — those who in the examinations during the preceding term have stood *first* once, or *second* twice. It is a great honor to be invited. As a further celebration, the pupils in Class 1 are accustomed to play a short scene on some subject taken from school life.]

Do you remember that, two years ago, on St. Charlemagne's Day, we heard ten of the boys in Class 1 hold an amusing discussion on spelling-reform, and last year saw a candidate for a bachelor's degree horrify his young examiner? Well, I want you to imagine a scene of this sort, one a little harder to represent, perhaps, but by no means impossible.

1. At the end of the banquet, the Emperor is announced. One of the big boys, dressed as Charlemagne, enters, followed by his feudal lords and clergy in ninth-century costumes. His reception. The appearance of the assembly.

2. He inquires about your studies. He is amazed to hear that a pupil in Class 2 is more advanced in geometry

[1] Given as a test.

than Alcuin, and to find that mere children know more physics than Aristotle.

3. A pupil in Second B tells him politely about the languages now spoken by the Saxons of Germany and the Angles of England. He also mentions that the world has been growing larger.

4. But Charlemagne's admiration is turned to pained surprise when he asks for opinions from all sections on the teaching of Latin, that matchless tongue! He concludes from the answers that times have indeed changed, and returns, wrapped in thought, to Aix-la-Chapelle.

Classroom Discussion

I have but one good theme on this subject. Even in that, the first paragraph is all I can read without retouching. We shall have to remodel the others.

PARAGRAPH I

Everyone handles the opening passage tolerably well. Still, the choice of details leaves much to be desired.

Some of you get snarled up in trivial matters, quite beside the point: one gives a menu of the feast; another, a description of the group of professors; a third and fourth waste half a page over the glasses of champagne — and I shall spare you the toasts elaborately recorded by certain clumsy lads. After all, such glaring faults do not occur very often, and I shall not make too much of them.

More numerous are the tyros who, after nicely distinguishing the two interesting points, have not made a happy choice of details to bring them out. Think of Daudet, and *The Wreck of the Sémillante;* remember how much depends on choice: if you hit upon one picturesque, evocative detail, you can dispense with all the others; it

suggests them by so strong an association that the reader cannot miss them. But first it must be found! In vain you describe Charlemagne's costume: in vain you tell me the color of his cloak, the length of his sword, the height of his helmet. Have I time for this inventory when he appears abruptly, "framed in the doorway"? I see one point only, the most striking. This you should lay stress on. And, indeed, Kéraval has been content with one or two traits of that imposing figure: Charlemagne's "snowy beard" lends him the dignity of a Burgrave; his "boots gray with dust" remind us how far, how very far he has come. Remoteness in time, remoteness in space: double ground for wonder and veneration to mortals; a double impulse to our fancy.

You should always count upon the imagination of the reader; you will rouse it less by your words than by the secondary thoughts they awake in his mind. Yet most of you tell me, — and take several lines to do it, — "The pupils were filled with surprise . . . the assembly was stirred . . . applause and exclamations were heard." Again, Kéraval is careful not to say too much. He simply points out that "the peeled tangerines lie untouched on the plates." Think how a Third or Fourth Form boy must be absorbed in the sight, to neglect his orange, ready peeled, instead of devouring it! The reader will not fail to draw the involuntary inference, and this reflection, we might say this reflex, will have more effect on his imagination than the three lines written by you. In a word, art consists less in expressing than in suggesting.

Notice two more particulars: "crowned with silver paper"; "armor of gilded pasteboard." In themselves they are insignificant; but together with what precedes, they become gently, discreetly ironical. How well they

show that we are not taken in! With a subject of this kind you should suggest without insistence. But to succeed, you must have moderation, taste, tact.

Listen to the paragraph by Kéraval, slightly touched up:

St. Charlemagne's Day at the Lycée Hoche. The banqueting-hall is resplendent, decorated with flags and gold-fringed hangings. Seated at the tables, temptingly laden with gigantic cakes, the pupils chatter gayly. From the wall, the plaster head of the Republic smiles down on the noisy gathering. The feast is nearly over. Suddenly, the door swings wide, and in the opening stands Charlemagne, many centuries old, of venerable mien, with his flowing white beard. His boots are gray with dust: he comes from far, far away. At his majestic aspect, the young prize-winners, full of awe, rise as one man, and the professors bow in silence before his blanched forehead, crowned with silver paper. Meanwhile the assembly, ill at ease, awaits a word from the Emperor. The peeled tangerines lie on the plates, the glasses of champagne no longer clink merrily. The plaster Republic herself seems to have stopped smiling. "Welcome to your Majesty!" exclaim in one breath the Principal and the Proctor of the school. "Welcome to you, and to your suite!" In fact, the Emperor is not alone: his stately courtiers advance, some distance in the rear, glittering in helmets and armor of gilded pasteboard. And at the sight the same cry springs from every throat: "Long live the Emperor Charlemagne!"

Then, in a beautiful voice, deep and soft, the Emperor Charles speaks as follows: "Thank you, my young friends, thank you for the cordiality with which you welcome me to this college; I see that you do not forget old Charlemagne. This very night, in my tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle, I saw in a dream this richly decorated hall; you were, as now, ranged before covers laden with good fare; and, standing in the midst of the tables, the Principal beckoned me to enter through the wide-open door. I could not resist his tempting summons. That is why, leaving my crypt, accompanied by my faithful followers I have come to greet the youth of France."

And the warriors, gigantic like their Emperor, straightway incline their heads before him. . . .

PARAGRAPHS II AND III

To choose images is not enough; you must know how to introduce them, in other words, how to find the suit-

able pace and rhythm. For there is a rhythm in prose. It is, of course, neither so musical nor so regular as in poetry, but it exists, and until you catch it, your paragraphs will be heavy-footed and dragging. I should not be surprised if Kéraval, without realizing it, had been influenced by Daudet's *The Sub-Prefect in the Country* (*Le Sous-préfet aux champs*); and, to be sure, the rhythm of that little tale, with its balanced periods, its enumerations, its repetitions, is just what our own fantastic story needs: "Welcome to your Majesty! Welcome to you, and to your suite!"

In the second and third paragraphs there must be something more than graceful ease. The ideas to be expressed (development of the sciences, vogue of living languages) are in themselves fairly heavy; if they are not to crush your paragraph, it must be strongly built. You must begin by the main idea and join the others firmly to it; in short, the more you make your development a unit, the more you will give an impression of lightness without effort. This necessity excludes the dialogue form chosen by nearly all of you. Let one pupil at a time have the floor, and let the Emperor be content to interrupt without cutting him short.

We might put some such addresses as these into our two pupils' mouths.

First Address

"Ah, Sire! May it please Your Majesty, the schools have greatly changed. Up to within a few years you would still have recognized them. But nowadays, geometry, physics, other sciences whose very names are strange to you, have taken the place of the old subjects. The venerable Alcuin, whom I see near you, would have difficulty in keeping up with our classes in mathematics, and Aristotle would be a mere child beside our professor of chemistry." The Emperor, despite his imposing calm, could not suppress a gesture of shocked

surprise. "You will see, Sire, as you leave the Lycée, the changes that have occurred in the world: your coming was announced to us from Aix in one second's time! We feigned surprise, from politeness, but a flash along a copper wire had informed us an hour before of your departure. You travel fast, Sire, as spirits do; but the living move almost as fast as you: over railways and highways ply conveyances heavier than your war-chariots, and a thousand times fleeter than the famous Veillantif. The very warriors can no longer display their valor without the aid of men of science, and your great swords are pasteboard playthings beside our modern arms. Therefore, my family, being thrifty and practical, decided that I should learn what would bring me most respect and most money into the bargain; they want me to become an engineer! Pardon them, great Emperor! Oh, Shade of Roland, be merciful! A pupil in Division C no longer hears your horn; all poetry is dead for him: a pupil in Division C knows nothing but figures!"

Second Address

"My comrade exaggerates, Sire; set your mind at rest. Others have preserved a taste for letters and for cultivated speech. In fact, the number of beautiful languages has increased so fast that to choose among them is the only difficulty!" Thus spoke the eager voice of a pupil in Second B; and the Emperor with the flowing beard turned toward him and smiled. "Long ago, Sire, you felt aggrieved not to know them every one. What would you say today? You might still understand a few words of the Saxon tongue, now the speech of a powerful empire; you would recognize in Spanish and Italian some traces of your noble Latin. But English, Sire, English, the language that the whole world speaks! I beg your pardon, but I cannot help laughing when I think of your bewilderment in the streets of London or New York. Oh, yes! It is quite true."

"These names are as a fact strange to me: Aix-la-Chapelle is then no longer the centre of the world?"

"The centre of the world, Sire! That is everywhere and nowhere! The earth is an immense globe, whose circuit we have made, and on which the restless human race is now fighting for the last unoccupied tracts. To save for the Franks a place in this new sun, we must be familiar with the entire globe that it illumines. True learning is no longer Latin, Sire; or even theology. The knowledge that above all must guide us through life, and gain us our daily bread — pupils and nations alike — is that which tells us where wheat is grown, where it is sold, and where we shall find it in the days to come, for our descendants. True learning, Sire, is geography!"

"Bless my soul! This young man confounds all my ideas about the world. In brief, you are preparing yourself thus to become — what shall I say? — a traveler with a ready tongue — a Ulysses — a — "

"A globe-trotter, Sire; the future lies there. Ulysses is, in fact, one of the few models from antiquity who would be fit for something besides a museum. He would be less out-of-date than you in our society of merchants. Ulysses in ten years would be a billionaire; he would launch splendid business enterprises; he would be quite modern; and he surely would enter Telemachus in Division B!"

The time being short, the last paragraph was not revised.

IV. A Description

The Centennial at the Lycée Hoche (1807–1907)

Brief Account of the "Revue" [1] *Given in the School Theatre*

Your difficulty in describing the Centennial Revue will not be to find ideas. You will have enough and to spare. Now, as always, I must warn you to choose the interesting and essential points.

The *general idea* is a double one. Every revue is chiefly a *satire*, and oftener than not it is wholly a satire. Ours (and here, perhaps, lies its greatest originality) is also a collection of *touching memories*. It was intended to make us laugh; but it could not fail to remind our former pupils of a past that is dear to them. If you have noticed that much of its merit is owing to local color, to the peculiar customs and jargon of school-life, you have already guessed in what direction you should turn your thoughts.

You will group the details round three epochs:

I. THE SCHOOL UNDER NAPOLEON'S MILITARY RÉGIME (1807)

1. *The Satire.* — Aggressive manners. Initiations. Riots. The programmes. The unfortunate professor of the humanities.

2. *Poetry.* — Captain Mirandart reading the 79th Bulletin in the passageways. The sense of honor.

TRANSITION

Song: "The Bell and the Drum" (1815).

[1] Written by Monsieur Zidler, *Professeur de Troisième:* 14 scenes, 1300 lines, 8 songs. Produced on May 16, 1907.

II. THE SCHOOL UNDER THE BOURGEOIS RÉGIME

Our Grandfathers' Touching Little Foibles. — 1840. — *The Conventional Type:* The Headmaster congratulates the winner of the prize in rhetoric at the general competitive examination.

1851. — *Hobbies:* The first banquet of the Graduate Students' Association.

1864. — *Artlessness:* Mrs. Clover brings her young son Buttercup to the opening of the Primary Department.

TRANSITION

In the dungeon. The horrible sequestration.

III. THE MODERN LYCÉE

1. *Our Good Points:* We are

More humane: Hygiene. His dialogue with Overwork. Chorus of the Football Eleven.

More amiable: Chorus of the junior boys, and the opening of the Primary Department.

2. *Our Faults:* We are perhaps less industrious.

Superficial Puff: Dialogue and duet between the old Rhetoric and the young First Class. The charlatan and the supradirect method of teaching living languages.

CONCLUSION

The glorification of the schoolboy. The performers inspected by General Hoche.

It is, naturally, impossible to give an account of every scene. Enlarge upon the two or three episodes that impressed you particularly, and summarize the others.

CORRECTED VERSION

Modeled on Several Themes

On Thursday evening, at the celebration of the Lycée's centennial, we had a fine time. We watched for two hours the glories of the establishment file before us. To tell the truth, everything in that revue was not a surprise to me; in the last fortnight, with so many people — actors, singers, painters, musicians, stage-managers — busy over the preparations, much had leaked out. I had peeped a few times into the room where the drawing-masters were painting scenery, and, during the four-o'clock recess, by straining my ears, I had caught snatches of jolly songs. Still, I did not expect the performance to be so good; above all, I was far from supposing that I should be even more fascinated by the poetic part than by the comic.

I realize that a revue would not be a revue if it were not full of more or less obvious jokes; even humor that is not too refined is the correct thing, and the author, of course, would be very careful not to fail in his first duty. In the closing scenes especially, — those where the absurdities of the present day are made fun of, — he was obliged to caricature certain points which, if passed over more lightly, would not have "got across." So we laughed loudly at these very realistic portraits: Mr. Hygiene, carrying on his back a huge tin tub, enters, hailed by a chorus of football players as the symbol of a resolutely Anglo-Saxon period. A charlatan, Dr. Pangloss, comes forward to tell us that his supradirect method surpasses Sanderson and Berlitz, and that, by means of it, we shall know all the languages there are without having to learn any of them. Lastly, a young First-Former in a checked suit,

> The color of violets, roses, and lilies,

announces to old Dame Rhetoric that she had better retire, for the Minister has decided that:

> The thing, in these days of the automobile, is
> To store in the coach-house the car of Achilles.

And we did not know which to be most scandalized at, the strangeness of his clothes or the extreme freedom of his speech. The scene at the banquet made us laugh, almost as much as Labiche;[1] and good Mrs. Clover, bringing her little Buttercup to school, while the

[1] Author of *Mr. Perrichon's Trip* (*Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*), etc.

other youngsters pin paper animals on his back, was hilariously received. Yes, all this was very funny, often really bright. Yet I liked best two episodes, one as touching as an elegy, the other as vivid and highly colored as a scene from an epic. I remembered that the author of the revue, before circumstances had made him willy-nilly an Aristophanes, used to have more serious leanings; and I recognized my former teacher.

The elegy formed a poetic interlude between the pleasant picture of the old bourgeois school and the funny satire of modern times. Although it appealed to quieter feelings, it was none the less appreciated. Now, no brilliant decorations, no dazzling light, no songs or laughter, but high, bare walls, a crust of bread on a table, a pitcher of water, all in semi-darkness; we are in the dungeon, in the days when the horrible solitary confinement was the torment of the pupils. A poor child is brutally thrust into this cell, with three thousand lines to copy; he falls asleep over his desk, over his open Virgil, the dry bread on one side, the jug on the other. Meanwhile, night falls, a pitch-black night fit for ghosts. And the Muse of the Lycée stands before him. She comforts and encourages him; chooses words that find their way to his heart; then, to give him back his faith in the future that is opening before him, she points to his more fortunate predecessors. And while she names them over, while she recalls the figures of our former prize-winners, they appear in a flood of light, flashed on the wall. We recognized as they passed many familiar faces. Some are almost famous now; there are a scholar, a general, and a sculptor, among them. The greater part, whose renown has hardly spread beyond the walls of Versailles, were none the less greeted with enthusiasm by their families in the audience. For did they not remind us that, even if a brilliant career is denied us, our modest lives can hold much goodness, intelligence, and genuine honor?

But, though the elegy touched me, perhaps I liked even better the epic fragment with which the performance opened. It was a resurrection of the past, a poetic resurrection that would have been the delight of Michelet. 1807! The founding of the college. You should have seen the proud holders of the Emperor's scholarships, with sky-blue facings on their uniforms, cocked hats, and aggressive ways — a natural outcome of the exaggerated veneration for bravery and honor! You should have heard how uproariously they welcomed their military instructor, the disabled Captain Mirandart, when he read to them in the corridors the Bulletin from Friedland. "Our pupils have nothing in their heads but soldiering," an old Latin professor lamented in a letter of that date. And here he is

in person, that disconsolate humanist! He runs over the entire building in search of his pupils; he comes to claim them from the fiery captain; he complains, he insists, in the name of Belles-Lettres. He does not insist long, for the captain loses patience. Mirandart has never let any one "tread on his toes," and he says so in a tone that makes Professor Layé think best to give way. Ten campaigns, four wounds: an ear lost at the bridge of Arcola; a gash at Rivoli; a bullet-wound at Genoa, while fighting against Melas; a leg amputated after Austerlitz — such a record of military service equals that of the ancient Romans. In vain Mr. Layé timidly invokes Poetry, History — History?

History's here and now! And we are making it.

And the old captain resumes, amid applause from the pupils, his interrupted reading of the *Moniteur*. "The victory was not in doubt for a single instant. We took eighty pieces of artillery; several flags remained in our possession. The Battle of Friedland deserves to be ranked with those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena.

"What verse can be more rare than this exalted prose?"

At that moment, a roll of drums calls the pupils to drill. They obey the summons with cries of "Long live the Captain!" Their professor, left alone on the stage, raises his hands to heaven and sighs:

"What is to be the end of this, *bone Deus?*"

The next scene shows us what was to be the end; for the epic was followed by an epilogue. To 1807 succeeds 1815. 1815, alas! No more galoons, no more sky-blue facings, no more Bulletins of victory! The very drum is hushed; the bell is about to take its place. Here they both are, the drum and the bell, singing, to an air by Offenbach, the one, praises of military glory, the other, of rest and peace. In vain the pupils hiss the "shameful peace" and demand the warlike drum; in vain they revolt rather than do obeisance to the fleur-de-lis; the riot is suppressed, discipline reëstablished — and the vision disappears.

It had, however, impressed me so much that the more amusing scenes were not able to carry the day. I know perfectly well that all my schoolmates do not agree with me; the banquet of the graduate pupils, especially, was very popular. But for my part, I like a fight, — some call me a bully, — and the rough, blustering manners of 1807 would not have troubled me. Is there any need to add that, after so many fine things, this evocation of the past, the present,

S. Boizot sculp[t] Phot. Malitte

HOCHE, PACIFICATOR OF THE VENDÉE

and even of the future, changed once more to the epic style, and ended with an apotheosis?

General Hoche himself, our patron, comes down from his pedestal to congratulate all the generations of schoolboys assembled in the final scene,

> One hundred crowded years of honor and of work!

And you may be sure he arranges to meet us at the "next centennial"!

A Talk on General Hoche

After the themes are read

We shall never have a better chance than this to become acquainted with the great man whose name our Lycée so proudly bears. To be sure, our friend G——, who played the part of Hoche at the Centennial Revue, carried it off well, and delivered in fine, ringing tones these lines, which still resound in our ears:

> At least we had, exalted to a creed,
> Our love of Liberty, our love of France.
> You stand for hope and for the valiant deed;[1]
> With you, no words, no waiting, but "Advance"!

Yet, I have an idea that you will not be sorry to know how Hoche really looked.

This photograph is of a bas-relief, made in 1798[2] by the sculptor L. Simon Boizot. The attitude is solemn and dignified, as the circumstances warrant, and the face of the soldier-pacificator is slightly idealized; but the features are true to life, to judge from contemporary evidence. To the artist, Hoche was above all else a Republican hero, the man held up as a model to every schoolboy in the land. It would never have occurred

[1] *Res, non verba.* Hoche's motto.

[2] Hoche died on September 18, 1797.

to Boizot (as it did to the painters and engravers of after years) to smooth out the rugged countenance of the popular general. He whom his army, the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse, mourned like a second Turenne, did not blush for his humble origin; and the guardsman of 1784, five feet six inches tall, built "more like a Hercules than an Apollo," was plainly recognizable in 1797 as the victor of Neuwied. That is how Boizot has pictured him. "The image of the plebeian commander," says E. Bourgeois, "with square, protruding chin; pursed lips, firmly closed, denoting a resolute will; a straight, daring nose; high-arched brows; a glance expressive of strength and intelligence, seemed definitively fixed for posterity."

Yet it was not fixed, and our patron's iconography is an odd one! Not many years after his death, under the Consulate and the Empire, it became the fashion to give to the manly faces of the Republican epic a patrician or an insipid look; miniature-painting encouraged artists to transform without more ado every Hercules into an Adonis; conventional heroes, dandyfied or pompous, always cold and characterless, banished the portraits drawn from life. A man's own family often accepted this dandy on faith. Lucky was the soldier of the year II who was not draped in antique style, with Roman helmet, toga, and curule chair complete! Those of you who have a taste for research will find in the Revolutionary period many an amusing opportunity to apply the historical method to works of art.[1] The real way for any lad of

[1] See E. Bourgeois, "The Destiny of an Historic Figure in XVIIIth and XIXth Century Art" ("Les Destinées d'une figure historique dans l'art du XVIII^{e} et du XIX^{e} siècle"), *Revue de l'art ancien et moderne*, May 10 and July 10, 1903.

U. Boze del[t] Phot. Braun, Clément et C[ie]

HOCHE IN 1794

sense to gain knowledge, quite apart from programmes and manuals, is to hunt out rare and original documents.

The second photograph is of the portrait drawn by Ursule Boze in 1794, while Hoche was imprisoned in the Conciergerie by order of Saint-Just. We know from an autograph letter of Hoche that he valued this portrait highly. Barely two months before his death, perhaps realizing his condition, he seems to have wished to bequeath the portrait to the nation. His short note, in its unpolished, military conciseness, reads like a testament; we think we hear him speaking to us, even more distinctly than we did the other evening. History is, indeed, a "resurrection."

WATRELOS, *the 25th Thermidor, Year V.*

So many people talk about me without knowing me, that I absolutely insist, Mr. Boze, on having my excellent portrait engraved. I beg you to give it to the artist at once. Let me know how much I should send you in all. One of my friends will bring you the sum.

General, commanding in chief
the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse.

L. HOCHE.

BOYS IN CLASS 5

Robert Avalle
Jean Bamberger
Henri Bezard
Raymond Blaevoet
François Bonnassieux
André Bouillon
Pierre Brunet
Louis Cartan
Albert Chanoine
Jean David
Paul Depasse
André Fidelle
Maurice Grenier
Jean Letourneur
François Ritti
Albert Simon
Henri Thévenet
Jean-Pierre Wimille

THIRD SERIES

MY HOBBIES

[Although this series is really a parenthesis in my journal of the Second Class, it falls quite naturally into place, for the subjects in Part I are better fitted to children from twelve to fourteen years old than to boys of sixteen: this winter I have been assigning them as early as the Fifth Class.[1] The two following subjects are, however, simpler, more elementary, than any we have had thus far. The pupils' compositions, too, are shorter and more ingenuous than those of their older schoolmates: it would be unwise to require at their age more than two pages of development, and that is, with rare exceptions, about what I receive from the best pupils. This seems to me no reason against my offering them a fuller, livelier revised version, something plainly superior to what they themselves could possibly write, for I think them quite capable of understanding it. It is not a bad plan for the model, without being discouraging, to set a certain standard, to rise to a higher level than the best copies. Daudet's *The Wreck of the Sémillante* is infinitely above what any teacher may hope to write; and it is just because of the inimitable style that it catches the fancy and stimulates curiosity. In his smaller way the teacher, after doing full justice to the good points in his pupils' themes, should not fear to complete them in his own, to develop them, to raise them as it were to the second power. As in real life we should hitch our wagon to a star if we would be sure to accomplish anything worth while, so, in these early attempts at writing, the model composed

[1] The boys are about thirteen years old.

by the teacher makes more impression on his young listeners when he takes pains to write with a skilled hand; the apprentices know well that they cannot turn out such work until they themselves are past masters, but they would be shocked to find their teacher's theme hardly better than their own. Indeed, it is essential that it should be better, on condition that everything is kept simple and perfectly clear.]

I. My Stamp-Collection

Part I. — Preliminary Outline of the Theme

Stamp-collecting is a very instructive pastime.

1. it develops a practical mind

a. Ways of beginning and enlarging a collection:

Exchange; buying and selling; interested civilities.

Faults to avoid: avarice; speculating on the ignorance and simplicity of other boys.

b. Ways of arranging and keeping stamps:

Good qualities: care, method, love of perfect clearness.

A bad fault: to paste in stamps, side by side, like so many pieces of paper, without arranging them in their proper places.

2. it develops judgment

The information required by a stamp-collector, if he wants to recognize a counterfeit and know the value of genuine stamps:

a. Geography.

b. History.

c. Art. Quality of paper, engraving, or design; pretty vignettes; kind of picture best fitted for this use.

Do not be afraid to say that the Maury or Yvert and Tellier catalogue is worthy to be ranked with any schoolbook!

Part II.—Collective Correction

None of your themes gives an entirely satisfactory and complete portrait of the collector. The programme mapped out was a little long for boys of your age; I am sorry I did not let each of you choose just one section. Luckily, you took matters into your own hands, neglected certain paragraphs, and spent your time on those that most attracted you. This will make it easy to construct the "ideal theme" — a mosaic of the best pieces. Let us try to write it together.

We will take Pierre's introduction. Read it to us, please.

"I began my collection in December, 1919, a year and three months ago. How scanty it was then! France, England, the Central Empires, and the United States alone were represented, by their most recent issues, pasted into the copy-book that served me for an album. To-day, I am the happy possessor of more than twenty-five hundred stamps, which I display with pride, mounted in a superb Yvert and Tellier album. Still, I must confess that the quality does not equal the quantity; there are very few whose value is worth mentioning."

Henri Bezard: "But above fifteen hundred, you can't help having some interesting ones."

Several Boys: "Yes, only the first fifteen hundred are easy to get."

Jean Bamberger speaks in his theme of a friend who has six thousand.

Paul: "My brother has six thousand too. His collection is worth a thousand dollars!"

Pierre is still far from that mark. But, judging from his own account, he will soon reach it. He has a business head.

I. A PRACTICAL MIND

"These stamps did not come of their own accord! I had to transact a good deal of business. It is true that I hardly ever bought or sold, although I do owe a few sets of my best specimens to my pocket-book. I like better to exchange; it is more ingenious. Please do not suppose that, in my eagerness, I imitate those boys who have no scruples about speculating on the ignorance or good-nature of their schoolmates. We are quite straight, my friends and I, not sharpers."

We are glad of it! Nevertheless, we should have liked to hear you describe (with disapproval, of course) a scene of this sort. You must have seen one.

JEAN BAMBERGER: "Once, in exchange for a stamp worth ten cents, I got one that I found later was worth a dollar and sixty."

PAUL: "A boy offered me a North Bornean for thirty cents, and I beat him down to eight."

HENRI BEZARD: "I traded a Belgian worth a few cents for an Argentine worth four dollars! And the Belgian did not even have its little strip any more."

SEVERAL CONNOISSEURS: "Oh, I say!"

But you need not reproach yourselves, for you acted in good faith. Paul drove a bargain in legitimate self-defense. As for you others, you did not know the real value of your spoils. Still, I suppose if you were very, very scrupulous, you could cancel your bargains now, voluntarily!

JEAN BAMBERGER: "We don't even remember who—"
HENRI BEZARD: "It was so long ago!"

To be sure! I was only teasing. There is a statute of limitations. And, although these transactions turned out well, you were not, and are not, cheats. To deserve that name, you first have to mean to cheat.

ANDRÉ BOUILLON: "I know some people like that!"
JEAN-PIERRE: "So do I!"

So does Henri Thévenet. Henri, read us your description of this good-for-nothing.

"A great temptation to be avoided is dishonest trading. Suppose you have some duplicate stamps. A beginner comes your way. He asks you to trade with him, and you agree with alacrity. You know he is an ignoramus. You offer him a common English stamp, one of the reds that everybody has, and you say, 'I'll tell you something: that's rare!' Of course, the poor ninny takes you at your word, and you catch a big fish with a very small fly — a triangular Cape of Good Hope with the commonest sort of an Edward."

"Pas choli," as the German major said to the child-spy in Daudet's story.

ROBERT: "That is not promising."

Indeed it is not! Unless this child is brought up short, he will do even worse things. Honest lads, like Pierre and Louis, prefer different methods. Let us hear what they have to say.

LOUIS: "Fortunately, I am not reduced to this one way [exchange]. My relations, and friends of my family,

bear me in mind when they go traveling, and send me stamps. I remember, by the bye, a certain bothersome New Year's letter that cost me many a sigh, but was repaid by a very rare set. After all, I think this interested politeness has fewer drawbacks than too sharp trading. I don't want to be the least like a 'profiteer.'"

Now your turn, Pierre.

PIERRE: "I know some people with correspondents in foreign countries who, if I ask them very politely, never fail to bring or to send me stamps. This is how I happen to have the 1901 series of Monaco (head of Prince Albert) and the Abyssinian 1909 (head of Negûs Menelik II)."

That is a good point, but a little dry. I should like to know more of these invaluable friends, and of how they were able to oblige you. I should catch a glimpse of the real world, which we hear so little about in the lycée of to-day — except, of course, through modern languages and geography. These friends of your family must be practical, enterprising people. Who knows but that one of them will find you a position later on? At any rate, their very example is bracing.

PIERRE: "The Abyssinian stamps were sent to me by a governess in the family of a French civil-engineer who has charge of the Jibuti railroad."

PAUL: "I have a cousin in Belgian Congo."

JEAN BAMBERGER: "And I have a friend in Indo-China. He sends me rare duplicates, which I exchange."

And you return the compliment, I suppose, with new issues from France. That is first rate!

RAYMOND: "One of my relations is in French Congo."

ANDRÉ BOUILLON: "I have an uncle in Czecho-slovakia."

MAURICE: "One of my cousins is a Serb."

This is doing pretty well for the children of a people who have long been called "stay-at-homes," and accused of not knowing geography. It was high time that they mended their ways. But there is no doubt about it, France is returning at last to her best traditions; she is living less and less in her shell. Another favorable sign is the welcome she gives to foreign travelers, and the cordiality they show toward us. Already you have learned how to profit by these meetings. But I want Jean Bamberger to read this to you himself.

JEAN: "I am afraid I am a boy who likes to sit about and chat! Not long ago, as I was resting on a bench on the boulevard de la Reine, after a game of marbles, I got talking with an old gentleman next to me. He had a slight foreign accent. We spoke of traveling, and then of postage-stamps. And he gave me a postal-card from the French Consulate at Trebizond with two rare specimens on it."

PIERRE: "The other day, as Raymond and I were going home in the train, a soldier gave us some stamps from the Ivory Coast."

PAUL: "A Swedish officer in a street-car gave me some from his home."

MAURICE: "The Finnish and the Japanese officers who board where I do, help me a lot with my collection."

Decidedly, the After-War Versailles is not a city of the dead! Yet, the most ingenious of you all is not a Versailles boy; he is an Alsatian, who came here direct

from Strasbourg last fall. Yes, I mean François Ritti. Guess what he did to get in touch with foreign lands! Oh, the most typically French thing in the world, and the most consistent with the ancient traditions of a country that spent itself in Crusades and in missions!

"I appealed," he says, "to the people we knew who had a missionary priest in their family."

That was a first-rate idea. I have often thought, when I found on some farmer's table the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* (*Annales de la propagation de la foi*), that the priest who lent it had the right notion about education. While the missionaries are civilizing the savages, their letters and stories give these villagers some knowledge of life and of the world beyond their narrow routine and surroundings, and help them, at least the younger generation, to "civilize" themselves. For much more than you suspect is learned in this way from books that are not schoolbooks, from men of action who are not teachers by profession, and, to return to our subject, from instructive pastimes, played intelligently, that are not lessons. This is the school of life, the most real and necessary part of your education, the part that makes you, through practice, the builders-up of your own knowledge.

This is not all, however. I find that some themes mention a third good quality that your excellent hobby develops. Let Jean Bamberger tell us why he feels that it will make a methodical man of him.

"But it is not enough to own a good many stamps; I must know how to arrange them systematically. On Thursdays,[1] when I come in from a hasty walk, I settle

[1] A half-holiday in French schools.

myself at a table and spread out on the cloth all the stamps that I have exchanged during the week. I examine them in detail, a little (I imagine) as Harpagon examined, weighed, and tested his gold, when he took it out of his famous chest. I sort them into nations, dampen them with warm water, dry them between two sheets of blotting-paper, and paste them with gummed hinges into the album."

Albert Chanoine adds some useful suggestions on the way to recognize stamps.

"Two stamps may look exactly alike until examined attentively with a strong magnifying-glass. There are the 1907–08 and the 1908–09 Swiss series of a boy armed with a bow and arrow: in the first set, the string of the bow crosses behind the arrow; in the other, in front. There are the United States stamps with portraits of American statesmen: the issues of 1894 and 1895 have triangular ornaments in the upper corners; the issue of 1890–93 has the corners plain."

Jean Letourneur: "In Turkey, the 1908 design is like the 1905, except for two points: in 1908 the spear with its horsehair tassel is enclosed in a circle; in 1905, it is in an irregular polygon, and the numeral is not in just the same place."

I should call the philatelist's business rather finicking, if it includes such minute technical knowledge as that. It reminds me, however, of a well-known passage in *Kim*. Kipling, in order to show how far practice develops a child's powers of observation, describes the Play of the Jewels. The Hindu Lurgan Sahib has thrown on a copper tray a half-handful of precious stones and little

trifles of different colors; the play consists in looking a short time at them and then describing them from memory. The English boy, Kim, who is a good observer, distinguishes five blue stones of various sizes, four green, one with a hole, one transparent yellow, another like a pipe-stem, two red, a bit of ivory; but the native boy gives infinitely more details, and more precise ones, naming sapphires, turquoises, emeralds, with their approximate weight, a ruby of Burma, a topaz from Europe, an ivory carved in the shape of a rat sucking an egg. "He is thy master!" said Lurgan Sahib, smiling.

Similar processes [1] have been introduced into our primary schools. And Albert, you might recommend, besides, an examination of postage-stamps, if it often exacts this close attention. You might mention that a delightful time to acquire a love of order and of accuracy is while it can be had by indulging in a favorite recreation.

André Bouillon: "In the examination given to Boy Scouts there are tests like these."

Yes, indeed. General Baden-Powell and his disciples are more than a match on this point for Conan Doyle himself! We are decidedly in good company.

2. JUDGMENT

Nor is this all. You have pointed out very sensibly that a collector must have a certain background of training and information, much like what you are given in school, but carried further.

It is doubly necessary: as a help, first, in recognizing and classifying the stamps; next, in exposing cheats and

[1] What do you see in the yard? in the window of the bookstore? of the paintshop?

counterfeits, which are all too common. Scholars and experts have two ways of detecting a forgery: there are intrinsic proofs, based on ideas or facts contained in the document itself; and extrinsic proofs, based on the paper, handwriting, or spelling — on everything that makes up the material side. You, as well as they, have intrinsic proofs supplied by geography or history, and extrinsic proofs supplied by the more or less artistic workmanship on your little documents. No one would expect from you the skill of experts. It is enough to mention its value. On the other hand, it is quite within your powers to use geography and history as guides in finding where each stamp belongs — in putting it in its historical and geographical surroundings.

a. Geography

"I am learning this year," Pierre says, "the geography of Asia and of Africa; last year I studied America and Oceania. To arrange the stamps of the British Empire is in itself a real review of my two courses. Just to look through them carries me round the world; everywhere I find Queen Victoria: a young Victoria with waving hair; a middle-aged Victoria under her white tulle cap; a Victoria crowned as Empress of India. Everywhere, the same Edward, the same George, heirs to her immense empire. But each time I read a different name: well-known, like Canada, Australia, or India; vaguely familiar, or sometimes perfectly strange — which is all the better for refreshing my geographical memory. So it is that Nigeria, Gold Coast, Gambia, are no longer mysterious to me. Even Bechuanaland did not puzzle me long! But Brunei! Brunei! The stamp with this name represents a half-Asiatic, half-oceanic landscape, with flimsy bamboo

Stamps of the British Empire

Stamps of Geographical Interest (I)

houses, palm trees, a river, and a native canoe. The words, 'Postage & Revenue, One Cent,' left me in no doubt as to the protector of this perplexing country. Now I know all about it! It is Borneo. And Tonga, in the middle of the Pacific! If we add to these the stamps of the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch colonies, we shall be almost ready to take the examinations for Colonial Governor. And when the time comes for the baccalaureate examinations, these simpler questions will hold no terrors for us!"

Henri Bezard makes more of physical and economic geography than of political. He says: "I like the stamps of the Republic of Panama or the Dominican Republic with pretty little maps."

Jean Bamberger: "The whole globe on Canadian stamps."

Louis: "The map of Australia, on the New South Wales."

Albert Chanoine: "The views of Bosnia-Herzegovina."

Boys, boys, let Henri finish.

"I like also those that have volcanoes on them (Bolivia, Salvador, or Nicaragua); or just plain mountains (New Zealand, Saint Lucia), hot springs (New Zealand), or waterfalls (Rhodesia)."

Paul: "I have one with some negroes crossing a river in Guinea."

Albert Chanoine: "And I have one, from Cape Colony, of Table Mountain dipping down into the sea."

Jean Bamberger: "But what pleases me most is to learn about the flora and fauna of each country. My

stamps show me the ant-bears in French Guiana and the beavers in Canada; the codfish of Newfoundland remind me of the fisheries off a coast that not long ago was still French; the cattle of Uruguay, the wide, rich pampas of Argentina, the buffaloes on the western prairies of the United States, bring before my very eyes the lands beyond the sea. My thoughts follow the dromedary of Upper Senegal, or the camel of the Somali Coast, the one toward some oasis of Adrar or Air, the other through the burning sands that border the Red Sea. Even more fascinating to me are the wild animals: the elephants of the Belgian Congo and of the Malay States, the chimpanzees and pigmy hippopotami of Liberia, the giraffes and the zebras of Nyassa, the emus and the kangaroos of New South Wales, the humped cattle of Madagascar."

"The lowing of the humped zebu of Tamatave."

Perhaps some day you will enjoy Leconte de Lisle's descriptions of strange countries; for the time being other writers satisfy you.

Jean Bamberger: "Bombonnel, *The Panther Killer* (*Le Tueur de panthères*)."

Henri Bezard: "*Hunting Big Game* (*Mes Grandes Chasses*), by Edouard Foa."[1]

And you are pleased when these tiny landscapes recall them to you. I admit that the steady enumeration required in this kind of paragraph soon grows monotonous. But several boys besides Jean have broken up their paragraphs with some rather individual remarks. Here is Henri, who, I have reason to know, torments his family to take him to see the lions and tigers in the zoo. He

[1] Books on Africa have been very popular with the pupils.

Stamps of Geographical Interest (II)

Stamps of Geographical Interest (III)

prefers, of course, Abyssinian lions, tigers from the Malay States, leopards from Middle Congo, and crocodiles from Borneo. According to him the finest collection of stamps would be a menagerie or an aviary; the swan of Western Australia (Swan River), the kiwi of New Zealand, the Argus pheasant of Borneo, especially excite his envy. But let us go back to Jean.

JEAN BAMBERGER: "And the flora? What a resource for equatorial countries! No matter how luxuriant the plants are in reality, a way has been found to give an idea of them in a frame not more than an inch square: the coco palms of Cayenne; the bananas and creepers of Congo; the oil palms of Dahomey or the Ivory Coast; the cacaos and vanillas of Guadeloupe. The Bahamas stamps (1901) are particular favorites of mine because of the hanging vines that almost cover a tall stairway."

PAUL: "There are idols too: the dragon of Shanghai."

ALBERT CHANOINE: "The Brahma of the French Establishments in India."

Very few! Graven images are out of date. In its modern, industrial form, science is our idol. In fact, many of you mention with admiration the industry of the New World on American stamps: the steam-engine of Ecuador, the railroads of Honduras, the coasters of Costa Rica.

PIERRE: "In Europe, too, there are some like that: the big locomotive of Belgium (1915) with its tender."

JEAN-PIERRE: "And in South Australia, a whole modern city."

On a stamp?

JEAN-PIERRE: "Yes, with telegraph poles."

In short, your album is a panorama of the world. Each stamp you add takes you one step farther on your voyage of discovery.

b. History

At the same time you are learning about mankind, through history. The history, no doubt, is brief — I see from your themes that the first British stamps (two Victorias: one penny, black; two pence, blue) were issued in 1840; the first United States (Franklin, five cents; Washington, ten cents) in 1847; the first French (eight colors, Liberty crowned with ears of wheat) in 1849.

Henri Thévenet: "Before that time, did everybody who received a letter have to pay the postage then and there?"

Yes, on accepting the letter. Economical people did not always bless the sight of the postman. It took four centuries, ever since Louis XI, to think up such a simple device as a postage-stamp! For the collector, history does not begin till 1840. Yet so many things have happened in the last eighty years, complicated things, serious things, with serious consequences, that this history is worth knowing thoroughly. All means are good that familiarize us with it. What would n't we give for a set of stamps of the Roman emperors, or even of the Capetians!

Albert Chanoine: "We have their money."

Yes, we have. We — that is, the museums. But, how about yourself, Albert; do you go often to look at them in the museums? Whereas right here in your collection of

stamps you have, with little expense, a cabinet of medallions such as the kings themselves in bygone days could not have procured. It covers the unrivaled period of the upheavals in Europe from the end of the French Monarchy in 1848 to the fall of the German Empire in 1918; the conquest of the globe by Anglo-Saxons, Germans, and French; the enormous development of the New World; the growth of the United States in riches and power; the convulsions and appalling consequences of the most bloody war that has ever saddened the earth. The smallest engraving, the least surcharge, cannot help being highly instructive to you.

PIERRE: "I own two German stamps (*Deutsches Reich*) surcharged with the word *Belgien*."

Surcharged, indeed! "Charged" in every sense; charged with memories, undeniable evidence of the barbarous invasion! Perhaps you know the anecdote of the German, in 1914, who was complaining of the Belgians to an American: "Those cruel Belgians fired (yes, actually fired!) on the innocent German infantry!" "But," the American answered, "what on earth were you doing in Belgium?" And so in years to come the impartial collector, when he sees that brutal surcharge, will ask in the American's sneering words: "What on earth were you doing in Belgium?" And he will be better informed than by the Manifesto of the 93! Impossible to declare, when confronted with this stamp, "Es ist nicht wahr!" The occupant himself has signed.

Other examples, which affect us French less directly, are no less eloquent on that account. Paul says that he has a Transvaal stamp of 1877, surcharged by the British, and one of the British issue of 1882, surcharged by

the Boers; another from the Cape of Good Hope, of the 1896 issue, that bears the mark: "Mafeking. 1 d. Besieged." Albert Simon has some stamps used in Togo and Kamerun (1916 and 1917) under the English and French occupations; they are French stamps from Dahomey and Middle Congo, surcharged respectively: "Togo. Occupation franco-anglaise"; and "Cameroun. Occupation française." André Fidelle treasures some from Middle Congo with the surcharge, "Oubangui-Chari-Tchad"; they make him think of the explorer Gentil's expedition in 1897. And very curious are the details given by Louis about his stamps of the Foreign Offices in China. One more point: you just mentioned the perforated strip attached to the Belgian stamps of some twenty-five years ago with the inscription, "Do not deliver on Sunday" (*Niet bestellen op Zondag*). A Sunday of rest at that time, far from being a settled custom imposed by governments, was considered as a favor granted by the public to the post-office employees. It was little Belgium that found a way to convert the modern world to keeping the Sabbath. Social and ecclesiastical history, the evolution of ideas, — in fact, the history of civilization, — that is a great deal to find on a stamp bearing the familiar head of Leopold. The country that was wise enough to attach importance to this detail deserves much credit.

Curious also, but melancholy for the French, are the series of Egyptian stamps that, until very recently, bore in our language the words, "Postes Égyptiennes," and only lately have adopted the device, "Egypt Postage." In that substitution, we read the history of our diminishing influence in Egypt. But come! Unless we want to spend all night turning the pages of our albums for curiosities of this kind, we must stop somewhere.

Germany
Surcharged:
"Belgien"

France

Italy

Germany

Foreign Offices in China

Middle Congo, Surcharged:

"Cameroun
Occupation française"

"Oubangui-Chari-Tchad"

Dahomey
Surcharged:
"Togo
Occupation
franco-anglaise"

Egypt
Postage

Postes
égyptiennes

"The Belgian
with
its strip"

Stamps of Historical Interest

King
Alfonso XIII

Queen
Victoria

King Victor
Emmanuel III

France
Liberty

France
Woman Sowing

Greece
Flying Mercury

Switzerland
Boy with Bow and Arrow

1905

1908

Turkey

I. Stamps of Artistic Interest

II. Stamps of Allegorical Interest

III. "Two stamps may look exactly alike until examined . . ." (p. 68)

(It is against the law to photograph United States stamps)

JEAN BAMBERGER: "If we hunted for them in *our* albums, it would not take long!"

What do you mean?

JEAN BAMBERGER: "It's quite true! Historical curiosities generally cost so much that we can't treat ourselves to them."

HENRI BEZARD: "They often have fabulous prices, especially the early issues."

As a matter of fact, you told me some curious stories about that. Some of you, it is true, have solved the problem with no expense to yourselves. To quote Figaro's saying, you "took the trouble to be born, and that was all": you inherited the collection of a grandfather or a great-uncle. These considerate ancestors picked up for almost nothing in their day stamps that now are worth enormous sums.

JEAN LETOURNEUR: "The Canadian 1851 issue — twelve pence, black — is worth six hundred dollars; the Cape of Good Hope wood-block error stamps sell for about five hundred dollars apiece."

PIERRE: "If our friends in America would only send us the Baltimore and the Brattleboro of 1846, it would be fine! One is quoted at five hundred dollars and the other at seven hundred and fifty."

Yes; but then, so as not to be backward in politeness, you would have to reply with the French one-franc, vermilion (1849–50), which is worth (or rather which costs) six hundred dollars.

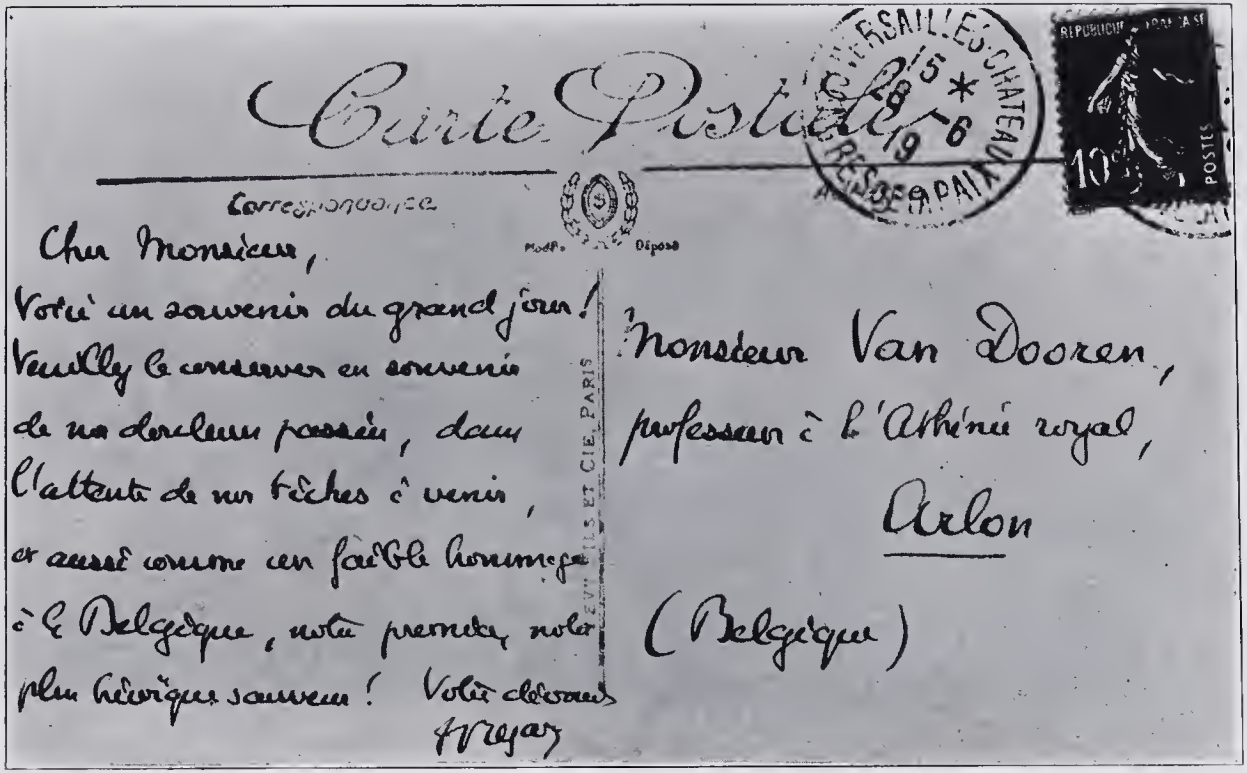
JEAN-PIERRE: "That's nothing to the Hawaiian blues of 1851–52; some of them cost a thousand or twelve hundred, some three thousand to six thousand!"

HENRI THÉVENET: "Just lately, at a sale, five Tuscan stamps of 1851 brought, together, three thousand, seven hundred dollars, and a couple of stamps from the Two Sicilies (Naples, 1860, Cross of Savoy) brought three thousand, two hundred and twenty!"

JEAN-PIERRE: "Yesterday, June 23, at the Hôtel Drouot, a pair of the first issue of British Guiana (two cents), from the Ferrari collection, brought twenty-one thousand dollars!"

PIERRE: "Yes, it was in the papers."

Come, that is enough. It is a record. We shall be playing pitch and toss with sovereigns and dollars next. Let us turn a deaf ear to what Mephistopheles calls, in *Faust*, "the cheerless clink of coins," and content ourselves with history. There is one considerable event that did not pass unnoticed — at least by Versailles collectors. Jean Letourneur is quite right to remind us of it. For my part, on June 28, 1919, I went early in the morning to the Palace, with a set of postal-cards representing the Hall of Mirrors, intended for my foreign friends. Although on that day, before, during, and after the signing of peace, a large number of cards were stamped (more than a million, I am told), they are bound to be valuable some time. Once again, here is a simple postmark that means, and will mean, especially in years to come, far more than it says: "28. 6. 19. Versailles. Château. Congrès de la Paix."



Facsimile of Postal-Card of Palace at Versailles, Postmarked June 28, 1919

50 - PALAIS DE VERSAILLES. — Galerie des Glaces, mesurant 73 m. de long sur 10 m. 50 de large.
Le 18 Janvier 1871, le Roi de Prusse y fut couronné Empereur d'Allemagne. 1918 venge l'affront de 1871.-LL

The Hall of Mirrors

c. Art

I asked you to bring out one more point — the artistic value of these miniature pictures. And you did, in fact, mention the delicacy of the engraving, the success of the arrangement, the resemblance and naturalness of certain portraits. As a general rule, you distinguished three groups: historical and geographical scenes, allegories, portraits. About the first there is nothing that we have not already said, but Henri Thévenet's page on the allegory of the French and the German pre-war stamps contains some fresh ideas.

HENRI THÉVENET: "The finest allegory, I think, is Roty's *Woman Sowing* (*La Semeuse*), engraved on the French stamps. She sows prosperity on our soil; she stands for the soul of our country. In the background, the setting sun casts its rays on her like a halo."

Yes, the sun touches her with gold, but the wind plagues her by carrying the grain backward. There has been much fun made over this. The "sower's stately gesture" is exactly in the wrong direction; the good farmer always takes care to sow "with the wind"! Roty, in expressing his idea, excellent and fitting in itself, has committed an elementary blunder. This does not lessen the moral value of his work. He should, however, have remembered Boileau's precept, "Nothing is beautiful that is not true." Read on.

HENRI THÉVENET: "How different from Germania, the figure on the stamps of the *Deutsches Reich*. In spite of her heavy form and angular features, she has a certain grace, with her plumed helmet and her Walkyrie armor,

ready for the 'jolly, new' war. We can tell that she is keeping her powder dry and her sword sharp. She is on the watch. While we, we are sowing, in the fields round Lille, Arras, or elsewhere — unconcerned, unsuspicious. The contrast is striking."

This allegory is tragic; there are others more cheerful. Many of them are quite charming, each nation expressing by a symbol, by the "image of something else" (that is the etymological meaning: ἄλλος, ἀγορεύω), the object of its desires, of its just pride: the Flying Mercury on the Greek stamps, the crowned Liberty on the French (1849), the Sphinx and the Pyramid of Egypt, and almost all the examples you gave in speaking of geography. Yet I have heard from collectors, men of taste, that, after all, the best subjects are portraits. The head of a sovereign or of a great man, carefully studied, finely drawn, they thought more suited to so small a frame, where a scene or a group is liable to look cramped. They mentioned as excellent of their kind the portrait of King Victor Emmanuel III, taken shortly after his accession; certain portraits of King Alfonso; and of Queen Victoria (Ceylon, 1857; Queensland, 1860; Nova Scotia, 1860; St. Vincent, 1861); and the series of American statesmen. This sort of appreciation requires taste, discernment, some knowledge of design, and the habit of examining and comparing artistic works. "What a lot of things!" you will complain. "Our play will be all work. You are spoiling our fun!" Have no fear! I have not noticed in these lessons that the "work" stopped being fun for you. At each question, several hands shot up, answers came, eager and exact. It was a race as to who should first fill out the information in the themes; we all felt that the

concerns of practical, daily life were melting naturally into the concerns of school life, and that you were working without effort, just as you walk or run or breathe. Be satisfied to observe, reflect, and write, as you have talked to-day; let your occupations be the natural exercise of a brain that likes to be active, grows strong with use, and makes short work of difficulties, because it attacks them easily — for the enjoyment of the sport.

II. My Pressed Flowers

[This subject belongs, with the *Baron in the Eleventh Century*,[1] in quite a different group. It is based on material by no means literary — in fact, the composition class has temporarily allied itself for mutual support with the botany class, as later it will join forces with the class in history. The tendency to treat non-literary topics is already visible in the many informal anecdotes with which we began the year; such subjects make it easy to look at the study of our mother-tongue as neither purely grammatical nor purely bookish. To learn to observe, to compose, to write, is to learn to see what lies around us, to put the contents of our minds in order, to compel our words to describe facts exactly as they seem to us. Any boy who, in the thousand incidents of daily life, sets himself to look about and to reflect is working, without knowing it, to perfect his style; he can learn this "art of writing" almost as quickly from practice in living as from the precepts of his master; for, after all, what is it based on if not on the "art of straight thinking"?

And, with even more reason, scientific and historical subjects make good material for literary exercises, so close is the connection between the branches of any rightly planned system of education, so great the need for each specialist to fix his eyes on their common end. The class in natural science, with its exact terminology, its clear classification, and the analytical habit of mind that it encourages, is an excellent drill for the class in composition. The teacher of composition has everything to gain from continuing and reviewing its processes in his own teaching. Where could a boy of fifteen, or even

[1] See p. 174.

twelve, find better material for practical, logical thinking — that is, for literature — than on a walk? His geological observations could be worked up equally well into a report or a narrative. What delightful stories he might write (inspired by J. H. Fabre) on the habits of certain insects that he himself had watched! And he would interest his composition teacher more than he suspects by telling him in what way his lessons in science were helping him.

Since botany is the science included in the Fifth Class programme, it made convenient material for us last June, when the botany course was so nearly completed that the pupils could hardly help having some general or even definite ideas on the subject. Here is the result of our talks, in the form of a plan that we drew up together.]

PART I. — PREPARATION OF THE THEME

Preamble.

Why I collect wild-flowers.

I. *The Study of Families*

1. Our botany classes in spring. — Summarized in the composition class. Analytical method defined by Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his letter on the CRUCIFERÆ. Examination of live flowers.

2. Application of analytical method to the herbarium.

(*a*) Specimens of entire plants. — Drying and preserving.

(*b*) Details. — Pages of analysis. Drawings. Rôle of microscopic analysis.

II. *General Classification*

1. My botany teacher's chart of classification. — History of classification. Explanation given in the com-

position class. Principle of the subordination of characteristics.

2. Application of this principle to the herbarium.

(*a*) My carefully arranged pages form, to use Linnæus's phrase, a real *Systema Naturæ*. I (as well as Laurent de Jussieu) see my *Genera Plantarum* fall into place automatically.

(*b*) My album brings back the pleasure of being out of doors. Charm of the different seasons. Botanical calendar. Notes on the date of flowering. Beauty of the country. Physical geography. Spots where my plants thrive.

Conclusion.

A text from Rousseau. I have the same feelings that he had.

Part II. — Correction of the Theme

It would seem as if no type of subject were more within your powers than this. It ought to be easy even for the youngest boy to say:

"I was there. This happened to me. This is what my teacher told me in class. This is what he read to me. He pointed out such and such a method and explained such and such a principle. And, on our side, this is how we followed his advice: how we studied a family of plants, how we classified the families, why our herbariums, methodically arranged, look like paintings from nature."

That is what you should say, but you do not always say it! Do you know why? Because nothing needs so much care, taste, and ingenuity, as to recount such apparently simple things; nothing, indeed, is so hard as to be perfectly simple.

Many of you confuse simplicity with carelessness and colloquialism. You write as you speak — when you speak your worst; you use the first word that enters your head, without caring whether it is an impropriety or a barbarism; you are satisfied with obscure, elliptical, inexact expressions, from which the essential ideas or the necessary connectives are omitted, or else you coolly defy common sense and logic. Would you like to hear some examples?

Robert's vocabulary in his opening paragraph must be extremely convenient: it is reduced to a single verb — to have. He uses it in nearly every line:

> I *have* an herbarium [he writes], because our teacher at the beginning of the year asked us to *have* one. To *have* lessons in botany without *having* an herbarium, is like *having* a theory and no practical experience — [and so forth].

Jean-Pierre is pursued by the term *plant*. Once "planted" in a sentence, this "plant" sends up innumerable shoots. Listen:

> My herbarium now contains a hundred and forty *plants*. For every *plant* there is an inscription telling when and where I picked the *plant* — To classify my *plants* —

This is sheer mental laziness. Any careful writer would say:

> I *have* an herbarium, because our teacher wants us each to *own* one, *collected* by ourselves. To *study* (or to *learn*) botany without gathering, drying, and mounting a certain number of plants is to be unduly *satisfied* with a theory based on no practical knowledge.

In place of the second "have an herbarium" we put a definition of the act and a description of the object, which are ideal equivalents. "Satisfied" colors the original idea with a mood: it implies blame.

In the same way, Jean-Pierre's vague and nondescript "plants" would become either specimens, examples, or flowers, as the sense required. And there would be nothing artificial about these flowers, since each time they would spring from the wish to give a fresh expression to a fresh idea.

Or take Jean-David's theme. We all know he is not a sinner hardened to grammatical scamping; his difficulty lies in an obscure way of thinking, which, if it is not actually intentional, at least he does nothing to cure. He has not the enterprise, the conscientiousness, to clear up his own thoughts, and to make his style easy for others to understand.

There is one evident fact [he says], which is that I remember the names of plants much better *by observing* them closely than to repeat and repeat them by following [?] my book.

Not only is the phrase "to repeat them" a poor match for "by observing them," but the thought itself is obscure because several intermediate ideas are missing. If he had had the patience to express them in a more complete sentence, it would seem no longer, for it would be better arranged.

One thing is certain: I remember the names of the plants more easily when I examine them as I mount them than when I content myself with reading and repeating the descriptions given in a book.

François Bonassieux, though one of my best boys, manages to be equally inexact and confused in telling us the simplest things. Why? He does not bother to explain them to us. He wants to say everything at once, without analyzing or even pausing. He hands us a skein and asks us to unwind it.

I gathered the plants also for another reason which is that *when looking at* my herbarium and *seeing* the date of the excursion *all*

this reminds me of whole days spent running through the woods and fields *and* I seem still to be hunting for a certain plant sometimes without success that I had been told about and that other boys had found then so as not to come back empty-handed I picked the first thing I saw and it is this modest Anemone that reminds me of a long tiresome day.

Ugh! I had to read it all in one breath, for there was no punctuation to guide me, no landmark; I kept saying to myself, like a man lost in a trackless forest, "Shall I ever get out?" As a matter of fact, here is enough material and to spare for four or five sentences, each with its own interest, which François did not trouble to separate.

First Sentence. — I need only turn to my herbarium and read that I picked a flower on a certain day in a certain place, to call up a crowd of memories.

This is clear, and also it avoids a serious mistake in grammar, that of beginning a sentence with a present participle not attached to the subject. The participle calls for a verb in the first person, preceded by the pronoun I: "looking at . . . I remembered —"

Second Sentence. — I live over again in memory the days spent running about in the fields or in the woods.

Here, give some particulars: a Green-Winged Orchid (*Orchis Morio*), picked on a Whitsuntide morning, in the wide, sunny meadow of the Trianon; a White Orchid (*Orchis montana*), found several weeks later deep in the cool woods of the park, under the venerable beeches and oaks. In this way, the development of the idea is suggested by the sentence itself, by the need of giving exact details in their proper place, and of taking your time about it.

Third Sentence. — Even the less fortunate days, now that they are mere memories, have their charm — those days of poor sport,

which every hunter knows, when ill-luck seems bound to overtake him.

Finally, you will relate (this time it can be called relating) the very acceptable story of your "modest Anemone."

Have you noticed how unfailingly a little care for style brings us back to the art of observing, of analyzing, of composing? Do you see that the composition class, working together with the class in science, always teaches us to write by teaching us to think?

As I might have known, Albert understood this, though I imagine he was helped a little by his father.[1] He will supply our *Introduction:*

I am collecting flowers. Why did I undertake this? The answer is very simple: I could not do otherwise, my teacher, Monsieur Zoepfell, having issued an ultimatum. No herbarium, no prize; no honorable mention, either. He thinks that we should study botany in nature and not in books; that we should learn by looking at live things and not at pictures; moreover, he wants whatever pictures we do use to be our own work, whether we mount our neatly pressed specimens of plants, or whether we draw and paint them in a separate album. There is another reason too: the city of Versailles each year holds an exhibition of herbariums, open to primary and secondary schools, and it is an honor to win a prize. I should like to get one, or a certificate. So, I obey; and while waiting for my prizes and diplomas, I am well paid for my trouble by the fun that this sort of collecting gives. Like collecting stamps, it is a very instructive pastime, though for rather different reasons. It teaches us to observe and to classify; it makes us deft and careful; it forces us to touch with our hands the things that are hard to learn from books or classes with just our eyes and ears. Our teacher often says that we are storing up knowledge by the work of our hands, like those experimental scientists, the chemist and the physicist.

[1] Mr. Chanoine, an engineer captain, detailed on a very exacting duty, makes a point of never letting a day go by without inspecting Albert's home-work. I am far from complaining, for I know his method, and its remarkable results.

I. THE STUDY OF FAMILIES

Pierre Brunet's and Henri Thévenet's themes completed

On the first spring days we went into the country; Wood Anemones, well ahead of time this year, were already, by the fifteenth of March, covering the ground of our leafless woods and spreading over the slopes in a vast white sheet. By the end of the month, several *Ranunculuses* — the Bulbous, the Tall, and the Creeping Buttercup — sprinkled the young grass with their gay yellow. As for the Lesser Celandine, which had bloomed toward the end of February, it was withering, its discolored leaves drooping, to make room for the flowers of May; already the sweet-smelling Hyacinth and the slender Stitchwort told us they would soon be here. Celandine, Anemone, Buttercup — these three genera — supplied me with three characteristic examples of their family, the RANUNCULACEÆ. Our botany teacher advised us not to attempt too much: "Choose," he always told us, "in each genus a single species, and in each species a single variety. What is interesting and instructive is to identify in two or three carefully selected specimens, the *general characteristics* of the family, the characteristics common to all the genera, beside which the specific and varietal differences are of slight importance. This is what teaches you to reach the general from the particular, the law from the phenomenon; in this way you can discover the order intended by nature, and the plan on which she draws before our eyes her fairylike decorations." Our composition teacher, for his part, read to us and analyzed on the blackboard J. J. Rousseau's letter on the CRUCIFERÆ. The great philosopher illustrates with the Gilliflower, the Shepherd's-Purse, the Cress, and some other common plants, these "generic characteristics," which never vary, no matter what the size, shape, or color of the plant may be. As you see, I was well prepared to make a comparative analysis of my three RANUNCULACEÆ.

I chose a sheet of foolscap paper, longer than it was wide, but wide enough for my double columns. Then, beginning at the left, I mounted, with strips of gummed paper, my dried specimen of Lesser Celandine — root, stem, leaves, flower, and all; I had to make the bulbous roots thinner by slicing them down the middle from top to bottom, in such a way that the flat side should lie against the paper. On a second sheet I mounted the Bulbous Buttercup, this time taking a cross-section of the swollen root, and keeping only the middle slice. I saved my third sheet for the graceful Wood Anemone — but oh, dear! it is no longer the flower of the windy

month (*ἀνεμώνη*, from *ἄνεμος*, wind) and of the first sunshine; it does not wave any more in the spring breeze; its white, pink-veined blossom does not catch the flickering light through the trees, above its bed of red leaves. A naturalist's stuffed squirrels and finches and humming-birds lose their animation and color when they are stiff and still, and so do my plants. I managed, however, to arrange them, as the naturalist does his animals, in their usual positions, and I was glad to see that in my herbarium they still carried themselves almost as nature meant they should. After I had tried my best in my "full-length" portrait to remember that even the humblest plant is a work of art, I set myself to complete the work of art by a work of science. In the blank space to the right of the synthesis, I began my analysis.

At the top I made a diagram of each flower, of the Celandine on the first sheet, of the Buttercup on the second, of the Anemone on the third: in the centre of the diagram, I placed the pistil with its carpels, the many stamens with their anthers facing out; then, round these, separated and dried apart, the five sepals of the Celandine and the Buttercup, alternating with the five petals. (The Anemone has only five perianth segments.)

Since the pistil and stamens turned out to be rather crowded and lost in the diagram, I arranged other specimens of them below, pasted on singly, in profile. The bottom of the page was left for the fruit, the achene, which I added in its turn several weeks later.

Soon I was at work again, this time on the Lady's Smock, the Garlic Mustard, and the Wallflower, arranging in diagrams the six stamens (two of which are shorter than the others), the four sepals and the four petals; and I did not forget the fruit, in its two-valved pod, dissected into its different parts.

Next, I took the leguminous, labiate, and personate plants — never with more than two or three examples from each family. And I must say that to-day, June 15, 1921, I own a collection of pictures drawn by nature that is quite worthy to be sent before the judges of the city of Versailles. I hope that it will tell them of the time, the care, and the enthusiasm that I have put into it. Meanwhile, I myself know what pleasure it has given me; I know that it has forced me to observe, to compare, to discover the resemblances that science classifies, and this in itself — with no offense to the diploma from the city — is a very substantial reward![1]

[1] The specimens photographed are not Brunet's; they were given me by Monsieur Pezard, who selected them from the work of a class in the J. B. Say School. We thought them even more satisfactory than Brunet's,

This is the sort of thing that every one of you could have written for Part I, if you had taken the trouble, and that two of you came so near to writing that you made my revision easy.

Now, there is another topic that I want to speak about, one that was not within the reach of most of you, but that a few boys have mentioned. I mean the *microscope*, the marvelous instrument that makes it possible to decompose pistil, stamen, the very tissue of a petal — to carry the analysis to a point where we are dazed and speechless with admiration. Jean David, for instance, gives us an excited account of the first time he saw the structure and the color of a violet's petal, the stigma in a geranium, the anther of a poppy:

I was bewildered [he says] at what I saw; I drew picture after picture of these wonderful, diminutive things, and colored them as best I could; and I am rather proud to find that some of my drawings do look like those in our textbooks, and may not seem too inexact even to some one who really knows.

You were perfectly right to be excited, Jean: it is a fine sensation to learn something new. Your feelings that day, the eagerness with which you tried to fix the impression in your mind, are by no means trivial. A boy is lucky when he has found that "astonishment and admiration are the stepping-stones to knowledge." How I should have liked the other day to have you all share our astonishment and admiration, Henri's [1] and mine, when we accepted the invitation of Professor Pezard, "some one who really knows," as Jean says. I did not quite dare to arrive with a long string of my best pupils — Pierre, Louis, Jean David, and the rest. However,

although his actually won the prize offered in October, 1921, by the city of Versailles.

[1] My son.

Professor Pezard [1] reproached me for my diffidence, and promptly invited us all for next time!

If I could project in this classroom the colors that the miscroscope discloses in a stigma, an anther, the fragment of a petal, we should be bathed in emerald, opal, and amethyst light. Everything we looked at would be tinted pink or violet or turquoise blue, sparkling like diamonds, glistening like pearls. Not to mention the marvels of construction and arrangement. Nature is surprised in her secret places. Plant life is taken unawares; the specimen is examined just as it has stopped living.

There is no need of expensive, complicated instruments. Mr. Pezard first showed us his own miscroscope, which can enlarge two thousand times, and then his young son's, which enlarges twenty-five, forty, or seventy times, according to the lens used. This little apparatus, costing only six dollars, is strong enough to take us to a brilliant fairyland. But you had better wait and see. Some such programme as this will be reeled off before your fascinated eyes; ours are still dazzled with it.

I. *A geranium petal.*—Specimen of the texture composed of nearly hexagonal cells.

II. *A sepal of the same flower.*—Curious because of the club-shaped bristles that enclose the secreting honey glands.

III. *Stamens and pistil* (also of the geranium).

1. Examination of the anthers.—Pollen coming out of the anther. Dehiscence of the yellow grains on the violet anther.

2. Examination of the stigma.—Pollination. Ger-

[1] Professor Pezard does not hold himself aloof from students; he believes that scientific truths can be explained in language simple, clear, and vivid enough to be understood by boys and girls.

mination of the grains of pollen on the sticky papillæ of the stigma. Examination of one of these papillæ with its hairs. Examination of the hairy ovary, from the interior of which springs the style. A closed stigma; the grains of pollen are lodged haphazard, lower down, on the style: they will remain sterile.

Most of these investigations required an enlargement of seventy. Yet by magnifying only twenty-five times, we saw some of the prettiest effects:

A cornflower moved from left to right in such a way that it was visible from the base of the flower to the pollen-covered stigma.

A green fly that we came upon unexpectedly in the flower! By enlarging twenty-five times, we discovered his proboscis — like the famous phylloxera's;[1] seventy times showed us his big black eye; we needed a hundred and more to detect the facets of the eye.

Then we realized that two hours had slipped by, like so many minutes, and that we must reluctantly lower the curtain and take leave of our magician, for the present. But we brought away much to think and to dream about, as well as the satisfaction of knowing that next time you would be there too.

II. GENERAL CLASSIFICATION

But we must go on with the theme; I borrow from Pierre's, Jean David's, and Henri Thévenet's.

It was only after we had studied a certain number of families, one at a time, that our teacher gave us some principles of general classification. He dictated to us the very much simplified table that follows:

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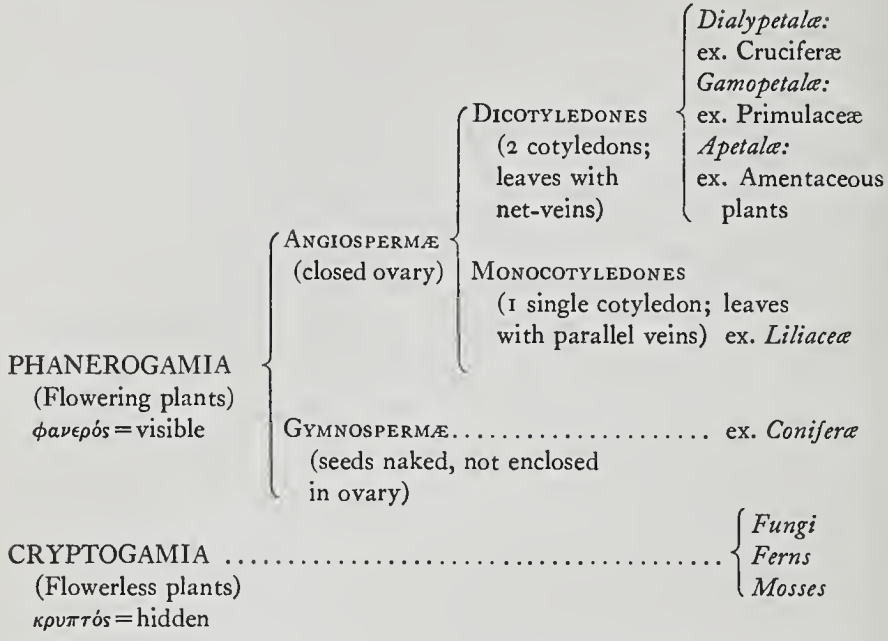
[1] Famous because the pest, many years ago, destroyed the greater part of the French vineyards.



As his share, Mr. Bezard, in our composition class, told us after what gropings and blunders botanists had at last discovered the principles. We took down at his dictation two pages of outline. Here are the important points:

I. De Tournefort (professor at the Jardin du roi), *Elements of Botany* (*Elêments de botanique*), 1694.

De Tournefort classifies plants by the shape of the corolla! A useful but subordinate idea of the fourth group, one of the last of the present subdivisions (*Dialypetalæ*, *Gamopetalæ*, *Apetalæ*). He does not recognize the general principles.

II. Linnæus (a Swede, 1707–78), *Systema Naturæ*, 1735; *Genera Plantarum*, 1737.

1. Linnæus recognizes a much more general principle: he examines in particular the organs of reproduction — pistils and stamens. He discovers the important division of PHANEROGAMIA and CRYPTOGAMIA. But he stops at the secondary characteristics: he bases his classification on the number of stamens!

2. However, he divines the existence of the natural families, and fixes the nomenclature: each plant is called by two Latin names, one (a substantive) for the genus; the other (an adjective) for the species. Ex: *Ranunculus bulbosus*.

FACSIMILES OF PAGES FROM PUPILS' HERBARIUMS

CRUCIFERÆ — WALLFLOWER

Flower cluster

Flower cluster in bud

Various stages of inflorescence
1 2 3

Whole leaf

Leaves alternate

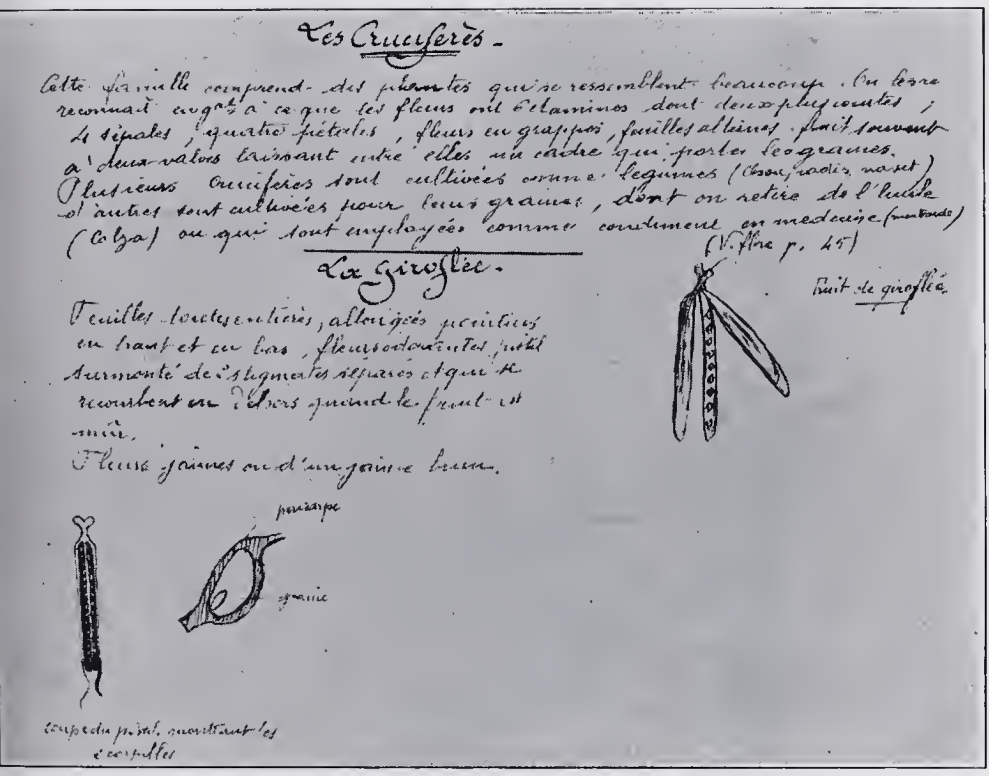
Spray of Wallflower

Stem

Root of Wallflower

Various Parts of the Flower

Pistil
Sepals
Ovary
Stamens
Petals


Les Crucifères -
Cette famille comprend des plantes qui se ressemblent beaucoup. On les reconnaît surtout à ce que les fleurs ont 6 étamines dont deux plus courtes ; 4 sépales, quatre pétales, fleurs en grappes, feuilles alternes, fruit souvent à deux valves laissant entre elles un cadre qui porte les graines.
Plusieurs Crucifères sont cultivées comme légumes (Chou, radis, navet) et autres sont cultivées pour leurs graines, dont on retire de l'huile (Colza) ou qui sont employées comme condiment ou en médecine (moutarde)
(V. flore p. 45)
La Giroflée.
Feuilles toutes entières, allongées pointues en haut et en bas, fleurs odorantes, pistil surmonté de 2 stigmates séparés et qui se recourbent en dehors quand le fruit est mûr.
Fleurs jaunes ou d'un jaune brun.
Fruit de giroflée.
pericarpe
graine
coupe du pistil montrant les 2 carpelles

The Cruciferæ

This family comprises plants that have a strong resemblance to one another. They can generally be recognized because the flowers have six stamens (two are shorter than the others), four sepals, four petals, flowers in clusters, alternate leaves, fruit often with two valves, between which is a core containing the seeds.

Several Cruciferæ are cultivated as vegetables (Cabbage, Radish, Turnip); others for their seeds from which oil is extracted (Colza), or which are used as seasoning or medicine (Mustard).

Fruit of the Wallflower

The Wallflower

Leaves simple, slender, pointed at tip and base; flowers fragrant; on apex of pistil are two separate stigmas that bend outwards when the fruit is ripe.

Flowers yellow or yellow-brown.

Seed vessel

Seed

Section of the pistil, showing the two carpels

Family: RANUNCULACEÆ
- Many stamens
- The pistils consist of distinct carpels (poisonous)
- The fruit is "many-achened"

Genus: *Ranunculus*

The whole plant

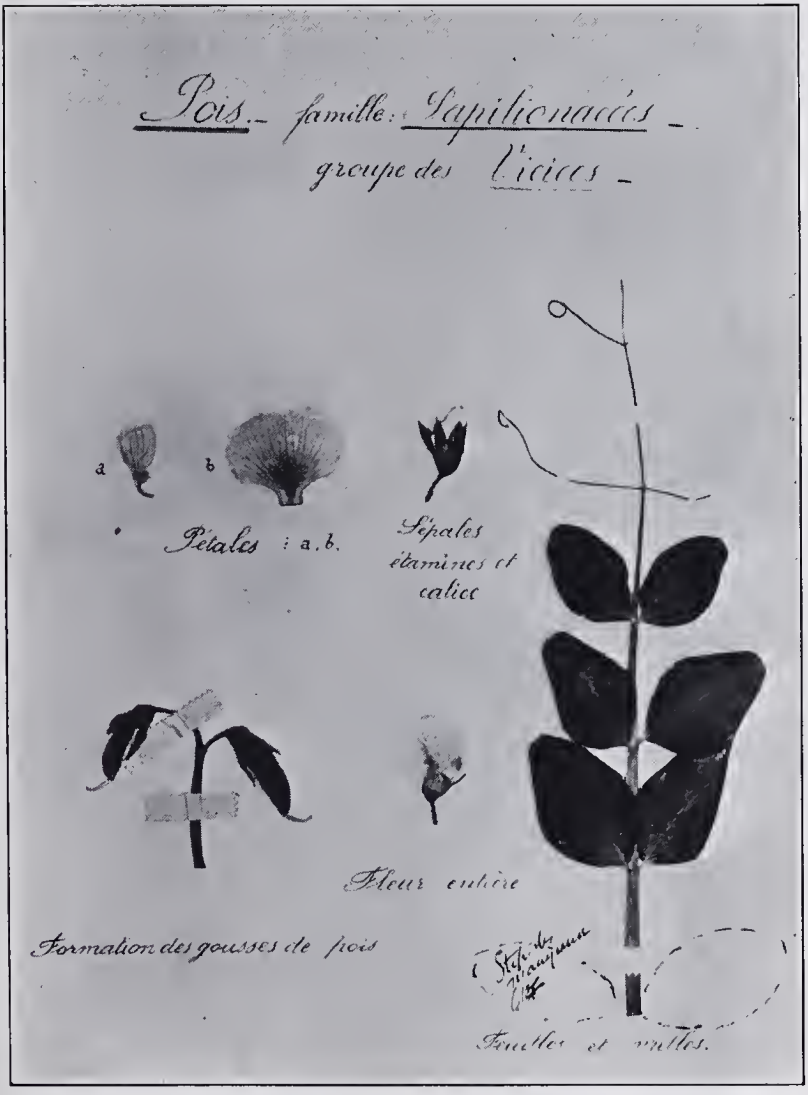
Analysis of Flower Parts
- 5 petals
- 5 sepals
- Many stamens
- 1 pistil with many carpels

Petal

Secreting nectar gland

Diagram
- Corolla (petals)
- Calyx (sepals)
- Stamens
- Pistil

Leaves



Pea

Family: Papilionaceæ

Tribe: *Vicieæ*

Sepals

Petals: a. b.

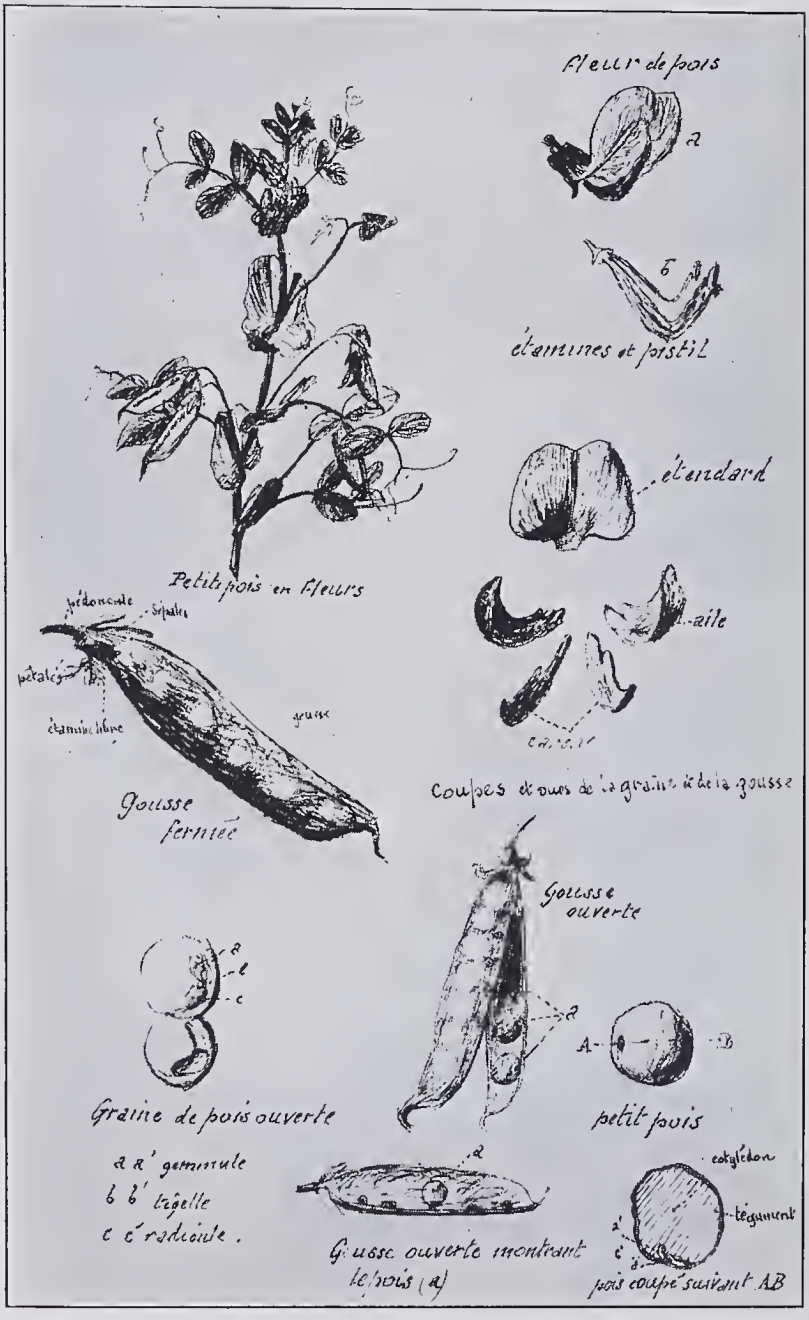
Stamens and calyx

Whole flower

Stipules missing

Formation of pea pods

Leaves and tendrils


Fleur de pois
a
b
étamines et pistil
étendard
aile
carène
Petit pois en fleurs
pédoncule
Sépales
pétales
étamine libre
graine
Gousse fermée
Coupes et vues de la graine et de la gousse
Gousse ouverte
a
A
B
petit pois
Graine de pois ouverte
a a' gemmule
b b' tigelle
c c' radicule.
Gousse ouverte montrant le bois (a)
cotylédon
tégument
pois coupé suivant AB

GARDEN PEA

Garden Pea in bloom

Closed pod
Sepals
Peduncle
Petals
Free stamen
Pod

Seed of the Pea cut open
aa′ gemmule
bb′ tigella
cc′ radicle

Open pod showing
Pea (a)

Flower of the Pea (a)
Stamens and pistil (b)
Standard
Wing
Carina

Sketches of the sections of the seed and of the pod
Open pod
Pea
Cotyledon
Tegument

Pea cut at A–B

III. Magnol and Bernard de Jussieu (Frenchmen) work out the natural system.

In 1689 Magnol establishes seventy-six families and points out the importance of the seed leaves (cotyledons).

Bernard de Jussieu discovers the principle of the subordination of characteristics, and in 1759 arranges the plants in the Trianon gardens according to his own scheme of classification. He observes that certain characteristics are more general than others, especially:

1. The process of germination (*Monocotyledones* and *Dicotyledones*).

2. The arrangement of the reproductive organs (and not merely their number): ovary and pistil; stamens.

IV. His nephew Laurent de Jussieu perfects his method, and expounds it in his *Genera Plantarum* (1789).

He shows that the *varieties* of a species can be modified by exterior influences; from him date the triumphs of the horticulturists who create at pleasure a thousand varieties of rose, poppy, or chrysanthemum.

But the *characteristics* of the species persist in all environments; they are the specific characteristics. With greater reason, the characteristics of families are absolutely unchangeable as long as the earth stays in its present condition.

This glimpse of history helped me to understand and to fill in my botany teacher's brief outline. I saw how science moves along from facts to ideas, and then to general ideas that make it possible to group and explain the facts. I even adopted Bernard de Jussieu's principle in classifying GAMOPETALÆ and DIALYPETALÆ: I noticed where the ovary was placed in comparison with the stamens (above or below), the number of ovules, the kind of stamen (joined or not by their anthers — distinct from the calyx or united with it), and worked out a very convenient arrangement, beginning with the SOLANACEÆ and personate plants, and ending with the ROSACEÆ and the UMBELLIFERÆ. My families classed in this way formed a real *Systema Naturæ;* my *Genera Plantarum* seemed to fall into place themselves. I may rival Linnæus yet! One day, when Bernard de Jussieu, with his pupils about him, was trying to determine the characteristics of a rare plant, Linnæus, who had just come to Paris to see him, surprised him in the middle of his discussion. Linnæus, without introducing himself, smiled, and called the plant by name. Bernard de Jussieu, overjoyed, exclaimed: "Tu Linnæus es!" What would n't I give if some day, after a sensational answer, I

heard my teacher say: "Tu alter Linnæus es!" Here is another Linnæus!

And yet, I wish and hope for more than that. I like botany very much because it is a science, because it teaches me to observe, to classify, to explain, and to understand. But I love it for other reasons, the reasons that made Jean-Jacques Rousseau love it, too. Rousseau is the master who, more than any mere scientist, would have opened my eyes to nature; I want to copy every word that Mr. Bezard read to us into the front page of my herbarium, and who knows but that some fine day I myself— Meanwhile, I find that he has written down everything I feel and think. Like magic, the scent of dried flowers carries me too back to the days of long ago.

First, I look at my Snowdrop, my Coltsfoot, my Narcissus, picked from the damp earth in the pale February sunshine, at a moment when it needed the enthusiasm of a true botanist to welcome in midwinter the first smile of spring. Next, come my Violet, my Celandine, my Anemone, gathered in March, in the bare coppice wet with gusty showers, or in early April, on one of those radiant days when I basked in the long-forgotten warmth of the sun. I remember how happy I was when the earth was turning green, when the buds were swelling on the trees, and Violets and Primroses were springing up here and there. I was like Jean-Jacques on his return to Montmorency, or to the Charmettes in his favorite Savoie, when he spied among the ivy the bluish white blossoms of the periwinkle. "Oh, here is my periwinkle!" I say to myself, as I turn to the page on which I had carefully noted: "Park at Versailles, April 5, 1921." Like him, I feel the caress of the wind, the mildness of the air, and I am grateful to the tiny flowers whose coming told me of the return of fine weather.

I live along, week by week, month by month, as I turn the pages. A Hyacinth, a Stitchwort, bring me back at the end of April or the beginning of May to the wooded slopes of Fosses Reposes, all dotted blue and white; I remember the huge, fragrant bouquets that I could pick there in a few minutes, and the freshness of the undergrowth with its tender leaves. A few more pages, and I come upon the ORCHIDACEÆ, the Green-Winged Orchid (*Orchis Morio*), from the large field of the Trianon; the Spotted Orchid (*Orchis maculata*), from the wood of Vaucresson; the Twayblade, so common along the broad, shady walks of the Grand Trianon gardens. They make me live over again the glorious mornings of this June. For now it is no longer spring, but summer — the time for cool, shady places, or for lying in the tall grass, under the old, arching lindens, helping myself to the little, tart wild strawberries, with

their sweet, woodland smell. Before long, in July, I shall be picking the flowers that grow among the wheat, — Cornflowers, Poppies, Daisies, Ragged Robin, — some day they will recall the harvest sunshine. In August there will be the stubbly fields, with their Butter and Eggs, Bluebells, Clover, Rest-Harrow, and sheets of mauve Hemp Nettle; the flowers of the rocky waste lands, from the tall-stemmed Mullein, the vivid Carthusian Pink, the large, iridescent-blue Bavarian Gentian, to the fragrant carpet of Wild Thyme and Sweet Marjoram; finally, the September hedgerows, with their red and yellow leaves, the dark purple berries of the Black Haw, the vermilion hips of the Sweetbrier, the cottony tufts of the Clematis. Later still, when on a snowy winter afternoon I sit with my album by a roaring log-fire, I shall think in that chilly weather of the good times I had when it was fine.

"All my botanical excursions," said Jean-Jacques, "the impressions made by the surroundings of each specimen, the objects that attracted my attention, the ideas they suggested, the incidents connected with them, all this has left memories that are awakened by the sight of the flowers from these places. The lovely scenes, the forests, lakes, thickets, boulders, mountains, which went straight to my heart, I shall see no more; but now that I can no longer wander over this happy countryside, I have only to open my collection of flowers, and I am transported there. The sprigs I gathered are enough to recall each beautiful view."

But I am young, and I dare look forward to seeing my woods, my thickets, and my boulders, many times again. Even if they are not Swiss lakes, mountains, and glaciers, I feel the same pleasure as Jean-Jacques at finding bygone scenes and seasons in my "Album of Memories."

Rousseau, in the little island of St. Pierre, had collected what he called a *Flora Petrinsularis:* he noted so carefully when and in what soil he had found his specimens that the album served him as a botanical calendar and a handbook of physical geography. I am planning to have a *Flora Versaillensis*, which will tell all about our fields and hillsides. There are many different soils here, from the black, damp earth of the park to the yellow sands of Meudon, Chaville, and Viroflay, whose wooded heights rise above this Versailles plain. Next year I shall be studying geology; I shall learn the nature of these layers that sometimes are piled so neatly one on top of another, sometimes are all jumbled together. Even now, I can tell the soil from the look of the vegetation. For, so far as I can see, no science stands alone: each leads to another; each helps and is helped; each works with the same spirit and along the same lines.

When once I am able to add geological notes to my collection, I ought to be drawing pretty close to the first causes of things! Botany will have opened up a whole world for me to wonder and think about.

For the time being, I must be content with less. Still, just think what I have learned in the one hour a week of botany, continued — luckily — by our composition class. I have been taught the method of observing, the method of classifying — in fact, the whole scientific method. Why not say "method" pure and simple, for our composition teacher and our science teacher agree on every point? Who knows but that there is only one way to learn Latin and English and Natural History and everything else! Mr. Bezard is convinced of it; he says so often. This time he has almost convinced us. Oh, supposing he were right! Supposing our herbariums, and our list of Latin phrases, and our notes on grammar and history and geography, were just a picture of our own minds. What if all this work that seems so different follows the same principles, needs the same sort of effort, develops the same qualities! How much trouble would be saved! There would be no more scattering and smattering. It is so splendid that I can hardly believe it. Yet why should it not be so? Let me see if I understand what this really means: my herbarium would not be merely the hobby of one school-year; it would stand for the order that ought to run through all my studies; it would first and foremost have taught me "how to work." Then, indeed, the city of Versailles could not do too much to encourage such a hobby.

FOURTH SERIES

SUBJECTS OF PRACTICAL VALUE

I. My Vocation. I Look Ahead

A Talk with the Pupils

I had an interesting letter the other day from the father of one of you about the subjects of our themes. He is particularly pleased with *Anatole* and feels strongly that we should continue in that vein, and also that I should question you on your tastes and inclinations and your plans for the future. "Not that at their age," he writes, "they can have more than a vague, confused notion of any special pursuit. Still, they must have given some thought to the occupations of their relatives or of the friends of their families. They have listened to every kind of conversation, even to business discussions, and can hardly have failed to see evidences of anxiety, joy, hope, or satisfaction, in the people about them; they have read books of travel that deal with navigation, commerce, colonization, or the practical application of scientific knowledge. It seems, then, that to a certain extent their tastes must be taking shape."

He adds a postscript: "The themes will presumably all lead up to the same conclusion — a eulogy of work, method, accuracy: '*Age quod agis*' (Attend to the work in hand); 'Let us mind our own business'; 'As one makes one's bed, so must one lie on it'; 'All work is honorable.'"

At his request, I ask nothing better than to set you, in a double form, a subject of this kind:

1. *Luck or Merit?*

Think of some man in your neighborhood whose position seems to you enviable, one of the men who are commonly called "lucky." Decide for yourself to what characteristics he owes his prosperity.

2. *The Early Years of a Successful Man*

If you know any successful man intimately, ask him about his start in life, and confine your account of him to his early years. The harder and humbler your old friend's lot has been, the more his qualities will stand out. Beg him for his story, and write it down for me.

N. B. I should rather have you choose a man active in business, agriculture, commerce, or manufacturing, than one holding a government office. In those lines executive ability is more apparent, and rewards are often more substantial and more easily estimated. But you may, of course, choose an official, if official circles are the only ones you know. Be sure, though, to make a point of finding out his *personal characteristics*. Judgment, willingness, initiative, and a love of work and method, are necessary in every profession. In spite of graft and favoritism, they compel success and esteem. Illustrate this fact with an example taken from *real life*.

When I wrote to thank my correspondent, I asked him whether he could recall any incident in his own life that we might make use of.

"I do not seem able," he answers, "to remember any very striking event as 'copy' for your class. . . . In the military profession [he is an officer], especially when in the field, a man undertakes any job that comes his way. He does not care what he is set to do; it is all in the day's

work, for the general good. The fellows who perform the most menial duties about the camp are thought of as highly as the cooks, the water-carriers, or the tent-pitchers. The idea that any useful work is degrading seldom enters a soldier's head."

There is much in these words that confirms what we are continually saying. Thus, in surroundings apparently so different the same necessities are present and the point of view is identical. All that is needed to bring about the "teamwork" of which we hear so much, is a little philosophy, good humor, sincerity. Could anything be simpler!

Two Days Later

I have satisfied the parent, but not the boys: since our last meeting, anxious pupils have been coming to me with their difficulties. In general, the objections are of two kinds: (*a*) The *boarders* declare that, living cooped up as they do, incarcerated, away from the world (always the same old story), there is no way, absolutely none, of getting the required information. The most harmless "interview" is out of reach. Poor boys! (*b*) The *day-scholars* concede that perhaps somewhere or other they can find the desired person; but he is almost sure to hold an important position in some business that they do not know the first thing about. "He would have to explain everything to us," one of them says. "It would be impertinent to ask him."

These scruples doubtless spring from a noble nature. The boarders are to be pitied, and the day-scholars praised! Yet I venture to think that boarders and day-scholars alike halted with undue alacrity at the first obstacle.

(*a*) The theme is very easy for the *boarders*. Yes, precisely for those of you who are complaining the loudest! Consider for a moment. Generally speaking, your families live in the country, do they not? You spent your early childhood there, and you go back in vacation? Now, it is in the country more than anywhere else that men are found who make their way by intelligence and grit and hard work. Any boy of your age who has lived in the country for two months of every year, and says he does not know a man of this type, should be awarded the first prize for wool-gathering. In these surroundings the subject is simple enough for primary schools. Get some wide-awake primary [1] schoolboy, a farmer's son, to instruct you.

(*b*) I admit that the *day-scholars* make out a better case for themselves. When a village boy is given this subject to work up, he already knows perfectly well why Jean-Pierre, who is forever hanging round the tavern, has brought his family to want, and why Jean-Louis, who neither loafs nor drinks, has a little hoard safely put away. Business, in cities, is far more complicated, and for this reason the boarders and the primary schoolboys have the advantage of the city boys.

The qualities of the farmer who runs his own small farm are more easily singled out than those of a banker, an agriculturist on a large scale, a foreman in a factory, an administrator, or a general; moreover, you still have but a vague idea of the enterprises that give these men scope for their intelligence, alert imagination,[2] and in-

[1] The "primary" schools, it should be remembered, constitute the utilitarian half of the French educational system.

[2] *Imagination*, if based on the results of careful observation, is said to be the chief qualification of a business man, as it is of a scholar. A business man's watch should be an hour ahead of anybody else's.

domitable energy. Yet I know more than one self-made man living right here among us. Is there a town of any importance where, within the last twenty years, several big businesses have not taken a decided start? You pass by their stores every day, except when you go in to buy a straw hat or a bag of caramels. You must have heard envious people calling the proprietors "lucky dogs." But you have sense enough to wonder: "What time does Mr. X get up in the morning? Does Mrs. X run about all day paying calls on her neighbors?" You will find that Mr. X is always up before any of his fifty employees, and that his wife sits from morning till night behind the cashier's desk. And so it goes.

As for urging your old friends to confide in you, I can reassure you at once! Ask as much as you please; you will not be thought impertinent. First, because they will be delighted to help you; next, because these recollections are far from painful to them. Ah, I see by your faces that you need no more advice. Question, interview, be as insistent as reporters. You will get the whole story!

We shall return to this subject in connection with La Bruyère. His chapter *On Personal Merit* (*Du mérite personnel*) will doubtless give us food for serious thought. But this will be "book-learning." It is absolutely necessary to prepare for it and supplement it by close, daily observation of the men and the things round you. The study of books does not prevent the study of facts; quite the contrary. People who abuse literature, on the ground that it diverts young men from a practical life, are "bureaucrats" of a kind; they make the same mistake that the *literati* made in the old days, when they

thought commerce a low form of activity, and could not revile the "manufacturers of spring mattresses" enough. When will people realize that a liberal education is a great advantage to a practical man, and that, conversely, all literary or philosophical teaching is based on the observation of life, and should develop, at an early age, the student's desire to make his way by working? Read La Bruyère, if you will, but do not fail, as you go by, to look at energetic Mr. X with his fifty employees: La Bruyère and Mr. X should not be separated!

PRESCRIBED READING. — Viscount d'Avenel, *The Mechanism of Modern Life* (*Le Mécanisme de la vie moderne*): *Félix Potin.*

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON

I had already assigned this theme and heard your complaints, when it occurred to me to ask some of my colleagues in various schools whether they had ever given similar subjects to their pupils. "Your question is particularly welcome," one of them answers. "I have some material that may be interesting to you. You shall have it to-morrow."

Interesting it certainly was! Judge for yourselves. My colleague set his pupils the same problem, but in a simplified form: *What do you wish to be, and why?* Even then it did not escape criticism. "I heard," he writes, "much adverse comment on my subject: 'It is enough to frighten the pupils'; or else: 'A boy is really not obliged to tell you his intimate family affairs, yet these often have a direct bearing on his choice of a vocation.'" This is a sound objection: the choice is seldom guided entirely by personal preference. But my friend, like myself, had faith in his idea, and stuck to it. "And, as it happened," he adds, "this particular subject brought out some work

that was original and well done; even themes on the humblest occupations were worth reading."

He suggests other subjects of the same kind: *Which nation do you prefer, the English or the Italian? Who is your favorite ancient poet? What is your favorite science? Your Life.*

"There are only a few of these *personal* topics," he continues. "The possibilities are limited. But once found, something practical and definite can be made of them. They are especially good in *revealing the individual opinions of the future man.* For these subjects may be said to take firm hold of the boy, and force him to come out of himself." That is exactly the point.

The chance resemblance between his idea and ours should act as a stimulus to you. Try, then, to *come out of yourself;* leave behind your boyish absorption in your own concerns, look about you at the world, and ask yourself what is really worth while, what you should want, and admire, and love. Each of you will find that there is a place for him, no matter how small, where he can use his abilities, and show the stuff that is in him, or, in my friend's words, "his indispensable originality."

[Although the themes have not come up to my expectations, there is enough creditable work to prove that the boys, in doubting their own powers, were over-modest. Yet, even those who choose a good "hero" and describe him carefully do not carry their themes to a point that would interest the reader. The subject deserves a less summary preparation than our hurried inquiries and reflections. With more time at our disposal, several weeks, or even months, we could have watched our chance and accumulated evidence. Off-hand work is seldom success-

ful. The idea itself is a good one, nevertheless — and will have better luck another time.]

A Postscript Added Several Weeks Later

My kind correspondent has remembered us, as I begged him to do, and suggests another subject in the "modern style." It happens that last year I assigned this very topic in an almost identical form. Since, unfortunately, we have no time for it this year, I shall merely read to you what I dictated last May:

Not long ago a young American made and won a bet that he would start from Boston without money or belongings, and, after paying his way round the world, would return at the end of a year with five thousand dollars in his pocket. He insisted that an educated man, speaking several languages, acquainted with the products of different countries, of good family, but not shrinking from the humblest labor, ought under any circumstances to be able to support himself, and even to grow rich.[1]

Plan such a journey for a young Frenchman, a Bachelor of Arts, who has been through either Division A, B, C, or D. See how he can use what he has learned. Allow him two years, and lower the sum required on his return to two thousand dollars.

I see, from a note taken when I corrected the themes, that several of them were fairly satisfactory. But no one brought out the essential point: earning the first dollar — the proverbial "first step." The American deliberately complicates the situation by agreeing to begin his travels straight from the Turkish Baths in his club, dressed only in a pair of tights. And yet he suc-

[1] Mentioned by E. Demolins, *Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What is it Due* (*A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*), p. 367. Taken from the *Temps*.

ceeds quite easily, thanks to two common-sense rules: (*a*) To accept no matter what task, down to the meanest, so long as it is honest. (*b*) To do each job whole-heartedly, and to gain the complete confidence of his employer.

The first chance that came his way was to shine the shoes of the club members. Well, this boy (graduated at a university) rubbed, brushed, and polished, with such a will that he soon earned enough money to buy a suit of clothes and a hat. His fortune was made.

If more people would imitate this boy and put their heart into a "good shine," instead of thinking themselves overworked, they would not stay long at the foot of the ladder. Think of men like Laffitte,[1] Boucicaut,[2] Potin,[3] or Hoche. What I am trying to impress upon you, without too obviously pointing a moral, is that the best way to get to the top is to begin, proudly and happily, at the bottom.

[1] A famous financier (1767–1844), the Dick Whittington of France.
[2] Founder of the Bon Marché.
[3] Founder of the great chain of grocery stores.

II. The Ability to Organize

Discuss this opinion,[1] held by an English statesman: "A man who can run a farm with success can govern the Empire of India."

Practical Advice

Clearly this is no more than a whimsical remark, a monstrous exaggeration. Daudet's Tarascon has no monopoly of high-flown ideas; Gulliver antedates Tartarin; and British humor can hold its own against our Gascon flights of fancy.

More than ever, then, we must apply our method,[2] and take into account the contrary opinion. We must as usual separate the two parts, the objection and the thesis.

1. *The Objection*

I hear protests, accompanied by shrugging of shoulders, from several pupils:

"The Viceroy of India, indeed, His Excellency the Governor-General of India, compared to a farmer — "

"Even if to a gentleman-farmer — "

"Really, that's a daring paradox!"

State your objection fully. You feel the disparity between the information needed in the laborer's craft and (the expression has the sanction of history) in kingcraft. The differences are not hard to find. Name them, and your first paragraph is done.

[1] Quoted by Dr. Le Bon, *Psychology of Education* (*Psychologie de l'éducation*), p. 94 (1918 edition).

[2] See p. 182. The subjects were treated in class in a different order from the one followed in this book.

II. *The Thesis*

The way to reply to this is to express in the first few lines the *general idea*, the thesis on which all the secondary arguments are to rest. If you discover the idea, your theme will almost write itself. If it eludes you, many accessory ideas will escape with it, and the theme will lack unity.

Luckily, once the opposition has spoken, the spirit of controversy is awakened, and you find an answer ready. Meet the objection by retorting that there is something besides positive knowledge in the exercise of a vocation. What is there?

A voice: "Method."

Yes, but I want a more general term.

Another voice: "Intelligence."

A third: "Ability."

Ability will do. But now be more definite: what sort of ability must you have to direct an enterprise, big or little, in which it is necessary to give orders, to look ahead, to coöperate?

The same voice: "To organize."

Good! The ability to organize. Here we have our general idea. I repeat, there are so many possibilities in it that the rest is easy. Nothing is left to do except to divide in two, again in two, always in two, following our old process. Now, what does a farmer organize?

At this point, an experienced pupil should catch a glimpse of a long vista of antitheses, to which everything can be reduced. The farmer controls the *soil* (first series

of examples). He also controls *men* (second series of examples).

(1) *How to govern things.*
(2) *How to govern men.*

The viceroy is then treated in the same way.

TRANSITION

What is the chief characteristic of the man who lives "close to nature," and tries to make the most of its resources? It is a *sense of reality*. Natural forces surround him and limit his own strength.

And this is also the important quality for a statesman: to know what it is possible to do under given conditions, and to confine his ambition within the range of possibilities.

(1) HOW TO GOVERN THINGS

These natural forces should be *understood*. What are they: for the farmer? for the governor? (See how we are dividing and subdividing.)

These forces should be *directed*. How does the *farmer* control them? The *governor?*

(2) HOW TO GOVERN MEN

I leave it to you to apply the same process to this last part, which, moreover, is simpler than the first.

Classroom Discussion

Though several pupils have done well on certain points, only one has succeeded on all. Some of the themes are spirited, but incomplete; others are more evenly developed, but dull.

Introduction

Your opening sentences all show inexperience. You write out the title, and then start off, like Courtet: "This must be a joke, or at least an exaggeration." A beginning, like the first scene in a play, should be self-sufficient; it should tell us the subject without our having to refer to the title. But, if you quote the title, its place is in the last sentence of the preamble, not the first. For instance:

> In spite of Sully's famous eulogy of husbandry, the French farmer has always been more or less looked down upon;[1] to past generations his merits seemed of a low order, and only recently has agriculture been recognized by the general public as the finest, healthiest, most profitable of industries. The English, however, have always thought highly of the abilities and virtues belonging to the tiller of the soil. In their opinion, few professions develop intelligence and strength of character more naturally or more fully, and one of their statesmen did not hesitate to utter the paradox: "A man who can run a farm with success can govern the Empire of India."

You see the process is simple. Any introduction can be written in three sentences: the opposition to the thesis, the thesis itself, and the sentence in which it is framed. We have now led up to the first division:

Part I. Discussion of the Objection.

Part II. Discussion of the Thesis.

I. *The Objection*

Your handling of Part I is adequate. You first draw the portrait of a typical farmer, and mention the training he must have had: a good primary education, and instruction or experience in the nature of the different soils,

[1] For a vivid and powerful revelation of French peasant life, read Émile Guillaumin's *The Life of a Simple Man*, London, Selwyn and Blount.

in the right use of water-supply and manures, and the respective values of seeds, and of breeds of live-stock. You describe him in his customary surroundings — which are not exactly "intellectual" or refined. You add that the neighboring country fairs are all he has to round out on the commercial side his technical instruction, and that his ambitions are almost always as modest as his station. Whereas, the Viceroy of India — what a contrast! Listen to what Ricard has to say of him:

But who is this ruler of India? A very great personage indeed. He may belong to a titled house [or he may win a peerage]. . . . After he is graduated at a university, he enters public life. . . . He may then pass into the Indian Civil Service; but, whatever the steps in his advancement, it is due to his own ability and energy that he is given the important post of Governor-General of India.

Let us now see what are his prerogatives. Speaking roughly, one may say that he has complete control. . . . Lastly, and these are perhaps his most difficult duties, he must maintain order, humor the susceptibilities of the Indian princes, foster friendly relations, and make treaties of peace with neighboring states, as a protection against political disturbances. And yet what power he has! He holds dominion over three hundred million subjects. Above him there is no one except the King, and God [!].

What is England, with its white cliffs and wave-washed coast, beside these territories, these immense plains? Here the waters of the Ganges roll between banks covered with virgin forests; here among creepers and giant trees are heard the elephant's trumpeting, the tiger's snarl, or the sweet call of birds, whose plumage reflects all the colors of the rainbow. England is a kingdom. India is an empire. . . .

The Governor-General's inauguration is the occasion for festivities of unthinkable magnificence. A salute of many guns shakes the gates of Delhi. Under the deep-blue Indian sky, with the scorching rays of the sun glinting on golden embroideries and diadems, the Hindu rajahs advance, riding on elephants decked out with all the gems and precious stuffs from the princely treasuries. Masses of soldiers and natives accompany them. The governor, mounted on the most enormous and most gayly caparisoned elephant of all, is no longer a mere man; he is almost a god.

II. *The Thesis*

TRANSITION

Yet these two men, the governor with his fabulous retinue, the gentleman-farmer in his simple cottage, resemble each other closely. They belong to the same race, they possess the same characteristic. Only, each applies it to a different task, each knows that he deserves as well of Old England as the other. This quality, which is as necessary in managing a farm as in ruling an empire, is the *ability to organize.*

First, it is their general appearance, their expression, their bearing, that reveal the two essential traits of their strong character. Tall, unbending, with square chin, and steady eyes, these men have wills of their own. Morally and physically they are strong, and do not hesitate at times to carry vigor to the point of roughness, and pride to the point of arrogance. But notice as well their calmness, their self-contained gestures, their cool, far-seeing glance: these energetic pioneers are also patient, wise, and thoughtful. Although confident in their own strength, they gauge at their proper value the forces that surround them; they reckon with facts, and leave nothing to chance: they are true *realists.* In directing things as in directing men, they are well aware that they must use great discretion and tact. They are patient simply because they believe that people usually attain their object by consistently going about it in the right way.

ROBERT RICARD.
(Corrected and amplified.)

(I) METHOD AND ENERGY IN GOVERNING THINGS

Observation: The land: soil and climate. The products native to the small *farm* and to the large *empire.*

Action (*a*) *Industry:* The *farm.* Enriching the soil: irrigating and fertilizing. Theory and practice. Multiplication of power by machinery: decreasing part played by muscular strength; increasing part played by intelligence and skill. — The *empire.* Public works: the improving of a vast territory by a similar method.

(*b*) *Commerce:* The farmer becomes interested in commerce as well as in industry. He varies his crops to meet

the economic demand. Purchases and sales, outlets for produce, transport facilities. The part played by co-operative farming.

The viceroy is like the representative of a powerful firm. English policy: utilization of the world's resources.

(2) METHOD AND ENERGY IN GOVERNING MEN

(*a*) *Vigilance and firmness:* The master's eye.

(*b*) *Judgment:* Gauging a man; completing his education; putting "the right man in the right place." How a leader supervises everything without being overwhelmed by details.

(*c*) *Justice and humaneness toward subordinates:* Treating men as men, not as mere brutes and machines; encouraging them to take an interest in the success of the work as far as their abilities, knowledge, and energy permit.

These are the qualities out of which statesmen as well as industrial leaders are made.

Conclusion

There is, then, much truth in the Englishman's opinion. Indeed it has now and then been fully corroborated by facts.[1] Fragment from another theme:

The man who is known to us as General Botha was, not so very long ago, simply Louis Botha, the owner of a farm in the Transvaal. He never supposed he should leave the homestead — the big red-brick house; he expected to die, as he had lived, on the sunny veldt. When still a small boy, it was there that, after playing among the rocks on the kopje or climbing that miniature mountain for the hundredth time, he would drive his flock to graze on the tufts of mimosa. . . . Then, suddenly, war is declared. He unhooks his gun from the wall, seizes his powder-flask (made from the hollow

[1] Though I do not vouch for the accuracy of the picture given in this theme!

horn of a bull), and takes his place among the Burgher troops. . . . He does not stay long in the ranks. His valuable qualities are quickly noticed: his knowledge of the country, his judicious choice of good positions from which the Boers can keep up a brisk fire with few losses. Soon he is appointed General.

So Louis Botha, the peasant, the farmer, leads his troops to the great victories of Colenso and Magersfontein. To subdue him and the heroic De Wet, the English are obliged to send many reinforcements under their best general. . . . Then (last transformation) without preparation, he becomes a statesman; matter-of-fact, practical, like his enemies of the day before, he turns his attention toward what can be done for the Afrikanders; and behold him, first Premier of the Union of South Africa, safeguarding the peace and prosperity of his country, as formerly he safeguarded its honor.

No, intelligence, energy, method, are not the exclusive product of universities; life in the open, out-of-door work, are nature's school, and, comparatively speaking, the man who can manage a farm may easily become, if circumstances demand it, one of the best, most practical-minded, and just of statesmen.

MAURICE REYNIER.

(Amplified after: "To subdue him.")

FURTHER IDEAS ON THE SUBJECT

I am going to read you a page from Demolins's *A Quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons:* [1]

So this social type [the Anglo-Saxon] has the advantage not only of assisting the incapables, but also of promoting their gradual progress. It thus leads humanity steadily toward the solution of the social question. . . .

It tends to solve the labor question — simply through the gradual disappearance of the laborer. That is what the world is coming to. . . .

In the United States . . . the phenomenon is already quite perceptible. Even now, the lower callings are exercised only by foreign individuals, who have not yet been assimilated. As for the superior handicrafts, they are more and more carried on by machinery; man tends to rise from the status of a workman to that of an overseer. The peasant, the agricultural laborer, such as we

[1] From the English translation by L. B. Lavigne, *Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What is it Due* (London: 1898), pp. 323–325.

see at work in our old countries, is also disappearing; in many parts of the United States this type is becoming so rare as to present the character of an archæological specimen. In ploughing, weeding, harvesting, and mowing, the man is conveniently seated on a box, from which he calmly drives his team; it is almost a genteel occupation; indeed, the man is dressed almost as a gentleman — and soon will have the manners and ideals of one. His mind is open to every form of progress in agriculture, and he feels no hesitancy in availing himself of new methods. . . .

We should, therefore, let the old social form drop, as is the case with the old hand-machines. All of that belongs to a past which is getting more and more distant and will never return.

During my vacations, spent in a farming country, I am often reminded of this passage. I like to linger near the fields in harvest time, waiting for a word with the harvester until his machine has come up the field. If I mention the changes that are taking place, the answers are almost in Demolins's own words: "Machines are our salvation. Of course, farm-hands are scarce; a good many have left the village. But wages are high, and the men who stay behind do so on their own terms. As for us farmers and small landholders, we and our families do nearly everything ourselves. Work goes ten times faster nowadays, and is a hundred times less tiring." And not infrequently I am invited to take a seat beside the driver, with the assurance that I will balance the machine! On these occasions all attempts at conversation are dropped, for this work (*intellectual* work) demands the driver's whole attention. But in silence we are drawn to each other by a common interest.

Obviously, a villager's idea of science is rudimentary, but it is exact; he can argue from an effect to its cause. . . . Talk to him of the rotation of crops, live-stock — what you will: he is up-to-date, he expresses himself accurately, and is on an equal footing with any of us. He

feels this, and as he gains in knowledge, gains in self-confidence. His occupation, way of living, ideas, and language, are those of a gentleman. And we are only at the beginning of this transformation. As Demolins adds, social progress and mechanical progress "are more intimately connected than is commonly believed; the second is the consequence of the first, and in its turn reacts upon it. Who could calculate exactly the social transformations that must be brought forth by the combination of these two forces?" [1] The tiller of the soil knows this and says it. He has in reserve for us some pleasant surprises.

[1] *Loc. cit.*, p. 324.

III. Action, or "What Social State is Most Conducive to Happiness?" [1]

INTRODUCTION

An English book on happiness: *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock. Extraordinary success of the book in English-speaking countries; no less astonishing simplicity of the enjoyments it suggests: for instance, the satisfaction of looking at a beautiful landscape and of thinking that we are really proprietors of it all — the commons, the roads, the sea-shore. For a race to find happiness in such simple diversions, it must be optimistic by nature. And this is indeed the answer to the riddle.

DEFINITION OF HAPPINESS

Demolins defines happiness as "The state of satisfaction due to surmounting the material and moral difficulties of life."

1. *Secondary Elements of Happiness*

(1) *Good disposition.* Indispensable but insufficient. It helps us to bear sorrow; it does not eliminate it.[2]

(2) *Good health.* Clearly a negative condition of happiness. Health puts us in a position to obtain it, that is all.

(3) *Wealth.* Pleasures that money can buy pall quickly on the rich man. He is always craving others that are even more costly and elaborate. Moreover, he soon loses the habit of making an effort. In a few generations a fortune is inevitably dissipated.

(4) *Religion.* The chief end of religion is not happiness in this

[1] Analysis of a chapter in E. Demolins, *Anglo-Saxon Superiority: To What is it Due.* We studied the chapter in connection with La Bruyère, *On Personal Merit* (*Du mérite personnel*), portrait of Egesippus.

[2] Demolins does not dwell enough on the wisdom of moderating our wants. See C. Wagner, *The Simple Life* (*La Vie simple*), of which President Roosevelt thought highly.

life. If we expect what it does not give, its effect may be bad. It encourages passive resignation, when what we need is action.[1]

II. *Original Element: the Social Environment*

First Society: Happiness Produced by the Ease of Living.

The nomad pastors. Example: Mongolians and Tartars.

(1) *Material difficulties reduced to a minimum.* Grass and herds.

(2) *Moral difficulties lessened.* By moderate needs. (Primitive man is content with his lot. It is always hard to make him change his way of living. Compare Homer's descriptions with those of modern travelers.)

By the family community. (Hardships shared. Man grows accustomed to depend on others. The clan or tribe.)

Second Society: Happiness Diminished by the Difficulty of Living.

Contradiction between social origin and need to work. Races ill-prepared for work.

(1) *Heredity.* Habit of avoiding exertion. It persists in man, even when the soil no longer satisfies his wants without labor. Various forms of this instinct in our own civilizations: people in whom it survives are dead weights on the community — their attitude is that of the drone to the worker-bee. Notice the cadence of the page I am going to read you. The whole passage has a certain eloquence:

"A drone, this young man who —

"A drone, this tradesman who —

"A drone, this — "

And each paragraph ends with the same refrain:[2]

" . . . who tries to make society support him."

(2) *The need to work.* Due to the conditions of soil and climate, and the large number of inhabitants.

Precarious position of the drones who seek refuge in meagre administrative sinecures.

Every citizen who dreads effort or risk either for himself or for his children is doomed to a labor of Sisyphus.

Disillusionment that follows. Pessimistic philosophies, from Nirvana to Nihilism.

[1] I am repeating Demolins's views, without wholly sharing them. Even in his text they are summary.

[2] A process imitated from the famous episode in Voltaire's *Candide:* ". . . and I have come to spend the carnival in Venice."

THIRD SOCIETY: HAPPINESS CONTINUES IN SPITE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF LIVING.

(1) *Explanation of the paradox that work and effort bring happiness.* Enthusiasm makes an apparently fatiguing exertion pleasant.

(2) *The fact.* There do exist individuals and races that enjoy work. The Anglo-Saxon race; the best elements of our own.

Read the beginning of Sir John Lubbock's chapter on *Labor and Rest:* [1] "Among the troubles of life, I do not, of course, reckon the necessity of labor."

Likewise, our French proverb, "Work is liberty" (which I should like to see quoted by Demolins), voices all the gayety, all the joyous strength, of our best artisans; whereas the Spanish proverb, "Rest is health" (*Descanzar es salud*), and the Italian, "Sweet idleness" (*Dolce far niente*), express a totally different ideal. And do you remember the story of the Oriental who, as he sits watching a cricket match, asks why the players do not hire some poor fellows to do the work for them? Or the Turkish saying: "'Tis better to be seated than standing, lying down than seated, dead than lying down"?

Certainly, the great mass of human beings prefer sitting to standing, and, as a general rule, are not contented when active. But there are many exceptions. These people are fortunate, for the world is theirs.

Demolins adds at the close of his book: [2]

> It is written: In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread. This sentence expresses what is not only the foundation of social power, but also that of moral power. Nations which, by all sorts of convenient combinations, manage to escape that law of intense personal labor, are doomed to moral depression and inferiority. Thus the Redskin, compared with the Oriental; thus the Oriental, compared with the Occidental; thus [part of] the Latin and German races, compared with the Anglo-Saxons.

[1] *Loc. cit.*, vol. ii, chap. x. [2] P. 410.

IV. Gratitude

(Subject of Essay in Prize Competition, Class 1, June, 1919)

How We Prepared a Letter — The Letter — How We Corrected It

We may write a letter in a thousand ways, or, rather, we may write a thousand kinds of letters, and the best of all is the simplest and shortest — the letter that tells in a few words and without set phrases just what the person we are addressing is interested to hear.

This is Cicero's opinion, as he says in a passage that many a schoolboy has had to translate; but he adds that other types also have their use, of which he prefers the most serious and difficult — that is, such reflections as friends are likely to exchange in troubled times on the *state of public affairs*. This political type has been so common since 1914 that the poorest correspondent among you has had many chances to try his hand at it; and, with problem after problem arising at the slow-moving Peace Congress, it looks as if you would have to continue the practice in your daily life for some time to come. Therefore, it behooves me to see that you cultivate this type in school; it is a good opportunity to bring the art of saying the right thing close to the art of doing the right thing; to bring words close to acts, school close to life.

On one condition, however, which is common to all the exercises that modern rhetoric may set you: school should conform to life, and not life to school; everything, in the subject, in the arguments, in the reasoning, above all in the tone, should be perfectly true, natural, and simple; the processes of rhetoric should drop out of sight until they become the docile, modest interpreters

of your thoughts and emotions. During the war you had a model of this kind in the beautiful *Lettre d'un américain à un allemand*[1] by Douglas W. Johnson, Professor of Geology at Columbia University. This letter, which Professor Johnson did not at first intend for publication, proves that you may be quick to choose and marshal your arguments, with facts and learning at your fingertips, and yet not for a moment cease to be perfectly simple and natural. You have all read the letter and analyzed it; in the face of deceit and brute force the cause of justice and truth could not be more strongly upheld. I wish that, with this model in your minds, you would do your best to write a "Letter from a French Boy," or, let me see, "from a Versailles Boy to an American, on the Eve of the Signing of Peace," while we still have the Germans inside our walls.

A pupil: "Not in the way they wanted to be here!"

No, for if they had come in 1914, our poor walls certainly —

The boy: "Would have been like Louvain."

Such at least was the intention. William meant to make Versailles an example to Paris, as Louvain was to Brussels. And now, in a few weeks, in a few days perhaps, in the very Hall of Mirrors where, on January 18, 1871, their empire was proclaimed, the Germans are going to sign the treaty that seals their defeat. The sight of these white-hatted gentlemen, going to and fro be-

[1] *Revue de Paris*, September 15, 1916. The letter was issued in brochure form, Paris, A. Colin, 1917; and translated into every European language. It is included in *My German Correspondence*, New York, George H. Doran Co., 1917.

tween the Hôtel Vatel, the Hôtel Suisse, or the Hôtel des Réservoirs, must give the most happy-go-lucky among you food for daily thought.

Another pupil: "Yesterday on the rue des Réservoirs I heard a lady in mourning say: 'Oh, I can't bear to look at them. I have seen them too often in uniform— After all they have done!' And her gesture said more than her words. She was a refugee from the North."

You see that you will not have far to seek for personal recollections of the war; they will be the material for one of your paragraphs. As for reflections on the peace, you would be stone-deaf indeed not to overhear them at every street-corner, from the most sensible opinions to the most absurd, and I shall not insult you by supposing that you are unable to decide which are the sensible ones. Here, then, you have your subject, and the sources of your arguments. There remains the form. The most natural is evidently that of a letter from yourself to a boy of your own age, perhaps to a pupil of my American friend Professor B—— whom I have often spoken of, or to his entire class, as a mark of fellow-feeling and good-will. That is not a bad idea, and some day we will come back to it. Just now, I prefer something less ambitious. This, for instance. You know that four little Versailles war-orphans were adopted by Professor B—— and his friends for the duration of the war. These children, the two oldest especially, keep up a regular correspondence with their generous "godparents." More than once I have stepped in with advice about their letters, and helped them to "dig up" ideas. Now it is your turn to do what I did, and a little more besides. For you yourselves will write the letter that the oldest of these boys

must despatch to his godfather by this week's mail. The lad is just your age; he works in a big factory, where — as it happens — all hands have been on strike for two weeks. So he has plenty of time to loaf about the rue des Réservoirs and report what he hears there. Think what sort of letter he would be likely to write. I have talked to you so much about the Versailles family and my American friends, that you know every detail that might interest the godfather and the godson; as for what opinions to express on the situation, I do not believe that your own will be so original that anyone could tell them from Robert's.

Here then is our subject:

Letter from a Versailles Apprentice, Fifteen Years Old, to an American Professor, his War Godfather, on the Eve of the Signing of Peace (June 5, 1919).

And here is some more advice on the way to handle it, as Professor Johnson handled his, simply but with care.

You must, of course, as you say, "make a plan," or, at the very least, a memorandum on a separate sheet — a list of the principal ideas to be brought out, and of the facts that will give them weight. But this work should be rapid, off-hand; it should fire you rather than cool you off. You need more feeling than reason, more movement than reflection, more naturalness than artifice. What is the first thing that young Robert will say to his godfather?

Several boys: "That he is thinking of him."

That by all means. What next?

Another boy: "That he is thinking of him particularly during these days of waiting."

Yes, that too — as he thought of him in times of danger. This is the place for a reminiscence. Images start up in our minds through association, and must be seized quickly. For my part, I remember going one Sunday morning to the boys' mother with a couple of money-orders that I had received for her. It was in February, 1917, just after the United States had severed relations with Germany. Robert was at home, watching his young brother Adolphe draw a big American flag. But the little fellow (who was nine then) had left only five white patches in the blue square, five stars! I told him that that was not enough, that the stars originally had stood for the "thirteen colonies," and that a new star had been added for each new state. At this Robert ran for their primary-school dictionary, which had many illustrations, and accurate ones, too: in its tiny picture of the flag their keen eyes made out exactly forty-eight stars, not to mention the thirteen stripes. The boys' satisfaction was complete when I took possession of the unfinished masterpiece and sent it to Adolphe's godfather. This naïve mark of a French boy's gratitude has more than once been shown to American audiences, and has had more effect, over there, than many speeches. One of these days, could n't a boy with a little imagination think of some unusual souvenir to send to his godfather?

Several voices: "A postal card. Of the Hall of Mirrors. On the day peace is signed."

There you have it. That is the sort of thing that will please him and make him say: "What a nice chap! He took all that trouble for me. He tried to think what would interest me, and sent me a keepsake."

Is anything, then, more natural than to begin by saying:

DEAR GODFATHER:

I intend — [and so forth]. But a postal card is so short, and besides, there is the Censor. Still, I want you to know everything I am feeling, and everything I am thinking. . . .

This leads you directly to a description of your feelings and opinions. What are they? The ancient rhetoric, on this point, is entirely in accord with ours; it recommends that after writing two very summary lines: "Dear Sir: I purpose to show you that . . ." you should ask yourself the question, *why?* or *how?* Likewise, after writing: "Dear Godfather: I want to tell you very frankly my opinions . . ." we should add the question, *what opinions?*—and the answer will supply us with the principal ideas for our letter.

Now, what is the first sensation that Robert or anyone of you feels when he walks down the rue des Réservoirs and catches sight of certain automata in white hats, or some angular Gretchen, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau's typist?

Most of the boys: "Repugnance."

And small wonder! So the next step is to describe our undesirable guests, who will remain undesirable till the all too-distant day when they shall have changed their dispositions, their principles, and their habits; when, in short, they shall no longer be "Boches." You will add a line to say —

One upright boy: "Oh, please, sir, don't tell us too much!"

Very well, I won't. Let us go on to the next idea. What will it be? What other feelings have we, or, rather, has Robert, on the eve of peace?

Another pupil: "He is happy."

Yes, but why? You see — always a question, always an interrogation point. Astonishment is the beginning of knowledge. A question is the beginning of a paragraph. Why is this boy happy?

Still another pupil. "He is n't hard to please — "

What?

"If he is satisfied with the treaty that is being prepared, he is easy to suit."

That is one point of view. It is debatable, but it can be defended. Have n't I told you often that in every sort of development you should consider the two aspects of the subject, the *pros* and the *cons*, the black and the white, the opinion of Mr. So-Much-the-Worse and of Mr. So-Much-the-Better? Never was this truer than it is to-day. Robert's second impression is two-sided; he is satisfied for certain reasons, and he is uneasy for others, which are no less plausible. Here you have the division of the second part.[1] I leave you to put on your rose-colored spectacles and discover the first set of arguments, and then to face about and look for the others through your black ones.

It is important, however, not to end here. It is not only reasonable and fair, but your duty toward France, toward our allies, toward yourselves, to add a third part, shorter if you will, but emphatic, in which you will set

[1] See p. 182.

right whatever is extreme, unwise, blameworthy, in certain of your complaints. You will mention what reasons a loyal Frenchman has for keeping up his courage, through thick and thin, in peace as he did in war, now that he has seen his country rescued from the abyss. You might even use the same ideas again, correcting them, completing them, repeating in a major key what you said first in a minor. And you will close by recurring to the state of the boy's personal affairs: you will make clear how much he loves his work, how eager he is to learn, and to prove by his steadiness that his godfather's affection for him is not misplaced.

Reading of the Best Theme

I think it is hardly possible, in three hours, to do better than D——, whom I rank first, with a mark of 17. We are going to read his letter; for once we can spare ourselves the trouble of piecing together a patchwork from the scraps of ten or twelve themes. Here it is, untouched, exactly as he wrote it, while he sat here with us all.

Dear Godfather:

Introduction. I am taking advantage of a moment's leisure to write you this letter and to express once more the sincere gratitude that I feel toward you. I do not forget, dear godfather, what you are doing for me and my family, and, although mamma and I do not know you, we love you with all our hearts. I have never seen you, perhaps I never shall see you; you are far away across the ocean. Still, I feel as if you were here among us, to help and comfort us; you have been like my own dear father, you are the good genius of our simple household, where two beloved members are missing; we feel less lonely, less forsaken, since you have been generous enough to trouble yourself about us. So I do not know how to thank you, I cannot find words to make you understand my feelings. But I hope you do understand them, dear godfather, and that my letters give you pleasure. If you like, I will send you on the day peace is signed a postal card of the Hall of Mirrors; it will be a keepsake.

(I) But on a card, open to every inquisitive eye in the foreign post-offices, it is hard to say all I am thinking; and then there is not room for much! And I have so many things to tell you! I feel like writing you about everything I think, everything I see — like taking you wholly into my confidence. I am only a poor little apprentice, and my sentiments are not very noble, yet they are those of every good Frenchman. Above all, I hate the Germans; they have not only ravaged, pillaged, and laid waste my unfortunate country, but they have taken my dear father and my eldest brother. I try in vain to remember that both of them did their duty; I try in vain to keep back my complaints: my grief is too strong for me. So, when I see the Germans strolling in the park, their self-sufficient, satisfied air disgusts me. They are in very comfortable quarters — too comfortable: the three best hotels in Versailles are at their disposal; we have been deprived of a whole section of our park, so that they can take their walks; and, with all this, they do not look content. These gentlemen want more deference, more luxurious accommodations! They are exacting, hard to suit, and quarrelsome. In Versailles, we don't like them a bit, and we hope they will go away soon. They annoy us, and really they take up too much room. After what they have made us endure, we should like — it may be a wicked feeling — to see them suffer a little in their turn; and instead, we see them well fed and well treated. But we have to stand it.

(II) 1. It is true that this little annoyance is offset by a sense of immense satisfaction, of relief: the war is over, we are victorious! Sometimes I have to ask myself whether I am not dreaming; how can I believe in this wonderful thing, in this victory that was so often endangered? Even a year ago, our situation was very grave, very precarious; the Germans were on our territory and were threatening Paris. Each night we had a visit from the Gothas, and in the daytime the long-range guns bombarded the capital. Of course, in Versailles we were in less danger; still, the continual alarms, coming as they did on top of the anxiety and anguish of the enemy's offensives, told seriously on my poor mother's health, which was already impaired by her sorrows. Suddenly, affairs took quite a new turn; the Boches were first held, then repulsed; from that time forward, they were headed fast toward disaster; victory succeeded victory; then came the armistice, which put an end to the fears of many a mother and of many a wife. In spite of our sorrow at not seeing my father and my brother returning with the rest, we led from that moment a totally different existence. I had more heart for my work, and everyone seemed to feel relieved from an

immense burden. The great sacrifice that we had made, and that many others had made too, had after all not been in vain: our country was saved!

2. Unfortunately, this is not the end, as I can easily see; grave questions are coming up, the Treaty of Peace is not acceptable to all. The Germans are beaten, that is undeniable; but they are strong, and they will always be dangerous enemies of ours. As soon as peace is signed, they will pull themselves together and begin the struggle with us afresh — a peaceful struggle, but a terrible one, just the same. That struggle has already begun; they are trying to let loose on us the worst scourge of all: Bolshevism. Unhappily, they find the soil in our country only too well prepared. I can see in the factory where I work that the men's minds are in a ferment; certain hotheads complain of our employers, they call them every sort of name, and say that they are growing rich at our expense; they talk against everything: they do not like the government; they think the treaty is too hard on their poor "Kamaraden" across the Rhine; they hate the middle classes, and every one who is in any way their superior. And these men find many people among us to applaud them. For a trifle they go on strike. At this moment I am at home because of a strike; those of us, like myself, who ask nothing better than to work to support their families, are obliged to walk out and remain idle like the other fellows. I long for this strike to be over, for our means are very modest, and the little I earn as apprentice is indispensable to us. I know that all this is bad for France, and that these symptoms are far from encouraging. And the examples of Russia and of Austria give us a sorry idea of Bolshevism. But the people are excited, they see nothing; the Socialists have had enough of war, and, instead of laying the blame at the Germans' door, who are principally responsible, they want us to be on friendly terms with them, and to return good for evil, so that they shall not be our enemies any more. Alas, these Socialists do not take into account that the more conciliatory we are with the Boches, the more easily they will recover and attack us again! But there is nothing to do about it: they don't understand. I assure you, dear godfather, that the people who in the war have lost someone belonging to them are the ones who understand the danger that threatens us.

(III) In spite of all this, however, we must keep up our courage. Perhaps everything will turn out better than we expect; perhaps all these clouds will disperse, and peace at last be assured. Does n't the example of the past show us clearly enough that we may hope? Who would have supposed in 1914, before the Battle of the Marne,

or in 1918, that we should win so glorious a victory! It is not to the interest of our allies, such as America and England, to let us sink into Bolshevism; these nations will do their utmost to restore calm to our country. Finally, it is our duty to hope, for a good Frenchman should not give way to despair. I do not listen to the Anarchists' harangues; I do my work quietly, without losing heart, and with the hope that things will eventually be settled in the best way for France and for all honest people.

My family are well; my young brothers go to school and are getting on all right. As for me, I leave the house at six o'clock in the morning for the workshop, and return at night in time for supper. What I earn is just enough for us to live on, but after all we are not too badly off. The poor people in the devastated regions are much more to be pitied than we. And then, soon I shall be earning a little more, for my employer has noticed that I am making progress. I am very happy over the prospect of advancement, and it makes me work all the harder.

I must stop, dear godfather, but I want to thank you once more for your kindness, and to tell you how grateful I am.

Your young godson,

ROBERT.

SUPPLEMENTARY REMARKS

We might well be content with this. Still, it would be better to try to round out in certain directions the opinions of our "first." Without lessening the effect of his theme by reading any of the others, there are some marked as high as 15, 14, or even 12, from which we could borrow some good ideas. This is my notion of how D——'s paragraphs should be altered and amplified.

I should leave the Introduction and Part I as they are. We could not improve them. The second part, however, where D—— explains that on the eve of peace his feelings are mixed, might, I think, be fuller and more definite.

1. *An Undoubted Satisfaction*

Robert is young, of course, but he was eleven in August, 1914. He surely remembers that terrible time.

He might mention it before going on to his more recent anxieties, and then add a few details to his rather dry remarks on the Armistice. Let us see what can be done.

(I write on the blackboard)

A. Past Fears

(*a*) *An entry into Versailles, such as the Germans dreamed of. Our suspense in 1914:* One evening, it was the fourth of August, 1914, at the corner of the boulevard du Roi and the boulevard de la Reine: a battery of seventy-fives quietly moving off to the station. A month later, September 4: awaiting disaster. What is known of the Germans' intentions. Versailles while the battle was in progress. Versailles's fate would have been like Louvain's.

(*b*) *More recent feelings:* Verdun in 1916. Zeppelins and airplanes, 1917. Critical situation in 1918. The Germans on the Oise, on the Marne.

B. Present Security

(*a*) *The terms of the Armistice:* Belgium and France evacuated. Our troops on the Rhine.

(*b*) *Territorial satisfaction:* Alsace-Lorraine once more French. What was known here of the Strasbourg celebration: photographs from the *Illustration* displayed in booksellers' windows; stories told by soldiers on leave.

(*c*) *The first signs of peace:* the return of an uncle, who had served as a territorial; of two cousins. Work resumed. But the father and eldest brother do not come back.

II. *Causes of Uneasiness*

A young man of fifteen should not be expected to think out the causes of the deep uneasiness which, in spite of everything, the calmest of us cannot shake off. But he hears the discussions of intelligent men; he can repeat their simple opinions.

A. One Reason for Uneasiness: The Way Negotiations are Progressing

(*a*) *The slowness.* The mystery. The useless, dangerous secrecy.

(*b*) *The nature of German diplomacy* — only too well-known. Everything points to its being unchanged.

(*c*) *The negotiators of the allies.* Differences in their temperaments, in their interests. A peace by concessions.

B. Second Reason: The Results already made Public

(*a*) *The small nations*, even Belgium, excluded from the discussions. Poland unbefriended. The Bolsheviki humored, flattered. Prinkipo!

(*b*) *France:* Indemnities and reparations now certain to be insufficient. Financial and industrial peril, confronted by a Germany that is still intact. Social peril: taxes and high cost of living; disturbance of moral standards; greed for gain; profiteers and strikers.

There remains the third part, to which D—— does scant justice in his half-page. I see it as follows:

(A new plan on the blackboard)

III. *Unshaken Confidence, However*

A. Confidence Based on Sentiment

Belief in the justice of our cause: during the war this belief made us sure of victory; to-day it should make us sure that our allies will never desert us. It is impossible that so many of our brave men, so many of theirs, should die in vain, or that Germany, ten years from now, using giant airplanes and perfected gases, should wipe out France.

B. Confidence Based on Reason, after a Closer Examination of Facts

(*a*) *Germany's arrogance and bad faith* will not allow the general distrust to die down; the dishonesty of governments that enter into relations with Bolshevism will eventually disgust and alarm the other nations.

(*b*) *France*, on the contrary, will succeed in inspiring confidence, without exciting fear:

By her industry: utilization of her agricultural and colonial resources to the utmost. Strikes will be but temporary, and less serious, perhaps, than elsewhere. Resolution of honest men.

By her loyalty.

The end, as D—— has written it, needs no change.

However, the letter should not be appreciably longer. There would be no harm in finishing out the sixth page;

but beyond six or six and a half pages we should not go. You say Professor Johnson's was longer than that? So it was. But our young workman is not Mr. Johnson, nor does his godfather need detailed explanations to understand the boy's ideas. The circumstances and the persons are not the same. Even six pages would be long in ordinary times; it is only this exceptional occasion that justifies them. The tone must remain simple, without affectation — the tone that D—— chose. Robert's godfather is sure to like naturalness more than anything else; sincerity is all the eloquence he asks for.[1]

[1] That gratitude toward Americans is not an unusual subject for teachers in France to set their pupils, is seen from the short theme written in the spring of 1918 by a thirteen-year-old French girl, Odette Gastinel, on

THE COMING OF THE AMERICANS

"It was a little river — hardly more than a brook. It was called the Yser. People could talk from one side to the other without raising their voices. The birds could fly over it with one sweep of their wings. And on its banks there were millions of men, the one turned toward the other, eye to eye. But the difference that separated them was greater than that between the stars in the sky. It was the difference that separates justice from injustice. The ocean is so vast that the sea-gulls do not dare to cross it. During seven days and seven nights the great steamships from America, going at full speed, must drive through the deep waters before the lighthouses of France come into view. But from one side to the other hearts are touching."

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PART II

LIFE AS SEEN IN HISTORICAL AND LITERARY TEXTS

PREPARATORY SERIES

THE PROCESSES OF ANALYSIS

I. How to Analyze and How to Imagine

It was to Daudet that we turned to learn how to arrange images; Brunetière will show us how to arrange ideas. Not, as you very well know, that it is my habit to urge you to read the critics! Just as in describing scenes from real life, all you have to do is to open your eyes and look about you, so, in forming an opinion of an author, it is best to read nothing but the texts themselves. "The study of texts can never be too highly recommended," is La Bruyère's advice on the matter.[1] We should never read any sort of literature — a tragedy, an oration, or what you will — with the thought in the back of our minds, "I wonder what Nisard or Faguet say about this? And where did I see something lately by Mr. Lanson —?" No, we should ask what *we* ourselves say about it, and have our own opinions.

We must, however, become familiar with the *methods* of the best critics, in order to imitate them. All the rules that I might give you would have no such effect as one analysis of a well-written chapter, or of a carefully constructed lecture. Let us see now what we can make of one of Brunetière's lectures. Each of you will read in turn for five minutes, while I write out the summary; the rest of you will listen. I shall interrupt from time to time to explain my outline and to dictate it to you. And I expect you to help me with the formulas.

[1] *Characters* (*Les Caractères*), chap. xiv, p. 72.

Analysis of a Lecture

[Brunetière, *Epochs in the French Theatre* (*Les Époques du théâtre français*). First Lecture. The asterisks mark the places where I stopped the reader.]

1. ELEMENTS NOT PECULIAR TO THE CID

*(1) *Subject-matter* and *source* (Spanish influence).
*(2) Moral and political *commonplaces*.
*(3) *Vigor* of the lines.

2. ORIGINALITY

*The plot is more than a series of adventures.
*(1) *Action* is due almost entirely to the conflict of forces in the characters' own souls.
*(2) *Will-power is substituted for chance.* Difference between the dramatic and the romantic; between Corneille and Victor Hugo. Other examples: *Le Mariage de Figaro* and *Gil Blas* (despite similarity of heroes) — the comedy and the novel.
*(3) *Characters are guided by a lofty purpose*, dearer than life itself — a great idea to which they sacrifice themselves.

3. IMPERFECTIONS

*(1) *Retains epic traits:* (*a*) Outside incidents given too much importance; (*b*) Psychology is elementary.
*(2) *Retains lyric traits:* Too many couplets. Great fault of Corneille's predecessors. Examples: Théophile, Tristan.

Analysis of Single Paragraphs

Now, instead of drawing an outline of a whole lecture, let us take single paragraphs. The process is identical: each paragraph is a miniature lecture inside the full-

sized one. We will choose the beginning of the chapter on the *Phædra* (*Phèdre*).[1] Brunetière, before pointing out in this play the symptoms of the approaching deterioration in tragedy, recalls the *poetic beauty* of Racine's masterpiece.

POETIC BEAUTY OF THE PHÆDRA

*(1) Harmony of the *style*.
*(2) *Descriptive art:* men; — background.

(Model of a well-constructed paragraph: two ideas, each supported by two examples.)

*(3) *Poetry of the past:* Greek life; legend and atmosphere brought vividly before us.
**Conclusion:* Evocation of forms and colors.

These plans are probably much like those Brunetière sketched himself. Have you ever come across the series of outlines he sent to the *Revue des cours et conférences* in 1893, when he was lecturing on the lyric poetry of the nineteenth century? If you have the chance to do so, compare them with the full text of the lectures, which the *Revue bleue* published in the same year. It will not be time wasted. Brunetière knew so well the advantage of penetrating into a writer's inventive processes that, before he took the public into his confidence, he put the treasure of his personal notes into the hands of individual students. Many of his former pupils, myself included, felt that a short talk with him taught them more than hours of research. I remember sitting one day in the library of his house in Passy, with his notes on the eighteenth century spread before me. They were those used by him the previous winter in his course. First he went through them with me himself, telling me that such and

[1] Pp. 143–148.

such a line had led to such and such a development, and pointing to the arrangement of the headings on the page — he was very particular to have them stand out and catch the eye. Then he left me to myself while he tramped up and down the room, rolling a cigarette. As I turned the well-worn pages, covered with divisions, brackets, 1's and 2's, his voice still echoed in the words before me. From the mere reading of his often clumsy sentences you can have little idea of the effect they produced when he composed them aloud for the first time in our hearing. "When you speak," he said to me that day, "you must keep the end of your period in sight, the last words of your sentence. That is where your *leading thought* belongs, condensed and summarized. And while you hold before your mind's eye the point you want to make, arguments and examples will fall into line by themselves; without any effort on your part, they will be at the tip of your tongue in the order of their importance, and will lead you naturally to the desired conclusion."

It was, indeed, a wonderful experience, on the days when he was in good form, to listen to his great sentences uncoil and shoot upward, until at the given moment the final word burst upon us, like a rocket. I dare say these details are still rather complicated for you; Brunetière was not addressing Second-Form boys. But, seeing how easily you grasped his processes of composition, I could not resist speaking to you of this great teacher's personality. His excellent method, wide learning, and eloquence, made his teaching a thing apart; and it is a pleasure to me to feel that even the feeble echo of his vigorous words has made an impression on you boys. Try not to forget what he said.[1]

[1] See De Vogüé's article on Brunetière's library, *Journal des débats*, January 24, 1908.

II. How to Memorize: the "Mechanics" of Memory

It is no less necessary to remember than to observe. The mechanism of the memory is one of the things that every pupil should understand. Let us see what Legouvé has to say about it.[1]

In our first lesson (on Daudet) we distinguished between two very different functions of the human brain: one, purely mechanical —

A pupil: "Images in a moving picture."

Good! I thought you would remember *that*. And how about the mind, when it becomes conscious of its workings?

"It picks out some image as it goes by and says, 'Wait a minute. I want to look at you.'"

Another pupil: "Then the will steps up and cries, 'Halt! I resume command!'"

Exactly! I see I need not repeat myself. And the same thing occurs with the memory. It is obviously based on a *mechanical element*, independent of consciousness. Don't you know the way certain people, without the slightest effort, retain things that they have barely seen?

"I wish *I* could!"

Yes, but even we less gifted people can develop our memories by methodical effort; here reason plays as important a part as in our exercises in composition. This is what Legouvé will explain to us.

[1] E. Legouvé, *Reading Aloud* (*La Lecture en action*), chap. xi, p. 123.

Analysis of Legouvé's Chapter

Revised in Class

There are two elements in memory: a photographic apparatus; a faculty that is "alive and capable of being educated."

How can the memory be educated?

How can it be developed with the aid of reason and feeling?

1. THE WAY TO LEARN

Suppose we have to *learn a page by heart.* Predicament of the pupil who learns *line by line.* Two methods that an intelligent person should use. He should:

(1) *Make a general outline of the passage* (preferably in writing).

The arrangement of the page.

(2) *Note the relative position and importance of the details.* Three examples:

A Competition: Between an old man and a college student. The old man's trained memory wins. Anecdote.

Geographical Order: in a passage from Beaumarchais.

Natural Order: in a description of a costume (an extract from Molière).

2. THE WAY TO REMEMBER

(1) *Obvious part played by mechanical memory.*

People with a gift for remembering: Cuvier, Patin. Two anecdotes.

(2) *More important part played by method.* It is much easier to *recall* what has been methodically *learned.*

Rôle of attention: it succeeds in *reviving* memories that are apparently effaced.

Method employed: the *rational connections* are often recalled in the same way that they were established: by *reason* and *logic*.

3. SERVICES RENDERED BY THE MEMORY WHEN THUS DEVELOPED

In Education. Valuable side-lights thrown on the pupil's natural gifts by the greater or less facility with which he retains certain things.

In Life. Distraction in solitude; resource in society. Anecdote.

III. A Scholar's Definition of Analysis and Synthesis Summarized by a Critic

(Extract from an Address by Jules Lemaître, welcoming Berthelot to the French Academy)

I do not think it premature, in the second half-year, to turn your attention to scientific methods. We have no right to call ourselves lovers of science if we go no further than committing facts and laws to memory; we should consider what all these mean, and be as much at home in writing on scientific as on literary subjects.

I want you to read and analyze [1] part of an address delivered by Jules Lemaître on the day when he welcomed the celebrated chemist Berthelot to the French Academy (May 2, 1901). The speech is a model of its kind — accurate, scholarly, simple; it might be entitled: "What progress has chemistry made during the nineteenth century, owing to Berthelot's discoveries?"

Though you will not study organic chemistry till next year, you are already familiar enough with the rudiments to understand this general treatment.

INTRODUCTION

Like many of our introductions:

First Sentence. Principal idea: "Your works, sir, are numberless." Six hundred publications.

Second Sentence. Limitation: "I mention only the two essential points."

PART I. SYNTHETICAL CHEMISTRY

I. THE TWO DIVISIONS OF CHEMISTRY

(*a*) *The principles held by Lavoisier.* — That there are eighty elements of which inorganic compounds are com-

[1] The formulas were worked out as usual with the pupils' help, and written on the board.

posed. That four of these elements are contained in organic compounds (carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen).

(*b*) *Hardihood of this opinion in the eighteenth century.* — The poet's dream interpreted by the chemist.

2. THE TWO METHODS

Analysis (*ἀνα-λύειν*, to undo) and synthesis (*συν-τίθημι*, to put together). In other words, decomposition and combination. Example: water.

(*a*) *Discouragement of chemists before Berthelot.* — Analysis seemed the only possible means of studying organic compounds. Lavoisier said of chemistry: "It moves toward its goal and toward perfection, by dividing, subdividing, and subdividing again. . . . Chemistry is the science of analysis."

Synthesis, on the other hand, was declared impossible through artificial means. Berzelius no longer hoped to find the "key" to the problem. Compounds in nature were attributed to some unknown force. This *vital force* was produced by living organisms (sugar, albumin, etc.); it was simply, like the *virtus dormitiva* of opium, a realized abstraction (explanation of the term). It was a myth inherited from scholasticism.

(*b*) *Hardihood of Berthelot.* — His confidence in the unity of the laws of nature. He succeeds in combining the four elements that make up organic compounds as easily as he combines or decomposes inorganic compounds.

His discoveries. The first step: carbon and hydrogen; the hydrocarbons.

Other resulting discoveries: Fruit acids; perfumes; coloring matter; medicines.

The true scientist: He does not apply for patents.

PART II. THERMOCHEMISTRY

After showing the identity of chemical forces in inorganic and in organic compounds, it remains to *consider their action.*

Why do certain elements unite? Why do others remain separate? The mediæval alchemists' theory of elective affinities.

The quantity of heat developed in a chemical compound may be taken as the measure of its affinity. *The law:* "When a chemical reaction takes place without the addition of heat from an external source, those substances that have the greatest heat of formation will tend to form."

Result on the *manufacture of explosives:* patriotic rôle of Berthelot since 1873.

PART III. THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHEMIST

Popular estimate of the chemist. — For the general public it is the chemist who comes nearest to the ideal scientist; not the mathematician, but the alchemist, the sorcerer, the Dr. Faust, the man who makes gold.

His theoretical and his practical knowledge. — (*a*) *He knows the secrets of nature.* — The unity of matter. Simple differences of organism in bodies. Everything reduced to mechanics.

(*b*) *He influences nature.* — He recombines by synthesis what has been decomposed by analysis. He can make more bodies than exist in nature.

A dream: The human race of the future. The problem of food-supply. A pleasantry or a prophecy?

The king of chemistry.

FIRST SERIES

TEXTS TAKEN FROM ANTIQUITY

I. A Narrative: Homer and Achilles

A Memory of Former Studies

Our programme, which recommends a certain familiarity with Latin literature, makes no mention of Greek; and you will not dispute that your acquaintance with the latter is, to say the least, distant. The programme is wise, in theory; it is impossible to learn everything, and a good knowledge of modern literature may more than make up for this omission.

Nevertheless, I should be sorry to see you condemned to remain strangers to the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, or to the epics of Homer. For there is nothing in modern literature to take their place. Tragedy in its creators' hands is simpler, more elementary, than it has ever been since: we can have no real notion of dramatic art unless we study its guileless infancy. As for the epic, it is, of course, the narrative poetry of young races; it describes the primitive manners and expresses the childish beliefs of human beings in an age when feeling and imagination counted far more than serious thought. Societies in which the epic could flourish have long ceased to exist. Ours are too old, too scientific, too rational. We shall never see another Homer.

I want, therefore, to find time for at least a passing mention of these neglected studies. We need not wait until they come into favor again; when they do, it may be in a new form, not unlike the material assigned some

years ago by Auguste Angellier[1] to the candidates for the baccalaureate. See what you think of it.

You are aware that in excavating the tombs at Tanagra, in "dull" Bœotia, a great number of small terra-cotta statuettes were found, marvels of taste, daintiness, and graceful invention. A miniature world of infinite variety was thus revealed. You can see specimens of these figurines at the Louvre. You must certainly have come across reproductions in books or in shops.

You will pretend that a traveler who was on the spot at the time of the discovery describes it to a friend. He explains how and where the figures were found, and tells of their general appearance, their beauty and variety, and the fineness of the workmanship. He tries to account for their being placed in the tombs together with articles of daily use: mirrors, strigils, dishes of clay or of bronze. He calls attention to the fundamental modification and broadening of our accepted ideas of Greek sculpture resulting from this revelation of an intimate art. He praises the skill of the Bœotian coroplasts — humble artists until then unknown.

The subject is tempting, stimulating — a poet's handiwork; it may well lead the way to many others like it. Unfortunately, it takes for granted a happy combination of literary and artistic instruction that we do not find in our schools. I fear that, as things are now, the candidates were at a loss. But a time will come, it is bound to come, when, to supplement our reading courses, we shall have on these bare walls photographs or models of the masterpieces of antiquity. Meanwhile, I think the old traditions are in closer touch than the present generation of scholars with our actual needs and conditions. For my part, since Homer is the only Greek text we possess (alas, without illustrations!), I am going to take our lesson from that text. I have found in an old note-book (we age so fast these days) some "antiquated" material that was thought quite good enough not so very long ago.

[1] 1847–1911. Poet and critic. Author of an interesting work on *Robert Burns*.

You will notice that it contains two ancient ideas that bear a close resemblance to our own: the *love of life* and the need of action (paragraph 2); the *love of glory* and the wish to have power over men (paragraph 3). The fundamental beliefs and ideas that we hold to-day are, almost every one, a legacy from the Greeks, and were first expressed, simply and forcibly, by the Ionian bards.

I should like you to choose two of the following sections, and work them up with the help of what you remember of Homer.

Subject Matter

1. Homer descends into the Land of the Dead; the warriors whose fame he has sung come to greet and thank him.

2. Only Achilles holds aloof. Homer accosts him. The hero is sorrowful; he longs to be alive, even in a humble station. (See *Odyssey*, XI.)

3. Homer upbraids him: Achilles has the memory of his mighty deeds to cheer him, and should now be content with immortality.

Revised Version of a Part of Paragraph 2: "He Longs to be Alive"

1. physical existence

Feeling of strength.

(1) *Spirits in the House of Hades.* — Bodies: Intangible. Food: Must drink blood to regain strength. Abode: Field of asphodel; murky light.

(2) *Human Beings on Earth.* — Bodies: Joy of the senses; play of muscles; exercise; hunting. Food: A feast; sheep roasted whole. Nature: Daylight and fresh air.

II. MENTAL AND MORAL EXISTENCE

Love of action.

(1) *Twofold Cause of Suffering in Hades.* — Inaction: No happiness without effort. Monotony: No pleasure without change. (Fundamental ethics of Western civilization.)

(2) *Joys of Life on Earth.* — Excitement of danger: Battles. Strong emotions: Love and hate; anger and delight. (Fair-haired Briseïs; faint-hearted Agamemnon.) Ecstasy of victory.

J. Cavelier sculp[t] Phot. Malitte

PENELOPE ASLEEP

II. Reflections on a Picture: Penelope Asleep

The sculptor Pierre-Jules Cavelier's statue of "Penelope Asleep" well expresses the charm of this poetic figure. You will describe his famous work,[1] and tell what you think the faithful wife is dreaming.

1. Sleep overtakes her as she sits spinning, *thinking of absent Odysseus;* she is sad and weary, tortured by anxiety.

2. Yet her face grows calm in repose. Her dreams are less painful than her waking fancies. *She sees young Odysseus*, as he was when he sailed away for Troy.

3. If you look at her long, you will almost believe you see her smile. *In her sleep the hero returns* — she stirs, she wakes. — Alas! it is only a dream!

Discussion

Here is a rather unusual theme, written last year by a pupil in Division B. It is long-drawn-out, and in many respects I do not advise you to imitate it: the division into strophes of a few lines each (like Lamennais's) is admissible only as a rare exception. But the author, without knowing a word of Greek, has caught the spirit of Homer.[2] It will be useful for you to read it.

(1) The minstrel seized his lyre, which answered to his trembling hands; his voice rose strong and deep, and the guests kept silence to listen:

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[1] The pupils had nothing to go by but a postal card made from the marble statue, which was bought by the Duke of Luynes and placed in the Castle of Dampierre. The photograph reproduced here is of Cavelier's original plaster cast, still in the sculptor's family.

[2] In fact, he feels so much at home in ancient Ithaca that he adds certain details, — homelike to him, if not to Odysseus, — such as women working in the fields, trees leafless in winter, the bridegroom coming to his wedding in what might be called his "uniform"!

"When the rosy-fingered dawn scatters the clouds from the East; when the bleating flocks spread out across the pastures, the tireless wife makes her spindle hum, the wool slips through her fingers;

"When the hot sun at noon warms the subsiding ocean, when the reapers seek the shadow of the olive trees, the tireless wife makes her spindle hum, the wool slips through her fingers;

"And at evening, when the breeze is light, when the fishermen sing on the water as they cast their nets, the ivory spindle is ever turning and humming; the tireless wife still twirls and rolls the white wool in her fingers.

"Honor to Zeus and his changeless decrees! The ploughman works in the field of his forefathers; the fisherman breasts the waves beside which he has grown to manhood; the one has his plough, the other his skiff; the wife has her ivory spindle, she spins unceasingly and sighs.

"She spins unceasingly, waiting for her husband to return; she spins until the moment when her husband shall say to her: 'Cease, O wife! For your hair is white and your steps uncertain; our son's wife will take your spindle.'

"But her husband does not return; the watch-dog does not bark at his footfall; at the fireside his place is vacant; his mantle and staff hang on the wall.

"The day declines; the poplars by the wayside bend before the evening breeze; the flaming sun levels its red rays on the harvest-fields and on the cottage-roofs; afar are heard the answering calls of bleating flocks. Steps echo on the road; a stray dog yelps. But it is not the husband who approaches; alas, the barking dog is not the house-dog!

"And the wife is sad; the ivory spindle still held firmly in her hand, she falls into deep thought. Across her revery break the songs of strangers, who invade the house and sit at the table of the master and the mistress.

"She hears the clink of cups; 't is the wine of the absent host that flows into the goblets! She hears the bleating lambs, being slaughtered for the feast; 't is the sheep of the absent master that are being slaughtered!

"And the virtuous, steadfast wife weeps bitterly; and, clasping her hands, she cries: 'O Father Zeus! Do you still live, when on our shores we see such impious guests profane this freeman's house, and scorn his household gods?'

"Strangers, plunder if you will the substance of a just, brave man; make sport of his own son, too young yet to expel you. Zeus

has allowed Penelope to forget you, at least for a brief space, and, with you, all her sorrows.

"Penelope is asleep; when the evening breeze rustles in the poplars, when the bleatings of the sheep, returning to their stable, call and answer in the distance, she droops her lovely head, composed and pale; she joins her hands upon her knees — her diligent hands that still hold fast the spindle."

(2) "She dreams of the day when, a modest, timid girl, she was united to Odysseus, the magnanimous and strong. There was drinking underneath the olive trees; oxen and sheep were roasted for the guests.

"She came with her companions; Odysseus came with thirty warriors, splendid, lusty men, stalwart as the palm tree that withstands the gale. Odysseus had his shield and helmet; Penelope and her companions had wreaths of roses and veils of finest linen. In the full sunshine, in the presence of the earth, the sky, and of the guests, they joined their hands; on that day, flutes played out the wedding hymn; the father of Odysseus then addressed the father of Penelope: 'Let them be united! The gods desire it; united as were Thetis and Peleus, Pyrrha and Deucalion!'

"Odysseus was young; Odysseus was strong; he had a good sword. The couple harvested the wheat and barley from their fields, the olives from their trees; the beggar knocking at their door found shelter at their hearth.

"When Odysseus needs must go to that far-distant war in which so many kings and chiefs of Greece were leagued against a foreign city, Penelope fell weeping on his neck. But Odysseus said: 'Wife, glory and duty call me.' At the door, Eumæus, his faithful swineherd, said: 'Stay with us, O King! My olives will be ripening, and I should like to have you wait until we two can count them in the press; the ears of wheat upon the threshing-floor, the young lambs in the fold.' Then answered him Odysseus: 'No, I must depart, my trusty servant; but on my return, have your baskets ready and fill them with the delicious fruit; let me find my reapers carrying on their shoulders many sheaves of full, ripe grain; and fat, well-nourished sheep, white and fair-fleeced, bleating in the stables, as if to signal my home-coming.'

"Thus spoke Odysseus, the wise warrior; he embarked upon the deep blue sea; his ship, ploughing through the waves, receded in the distance.

"Long as she could, Penelope watched him from the shore; when he was out of sight, sad and weary she retraced her steps to the empty hearth."

(3) "And from that hour, day and night, she wonders, and questions even in her sleep: 'When will he return? What is keeping him far from me? Alas! Can forgetfulness blot out the day when, girding on his sword and buckling his cuirass, Odysseus took his leave for shores that I know not?'

"The sun shines down on every living thing; the moon soon follows, and its soft radiance whitens the lichen on the rocks; days pass, nights pass; fields grow green and hedgerows blossom in the warmth of spring; the harvest turns to gold; sickles are sharpened; young men and girls are scattered in the fields; the sun is hot, the fields unshaded; then the forest trees shake off their leaves, and autumn hears the wind whistling through denuded olive groves; seasons, months, and years pass in succession, and Penelope still listens for her absent lord.

"She watches for the day when joyously the house-dog will bound forth to meet him; when all the slaves, who love him as their father, not their master, will run to throw themselves before him.

"But she, steadfast and true, who has waited for him long, will give him the best welcome.

"She will arrange the place of honor by the hearth-stone; she will present the goblet from which kings and warriors drink.

"She will remove his breastplate; 't is she will hang his helmet and his sword upon the wall.

"And she will say: 'Greetings, O King! Has Zeus vouchsafed to you an easy victory? If you are victor, tell me, and hang your trophies at the door. If you are vanquished, then your silence will inform me.'

"This is your dream, Penelope, O loyal wife, when the evening breezes rustle in the poplars, when the bleating flocks, entering the sheepfold, call and answer in the distance.

"Penelope, Penelope, life itself is but a dream, and Zeus created warriors and kings that men might sing of them in future days. Step from the shadows, O Penelope, out into reality!

"Evening falls on the white road, Odysseus does not come. The fishermen beach their skiffs on the shores of sandy bays.

"Your eyes are opening; you awake; listen to the nightingales that sing of the approaching darkness.

"The suitors, drinking in the open court, have let the fire die upon the hearth; some are asleep, senseless as wine-skins; others run and wrestle, heavy with sweet wine.

"Take up your spindle, O Penelope! Wait for to-morrow's dawn. Then, let your spindle hum and twirl; let the wool slip through your fingers!"

Thus chanted the old man. His lyre fell from his trembling hands; painfully he stooped to grasp it and attach it to his girdle. The guests of Eudytion, moved and, as it were, held spellbound by his lay, looked reverently at him, their admiration checking their applause.

André Baudry
(Pupil in Second B.)

The boy who has handed in the best theme to-day has chosen quite a different style. He arranges his work methodically; there is less imagination, but more discretion. His process is easy to imitate.

Let us see what we can learn from a comparison between his first paragraphs and those of an average theme, one that deserves only a 10.

FIRST PARAGRAPHS, CORRECT BUT DRY, OF AN AVERAGE THEME

There is even a fault in the composition of the second part: Penelope thinks of things she cannot have known.

Penelope is alone, her waiting-women have all withdrawn. Even the faithful Euryclea, Odysseus' nurse, her dear Odysseus' nurse, respects her solitude.

The Queen of Ithaca is sad, sad, for her husband does not return. The most valiant princes of Greece sue for her hand, repeating daily that Odysseus is dead, that it is unreasonable to hope any longer. Their entreaties grow more and more insistent, but Penelope is determined to remain faithful to her pledged word. From day to day she puts off the fatal hour, she refuses to make up her mind. She and Telemachus — the living image of Odysseus — and a few faithful servants are the only ones who still have hope.

Ah! her husband must be very unhappy! Out there, on the immense sea, the waves rock his vessel, and the salt foam races under the swift-gliding stern. At the will of the waves, he roams from country to country. And, though at times princes receive him with affection and good-will, is not Laërtes' son often obliged to struggle against deceit and falsehood? Is not his safety due to his own cunning and daring? Is not his life endangered by many perils?

Therefore Penelope weeps, and since her husband's departure her tears have not ceased.

Consumed with grief and anxiety, her ingenuity exhausted, she no longer sees a way of escape from the yoke the princes want to force upon her. Her only hope lies in Odysseus' return. Odysseus alone can deliver her, but Odysseus does not come.

The analysis is insufficient; Penelope's personal appearance is barely mentioned. Whereas, you will see that, in the best theme, the description of Penelope is so conscientiously carried out as to result in a detailed portrait.

It is, however, especially of her sorrow that Courtet gives an accurate picture. He sees its interesting, distinctive quality; he understands the misery of waiting for something that never comes, the anguish of uncertainty, of constantly recurring agitation, the heartsickness of "hope deferred."

Loti, in the admirable conclusion of his *Iceland Fisherman* (*Pêcheur d'Islande*), keeps us in suspense, our hearts in our mouths, while Gaud expects every moment to spy the sail that never appears. So it is with the Penelope of Homer. She ends by envying the lot of those unhappy wives who *know* the worst — they, at least, are not wrung with the cruel fluctuations of hope and despair.

That is the original *point*, which must be brought out; it is a good example of a *useful* detail, belonging to one definite circumstance only, compared with a detail that *serves no purpose*. But we have strayed far from Courtet. We will not intimidate him with further discussions, but will let him read what he has to say.

Penelope is asleep; a grateful slumber, doubtless sent by some friendly deity, has just closed her eyelids. Her features, marred at last by cares and tears, are relaxed and calm, a little serious, but beautiful as in the days when Odysseus was there; her fair head has fallen forward on her shoulder; her flowing robe discloses a graceful

neck. In her chair, with its costly covering and at its base a grimacing lion's head, the noble daughter of Icarius, weighed down by sorrow, has given in to her fatigue. Her right hand, hanging listless, still holds a spindle; when sleep overtook her, Penelope was weaving a web, as endless as her waiting. Her quick, agile fingers mechanically guided the thread, but her thoughts did not follow them; her thoughts were far away. From time to time a tear fell from her unseeing eyes, and even now, through her half-open lips, it seems as if a weary sigh were escaping. The unfortunate queen has been thinking of Odysseus: fifteen years, fifteen years have already elapsed since the day when, gayly, though against his will, he set sail on the blue sea, barely edged with surf. Memories, her only diversions, flocked to Penelope's mind: "For ten years my Odysseus stayed under the walls of that accursed Troy, far from his son, far from me. Yet I had one consolation — rumor brought me the report of his prowess, and of the glory (for which all else must be abandoned) that attaches to his name. I followed him in my thoughts! I learned of the fall of Troy, of Odysseus' departure — and that was all! For five years I have expected his return, and my anguish increases day by day. The fate of all the other chiefs is known: some have returned, as wise Nestor, and valiant Menelaus; others have perished, like imprudent Ajax, who blasphemed the gods. Only Odysseus' doom is in doubt; no one can say if he yet lives. Has Poseidon's trident plunged him to the bottom of the wine-dark sea, into the impenetrable abode of Hades? Is he wandering, wretched and alone, on some desert island, a prey to gnawing hunger? If he is alive, he too must be disconsolate, for he loved me so well, he loved his son so well. After five years, however, what hope is left?"

And meanwhile, from the dining-hall, shouts and songs reached the ears of the unhappy wife. "Alas!" she thought, "if Odysseus were here, the very sight of whom used to strike terror to the hearts of cowards, impostors, and foes; he, who was ever-ready with devices, would frighten off this flock of vultures who are devouring his substance. But he is far away! In vain, each day, each morning, I mount to the top of this palace, in vain I scan the sea, where rippling colors play. Nevertheless, from the bottom of my heart, I honor thee, Athene, who loved Odysseus so deeply, and to thee I make solemn sacrifice."

CHARLES COURTET

III. Analysis of a Speech: Micio's Soliloquy[1]

REVISED VERSION

Preamble

Micio's uneasiness. His son has not returned.

Transition

As a matter of fact, Æschinus is only adopted by Micio. He is one of the sons of Micio's brother Demea. The two brothers: Micio, the townsman, and Demea, the countryman.

Difference in Training Given the Two Sons by the Brothers

1. The Situation

Micio's tenderness. — He gives money freely, and allows complete liberty. In return, he asks for nothing but frankness.

Demea's severity. — He reproaches his brother for the scandalous behavior of Æschinus.

2. The Motive

Indulgence is necessary:
The restraints of fear are but momentary.
The ties of kindness hold firm under any circumstances.

Remarks on Home Work and Examinations

[As you see, the home work this week amounts to very little. Such respites are necessary. Nothing is more irksome than a weekly theme; nothing disgusts the pupils more quickly with an exercise whose value depends precisely upon the attitude of mind in which they

[1] Terence, *The Brothers* (*Adelphi*), I, i.

undertake it. A narrative once every fortnight gives them plenty of practice.

The "week off" should be devoted to assignments of reading and to analyses, of lengths varying from to-day's outline (which can hardly have taken an hour) to the studies on Jean-Jacques Rousseau [1] (which might well occupy several afternoons). It is in this way that the boys pick up ideas and information, and acquire a taste for reading and personal research. These *plans* are even more valuable for the thinking they imply, than for the order and clarity they oblige us to give to our thoughts.

Nor would it be wise to increase the number of examinations. Yet on this subject, as on every other, opinions differ.

Some people, with an idea that examinations teach the pupils something and make for progress, would like them given often; others, thinking that they are a way to gauge the work of several months, want them at rare intervals only. And indeed, it is by reading and home work carefully prepared that progress is made; examinations merely record the progress. Three tests during the year ought to be enough. A preliminary test added toward the middle of October almost always produces on the class a depressing effect. True, it throws pitiless light on shortcomings inevitable after vacation, but (besides our being sufficiently aware of them already) the advantage of certainty on our parts is more than offset by the vague feeling of discouragement left in the pupils' minds by any poorly executed work. If an examination is to keep its prestige and efficacy, it should be looked upon as a serious matter, requiring an entire term for its preparation.]

[1] Pp. 230–235.

IV. Horace Spends a Day in the Country

I should like to convince you that *literary dissertations* are not too difficult for you, provided you are thoroughly familiar with the author you are imitating. I have here two themes handed in by former pupils. One theme [1] is several years old — we will come back to it some other day; let me read you now a *Letter from Horace* written last spring in Class 2, by a friend of yours.

You will see that he has read the necessary texts, and taken detailed notes. You know the kind of reading: it can be fairly rapid, since merely the passages that have to do with the *country* and with *nature* need be retained. This boy, moreover, avoided making a "patchwork"; he was not embarrassed or oppressed by his material, thanks to the *plan* he had chosen. The general ideas, which are perfectly simple and clear, each forming a paragraph, are evidences that he was able to rise above his notes, seize Horace's very thoughts, and express them in his own words. His *style*, indeed, often recalls the turns of phrase or the images found in the *Epistles*. But they are reminiscences, not copies. There is no "slavish" imitation. Judge for yourselves.

A Letter from Horace

Ah, what a delightful, happy day I spent at my Sabine villa! What a joy it was for me to escape from the turbulence of Rome! No intruders, no petitioners, to pester me with questions and requests! But all around me the quiet of the fields. Each day the country grows dearer to me: it is, indeed, only as the years vanish, and with them our dreams and illusions; it is only as our hair whitens, that we understand Nature's spell, and love to hearken to the lowing of the herds and the songs of a shepherd on the mountain.

I reached my villa toward the end of the forenoon. Oh, my dear Julius, what an enchanting journey! Picture to yourself on every

[1] The *Letter from J.-J. Rousseau*, p. 240.

side hills covered with watery meadows: there the white heifer thrives; there frisks the young bull that has never known the plough or bent his head beneath the yoke. Countless oaks shade the drowsy cattle. Farther down, a torrent of clear water plunges noisily into deep gorges, among rocks where only the skittish goat would venture. A retreat expressly fashioned to delight our friend Virgil! I had, the night before, despatched a slave to notify my bailiff: he came several miles to meet me, and drove me to my farm in a cart drawn, at a slow pace, by two magnificent oxen. I found the meal prepared: simple, frugal fare, but to me far better than the most luxurious viands of the wealthiest freedman. Beans and herbs, which I seasoned with an excellent bit of pork, fruits picked that morning in my orchard, cheese made from the milk of my cows and goats, wine from the grapes on my hillside, sealed last year in large amphoræ; and this bounty, at my own fireside, before my household gods! Afterwards, I went to lie down beside a clear spring, in the new-mown hay, whose scent I prefer to perfumes from India or the Orient. Thus I remained for a time, deep in thought, contrasting the enervating, tumultuous life of Rome with the calm and silence of the country. I thought also of the poem our friend Virgil has begun. Then, yielding to the pleasant warmth, I fell asleep in the shade of the ancient oak. O woods, beneath your fresh shadows, sleep is sweeter and deeper than under the gilded ceilings of marble palaces!

Toward five o'clock, having wakened, I wished to go the rounds of my domain. I set forth, accompanied only by my bailiff and one slave. My servants were at work: some were gathering the last-remaining sheaves; some threshing the wheat; others were turning the millstone, crushing the grain, and making bread; some, after picking the fruit, were carrying it to the farm and storing it with the rest of the provisions for the winter. I questioned my farmers; they answered that they were well content: the harvests had been abundant, the grapes were already swelling with juice, and had even begun to yellow. My fields, however, do not yield all they should: stones, weeds, and briars, due to my steward's neglect, cover a large part of them. This fellow is one of those lazy slaves, idle and dissolute like so many others. He yearns for Rome and the taverns where he is accustomed to satisfy his thirst. I tried to make him realize his good fortune: he manages my estate, is in charge of my servants — he has nothing to do but to supervise them; whereas in Rome he would be the meanest of my slaves. I was unable to convince him, and I shall send an old servant who is greatly attached to me to take his place. My steward seems

really happy at this decision, and already imagines himself on the next holiday beating time with his heavy foot to the shrill music of the flute-girls.

Meanwhile, I began to pull up weeds, and to throw outside the field the stones it contained; in so doing I delighted my neighbors, who smiled at my clumsiness, while I quickly joined in their mirth. A little farther on I came to an inundated field; my man had neglected after a storm to build a dam to hold back the water. Slaves, my dear Julius, need constant watching; henceforth I shall be on my domain more frequently. Such as it is, however, it would be the envy of many, and the days I spend there are a delight. Seated on the thick turf, I watch my oxen roaming about and lowing at the foot of the valley. With pruning-hook in hand, I nip off the unproductive branches; I seal in amphoræ the honey drawn from the comb. Or, with my net, I catch the greedy thrush, the timid hare, and the wild crane. Oh, doubly, trebly blessed is he who, like the men of yore, ploughs his paternal field with oxen of his own!

Yet, as you know, nature by itself is not enough to distract me; I love the society of my fellow-men. Even in the country I seek it; the farmers, my neighbors, are welcome in my house. Happening to meet several of them in the course of my long walk, I invited them to sup with me that same evening. An evening and a supper truly worthy of the gods! No sumptuous feast, no dishes prepared by the best of Roman cooks, no precious plate. In a simple hall, free from vain adornment, yet clean and even elegant, you may imagine a few old Romans reclining round the table. First, we are served with greens and pork. Next, with fish caught in the stream near by. Lastly, with cheese, cream, pears: this is all our fare. We eat and drink copiously, but without excess or luxury; rare vintages, flowers, perfumes, chaplets of roses, songs, airy Egyptian or Spanish dancers clad in Oriental draperies, all the frivolities and affected niceties of Rome, are unknown here. What do you suppose are the subjects of debate? With serious men, the talk is not of the scandals and intrigues of Rome. Indeed, these men have preserved the customs of their forefathers: their hands are callous, their shoulders sturdy, their bodies tanned by the sun, and impervious to fatigue. Their wives tend the beasts, their daughters spin the wool, care for the house, direct the slaves, sacrifice to Diana and to Vesta. Wreathed with flowers of the field, they lay on their altars garlands that they themselves have twined, and cakes that they have kneaded; they know nothing of the coquetries of the toilette, and do not understand Greek. The conversation of these farmers is serious: they speak of the crops, of the damages inflicted by storms. They

discuss methods of farming. They tell one another the news of the armies, of conquests, victories, of our soldiers' heroism, and they rejoice. They praise the kindness and wise rule of Cæsar. They exchange the news of the countryside: purchases and sales, the diseases that attack their animals. They are trying to find out whether it is not virtue rather than wealth that brings happiness. Finally, we separate at a very late hour, after having passed the better part of the night in agreeable conversation.

Could a day be spent thus simply in Rome? Our friend Virgil has said — and let us believe him:

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas.[1]

Étienne Tauty
(Pupil in Second A.)

[1] O too happy the tillers of the soil, if they but knew their blessings.

SECOND SERIES

TEXTS TAKEN FROM THE MIDDLE AGES

I. Reflections on Puvis de Chavannes' Painting in the Pantheon, Paris

St. Genevieve Watching Over Lutetia [1]

(Exercise set in Class 5 after the history lessons on the Barbarian Invasions and the Early Merovingians.)

To-day we are to be art critics, and because we are rather new to the part we must be especially careful with our descriptions. There are two things to consider: (1) The kind of picture we are looking at. (2) The impression it makes on us. If, for instance, the picture is a landscape, we should mention the principal lines, distinguish the foreground, the middle-distance, and the background, compare the values, in short, tell our readers how it is composed: they should be able to imagine the positions and the colors of the objects without having seen them, and to give a fair idea of them by a drawing. At the same time we should express something of the effect that nature produces on human beings. For we must not think of an art critic as a mere geometrician or painter: he has feelings, and finds in nature a reflection of his moods. When he sees her smile with the spring, laugh with the summer, grow silent and numb with the fogs of autumn and the winter frosts, he believes that she is kindly or stern toward himself. Her mysterious influence is always upon him. In this sense, Amiel was right to call a landscape "a state of mind." All the more, therefore, when it comes to describing a painted scene,

[1] The ancient name for Paris.

Puvis de Chavannes

St. Genevieve Watching over the Sleeping Town

not this time the work of nature, but of someone like ourselves, we should include many intimate impressions. A painter's personality is always in his work, and though he speaks to us through our eyes he is addressing our minds: he wants to set us thinking, and to have us share his feelings.

The subject of the picture we are studying to-day is taken from history: along the bottom of the archaic frame, in old-fashioned lettering, runs the inscription, "St. Genevieve Watching Over the Sleeping Town." These simple words ought to remind any intelligent boy of a host of facts; that is, if he has been listening to his masters and profiting by his reading. The saint, and the town she protected; her virtue, her charity, her fame (both during her life and after her death); her miracles — miracles of courage, of faith, and of love: Attila repulsed; famine averted; the public gratitude; her reputation spreading to the ends of the Christian world; Clovis building, at her request, the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul on the hill that was soon to bear her name. Ideas that come crowding pell-mell at the two words, "Genevieve" — "Lutetia," gradually take shape as we gaze at the poetic figure, dim in the subdued evening light.

I. THE FIGURE OF ST. GENEVIEVE

I pick up two themes at random: Henri Bezard's and Jean David's. Henri begins:

> It is night; the town is sleeping; everything is quiet. Only Genevieve is standing in the moonlight on the ramparts. Her hand is raised as if in prayer, and her eyes are glowing with a hope that seems supernatural. Her clothes are simple: a brown dress, a white veil, and sandals. Beside her an oil-lamp of antique shape, a Roman lamp, shines on her with its pale light.

Jean says:

The painting represents St. Genevieve watching over sleeping Lutetia, during the invasion of the Huns. The young girl is standing on the ramparts; her head is covered with a shawl, her hand is resting on the folds. She might be a spirit. Her eyes are turned toward the plain. She is in front of her simple dwelling. Through the open door an antique oil-lamp with a slender shaft can be seen burning smokily on a table.

Both Henri and Jean realized that the first part of the description should be devoted to the saint herself; she must be shown, as the painter imagined her, standing a few steps from us, not cold and dead like a statue, but a living being: in her very vigilance, her meditative and protecting attitude, we discern her active goodness, her gravity, and superhuman wisdom. There are three things to mention: her attitude, her dress, her age. The two boys have done pretty well with the attitude, grave and observant. But Jean has blundered with her costume; his word "châle" is out of keeping and destroys the picture, as one false note in music destroys the harmony. This word, of Persian origin, which came to us from England long after the fifth century, of course [Henri: "Oh, yes! *shawl!*"], evokes in our minds a whole series of images that carry us away from the period instead of bringing us nearer to it. Boileau could find no greater praise for Malherbe than to say of him that he taught:

The value of a word when in its proper place.

A word, just one word, may start the reader's imagination on a long flight, or may break its wings so that the damage cannot be repaired. Everything depends on whether it belongs where you put it. For a word travels with a whole retinue of associations, feelings, and images,

which, by the irresistible force of habit, crowd their way in too, and instantly take up our whole field of vision. Jean speaks of a "shawl," and I see the discolored rags of a beggar-woman, or my eyes are dazzled by a red cashmere or the yellow and green tartan of a Highland chieftain. In any case, I am a long way from St. Genevieve! Henri, on the contrary, leads me to her; he keeps within the general character of the portrait when he places the white veil over the brown dress. A veil exactly suits the saint, — half-shepherdess, half-nun as she is, — the white veil of the Sisters over the brown dress of the peasant-woman, completed by the sandals, a legacy from ancient Rome. The difference between writing "veil" and "shawl" is the difference between writing with taste and without it, and taste is the first of literary qualities.

Both of you were mistaken, however, about the third and very important fact — St. Genevieve's age. Look closely at the engraving — at the angular features, the sunken cheeks, the pale skin, made even paler by the blue moonlight. She is an old woman, not a young girl. Puvis de Chavannes used his wife for a model; she was already old, and died before the picture was completed. In his sorrow he refused to give it the finishing touches; it remains on the wall of the Pantheon just as he left it. Because of Genevieve's age (which is quite clear as soon as you happen to notice it) the second part of the theme will have to be considerably altered. You all give the date as 451, the year of Attila's invasion of Gaul, on the eve of the famous Battle of the Catalaunian Fields, which for us French was the first Battle of the Marne! The saint, who was born about 423, would be only twenty-eight years old. A very good age indeed for a heroine

to inspire the terrified townspeople with her ardor, to rouse them by her example, to seem to them, like Youth itself, a promise of victory. Joan of Arc was not yet twenty when she raised the siege of Orléans. But here, instinctively, the artist chooses for his meditative moonlight scene the moment when Genevieve, aged and soon to leave this world, looks tenderly down on the town. You know that she died on January 3, 512. Even to the present day it is on January 3 that her festival is celebrated in the Church of St.-Étienne-du-Mont, where, beneath a large shrine always lighted by candles, her relics lie. She died at eighty-nine. Long since she had ceased to be the *heroine;* but she was becoming more and more the revered *protectress;* she was soon to be called *saint.* Heroine, protectress, saint — yesterday, to-day, to-morrow. Here is the plan of our second part; you lost an opportunity when you missed this capital point. I should treat it like this:

[I go to the blackboard; the pupils take notes on the chief divisions in a blank-book specially reserved for *composition.*]

II. THE LANDSCAPE THAT SHE SEES

How many memories she must have on this calm evening, as she stands gazing thoughtfully at the distant, silent plain, at Lutetia sleeping at her feet, in the soft light of the —— moon.

I should like to have you find the epithet that fits here; one that is not mere padding, one that completes the details already given, and that the artist, as a matter of fact, has suggested.

Jean Bamberger: "The cheerful moon."

(Laughter from the class.)

You laugh, but it is not a laughing matter. Jean is almost as injudicious as Robert, who has the courage to write: "Farther away we see something like a reflector that sends back strong rays; it is the Seine, silver-plated by the moon."

(Fresh laughter.)

Well, we will not rub it in. Come, somebody else! Who will find the epithet for the moon?

Jean David: "Pretty."

A commonplace word, and not very exact.

Raymond: "Brilliant."

Just as commonplace, and less exact. Don't you see that, on the contrary, the moon is slightly, ever so slightly, veiled? Where are we? What is beneath those walls that we see in the middle distance?

Several boys: "The Seine."

Along the Seine, in fact almost everywhere in the Île-de-France, the outlines are seldom as clear as in the South. They are always more or less blurred by haze. Moonlight in Paris is not like moonlight in Athens. Therefore, I should write:

. . . under the soft light of the moon, veiled by a slight mist.

And I continue:

1. *The Past*

Thus it had lain, mysterious and empty, the plain across which the barbarians swept in the year 451, the year of the Great Terror — of Attila, the "Scourge of God," who said the grass could not grow where his horse had passed.

Robert: "That's just what the Germans said in 1914."

Jean Bamberger: "Just what they did at Louvain, and Dinan, and everywhere else."

Eitel, the name of William's third son, is the diminutive of Attila.

Henri Thévenet: "The English are quite right to call them *Huns*."

Yes, we have been through the same anguish caused by the same cruelty: 451 and 1914. It is all one thing. Let us follow the events as they pass through Genevieve's mind:

She remembers mounting these ramparts at night, when Attila was advancing toward the Seine accompanied by the most ferocious barbarians that had ever laid waste the land of Gaul.

What did she see? Near-by, the town; in the distance, the horizon; higher up — no, no, you are not looking high enough! You miss the point; you never mentioned the sky, or the saint's prayers. A serious omission, poorly supplied in Louis's theme by "the towers of Notre-Dame"! I am not romancing; here it is written! In 500, or 510, St. Genevieve contemplates the towers of Notre-Dame, which were not completed till about 1235, under St. Louis.

Pierre: "The gift of prophecy!"

Rather, of heedlessness. And then, coming down to earth, close to you as well as farther off, you do not always give the details which, standing for the rest like symbols, make it unnecessary to delay over them — details which in the modern critic's jargon are called *suggestive*. Think how Alphonse Daudet makes use of traits that catch the attention. What was an alert watcher likely to see and to hear on Attila's approach?

Pierre: "Fire and smoke."

Yes.

Henri Bezard: "Horses galloping."

Yes, they can be heard a long way off.

Jean David: "The sound of fighting."
Louis Cartan: "The sound of bells. The tocsin."

That will do. We have all we can use.

Those tragic nights of sixty years ago were long, when from hour to hour the savage onslaught of Attila's hosts was expected. The moon cast its pale rays over the quiet countryside as it is doing to-night; but what a difference, when everyone — the warrior on the walls, the priest before the altar, the mother by her sleeping children — knew that at any moment the deceptive calm, the deathlike stillness, might end in scenes of carnage and horror. How Genevieve scanned the horizon for the flames from burning villages; how she listened for the least sound, even the gentle country sounds, — the gallop of a distant horse, the rumble of a cart, a church-bell, — dreading to detect the first signs of the invasion! Yet she was not afraid; she trusted in the bravery of the men: she had put weapons in their hands and courage in their hearts. Still more she trusted in the goodness of God, who had promised her that Lutetia should be safe. Many a time had she and her holy protectors, the Bishops, — Germain of Auxerre, Loup of Troyes, and Agnan of Orléans,—implored His mercy. She believed too that the soldiers had stouter hearts when they saw her on the walls, and she stood erect, a white figure against the sky.

2. *The Present*

"To-day. . . ." By the way, when is it? What are the dates of Clovis, the barbarian who was converted, baptized by Remi, and who, even he, honored Genevieve so highly?

Several boys: "481–511."

Although he married Clotilda in 493, it was not till 496, after Tolbiac, that he became a Christian. About 507, at the summit of his power, having vanquished the Visigoths and conquered Aquitania, he removed his court from Soissons to Lutetia. We may place the scene between 507 and 511, possibly in 511, after the Basilica had been dedicated to the Holy Apostles, a few months before Clovis's death, a year before Genevieve's. You must see how useful this sort of theme is, and that we could not get along unless we connected our history with our writing. For the rest of your lives the sight of this celebrated painting should bring back to you these important facts and dates still grouped together. We shall work without tediousness, almost without effort, if we make use of the thousand ways by which we may link images, ideas, and emotions in our minds with bonds that are well-nigh unbreakable.

What are Genevieve's feelings on this night of 511, as she stands in her accustomed place, wise and devout, ripe with years, and honored by kings? Lutetia is safe; she knows that it will be spared; that the kings of the Franks, converted by the Church, heirs to pagan Rome and to the Christian Empire, will not let it be destroyed by fresh hordes of barbarians. To-day as yesterday she is calm and confident; and in the doorway her lamp shines steadily, like those kept burning by the Virgins in the Gospel, a symbol of the unwavering love and charity which, until the hour of her death, this wisest of Wise Virgins sheds round about her from the ramparts.

3. *The Future*

But what of these kings themselves and their fierce German soldiery? What vexations and sufferings are in store for their Gallo-Roman subjects? The bishops and priests have a hard struggle ahead to suppress the savage passions, the bloodthirsty, brutish rages of these invaders. The aged Clovis, crafty and cruel himself, has only a few months to live. What may be expected of his four sons, who are ready to divide his kingdom and to dispute among themselves over his rich possessions? Yes, on this night Genevieve

has need to pray for those she loves, that her spirit may remain with them, and protect in the centuries to come their children's children.

Thus she meditates, as she looks once more on the fields of Gaul, beyond the walls of her dear Lutetia. She has outlived almost all the heroic band, the bishops beloved alike by Queen Clotilda and by the common people. A few days, a few weeks, and eyes will seek her in vain in the spot where her presence has come to be an assurance of peace. Across the silence, where all human voices are hushed, the God of her childhood is calling to her — to the humble shepherdess of Nanterre, who to-morrow is to be the patron saint of Paris.

II. A Baron in the Eleventh Century

(Theme growing out of our History Lessons)[1]

[The theme on *The Devil's Pit* is but a specimen chosen from a dozen that have accumulated during the year. Since my teaching includes *Mediæval History* and *Latin*, as well as *Composition*, I have many opportunities to notice that the drill in each of these studies is necessarily much the same, and that the topic of the history lesson often makes useful material for exercises in analysis and literary composition.

The history lesson, naturally, must take on a new aspect. It is not so much a "lesson" as a "framework," an outline of methodical study to guide the pupils in their reading of documents. I am eager to open up for them the original sources, — chronicles, archives, literary works in prose or in verse, — and to let them see history in the making under their very eyes. In practice, this method is not always easy, because we have not the right books. What the teacher wants is to be given the separate elements of his lesson. As it is, the manuals hand him the lesson ready-made; and the collections are far from presenting the original documents in the most convenient form. Handicapped as we are, we have only occasionally succeeded in carrying out this method, which is bound some day to become universal. When conditions favor us, this is what we do.

Our two history lessons a week are of one hour each. The first is given over to drawing up a plan of study; the second, and the classes in composition, are devoted to reading, questions, and analyses. As we proceed, a competent boy writes the results on the blackboard for

[1] Class 5.

the class to copy on loose sheets. In this way every pupil possesses a summary of the history course, not in a stiff, bound note-book, but in the more manageable form of a number of separate covers, containing the two fundamentally different kinds of notes: an *outline*, drawn up by me, telling how to use the manual, and what to read in the collections of original documents; *analyses* worked out in class, and *texts* gathered with the very active assistance of the boys themselves.

Early in the year, our plan on the Merovingians included the reading and analyzing of five or six passages by Gregory of Tours; some of the most striking lines we left in Latin, in the very words used by this contemporary of Fredegonda, Galswintha, and Brunehaut. The lessons on Charlemagne were learned from the testimony of Alcuin, Paulus Diaconus, and Eginhard, honest witnesses who knew the "Emperor with the silvery beard." Nor were we willing to leave out Hincmar, and the German monk of Saint-Gall, who, though less close to the events and less accurate, are curious echoes of the opinion of the time on the colossal figure standing in the year 800 on the threshold of the Middle Ages. It was still from the dictation of the chroniclers that we took down our notes on the Early Capetians. Seldom have I seen a more attentive lot of small boys than those in my class when we read the pages from the *Life of Louis the Stout* (*Vie de Louis le Gros*), written eight hundred years ago by Suger, Abbot of St. Denis and minister to the King. Suger describes one of the frequent occasions when the King took sides with the oppressed against the oppressor, or *vice versa*, as he thought best suited his interests. This time, as good luck would have it, Louis the Stout was playing a virtuous rôle: he defended the widow and

the orphan; he besieged one of the cruel robber-barons in his lair (the Château du Puiset, about thirty miles southeast of Chartres), destroyed the castle and imprisoned the baron (1111), like a true dispenser of justice. No writer of modern stories ever pleased my boys more than did the twelfth-century chronicler on that foggy December afternoon, in the dim light of the wintry classroom. For someone who had actually seen these things was speaking to us, carrying us far away from the life of to-day; we watched the battle, and heard the lances shiver on shield and hauberk. For a quarter of an hour history had brought the dead to life.

Nor was this the only incident of the kind. When we reached St. Louis, we read parts of Joinville's chronicle: Joinville, who, scorning to tell a lie, distresses the King by declaring that he should rather commit thirty mortal sins than be a leper! Joinville starting on the Crusade without going home to Champagne, without even a last look, "for fear that my heart fail me with longing for the lovely castle I am leaving." Joinville in the thick of the Battle of Mansurah, with hope and spirits high, calling out to his comrade: "Some day we shall be telling the ladies about this!" Joinville at Acre, standing sadly by the window, afraid that he has hurt the King because he, the only one of all the counselors, has urged him not to abandon the Christians in the Holy Land. Suddenly two hands are laid on his head. The young seneschal starts, with an impatient word for the intruder, when — he feels the royal emerald graze his cheek. It is the King, come to say to him: "Set your mind at rest. I am grateful for your advice!"

These touching, impressive incidents, once heard in the classroom, stay with us all our lives; we can have no

better lessons in courtesy and virtue than those we learn in our composition class from these old documents — the very flower of our literature.

Then there is the Bayeux tapestry. Out of the past step the little figures, embroidered with naïve exactness on the two-hundred-foot strip. Along it, to the running commentary of the Latin inscriptions, we follow the exploits of the victor of Hastings and of his brave adversary, Harold. And I must not forget the chroniclers of the Crusades, from the Christian William of Tyre to the Moslem Ahmed-ed-din; from the monk Guibert de Nogent to the noble Geoffroy de Villehardouin.

Finally, we come to the documents on the Hundred Years' War: Froissart's accounts of the battles of Crécy and Poitiers, or of the Siege of Calais; the records of the trial of Joan of Arc in 1431, and of her vindication in 1456 — these records especially are the most living, I might almost call them the most miraculous, of historical documents. I do not believe that one of us will forget the classes in which we listened to the cross-examination by Master Jean Beaupère, and to the answers with which the heroine discomfited the subtlest of her judges. In this scholastic Latin we find expressed the vilest as well as the noblest feelings of the fifteenth century; but it is even more striking to hear Joan speaking in her own language from the pages of the "minutes," which an honest clerk has preserved.

You should have seen the children, young as they are (the oldest are only twelve or thirteen), bending over the reproduction of these papers, and deciphering the seal of the Bishop of Beauvais — BELVA — (*Belvacencis*). Only five letters remain; the rest of the wax has chipped off. But to the boys this was quite enough to stand for

the sinister Cauchon. They devoured the testimony at the second trial: the eulogy of Joan by her brothers, by the laborers of Domremy, by the peasant-women, her friends, by the clergy of Vaucouleurs; Dunois's deposition; Friar Isambart's story. Oh, those were wonderful classes, if indeed they can be called "classes" at all, and not fascinating glimpses of a past that seemed as lifelike as if we had been there ourselves. History, treated in this way, is not a mere aid to the teaching of composition: it does the teaching itself, for it obliges us to observe, to feel, to reflect. It is the most living of rhetorics: we have for material a succession of never-to-be-forgotten dramas; for masters, the faithful witnesses of the past.]

A PLAN OF STUDY

Society in the Middle Ages [1]

I. THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS

1. Principal Characteristic of this Society

Inequality based on birth or ecclesiastical orders.

Definition given by Adalberon, Bishop of Laon in the time of Robert the Pious (997–1031):

(*a*) "The nobles fight and the clergy pray."

(*b*) "The serfs furnish gold, food, and clothing for everyone" (p. 219).[2]

2. Circumstances that made this Condition necessary

(*a*) *Downfall of the Empire, chief power of the past.*

Roman Empire destroyed in the fifth century; restored temporarily by the Church under Charlemagne; again destroyed in the ninth.

(*b*) *Weakness of the Monarchy, chief power of the future.*

First four Capetians in France. Gradual rise of their successors.

[1] To make this outline, which I choose as an example, took us one hour. We reserved the towns and the history of the Communes for the next lesson.

[2] The references are to the pages of the school manual: A. Malet, *The Middle Ages and the Beginning of Modern Times* (*Le Moyen Age et le commencement des temps modernes*).

3. The Structure of Society from the Tenth to the Thirteenth Century

The protection of one man by another and the devotion of one man to another.

Homage (LL. *hominaticum*, fr. L. *homo*, a man) and faith, fealty (L. *fides*, loyalty, fidelity).

Service in the army — "ost" (L. *hostem*, enemy).

Suzerain (L. *susum*, *super*, over, above) and vassal (OF. *vaslet*, valet, servant).

II. THE NOBLES

1. The Castle

(*a*) *The primitive castle* (L. *castellum*, Roman intrenched camp). — Palisades and earthen ramparts. — Central mound and keep (LL. *dominiaticum*, the master's [*domini*] tower [p. 222]).

(*b*) *The stone castle of the eleventh century.*

Enumeration of the principal architectural terms, with their etymology whenever it explains the sense (list omitted).

Document (not original, it is true, but the invention of a writer who was more familiar than anyone else with the sources): Episode from Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

2. The Baron—His Character

(*a*) *The warrior.*

War. — Hunting. — Feasts. — Tournaments (p. 230). — Brigandage (p. 234).

Document (semi-original): The poem, *Renaud de Montauban*, as described by Taine, *Further Critical and Historical Essays* (*Nouveaux Essais de critique et d'histoire*), pp. 189–199.

(*b*) *The knight: the barbarian is slightly civilized.*

Efforts of the Church. — The Truce of God. — Institution of chivalry in the twelfth century (p. 235).

Documents: Extracts from *The Song of Roland* (*La Chanson de Roland*),[1] and the fabliau, *The Knight with the Keg* (*Le Chevalier au barillet*).[1]

The feudal bond. — Cult of bravery and respect for pledged word. — The point of honor.

Continuation of *Renaud de Montauban*, Taine, pp. 199–206.

[1] G. Paris, *Tales Selected from Mediæval Poets and Prose-Writers, Translated into Modern French* (*Récits extraits des poètes et prosateurs du moyen âge, mis en français moderne*).

Continuation of the extracts from *The Song of Roland.* Courtesy in the thirteenth century, and veneration of women (p. 235).
Worship of the Virgin: Notre-Dame.

[The lesson included a third part (III. *The Serfs*), which we devoted to studying the villein (LL. *villanus*, a farm-hand, who belongs on the soil he tills), and to describing his condition and character. We made use of more documents, ranging from Raoul Glaber's account of a famine in the eleventh century to the pretty fabliau, *Merlin Merlot.* But this chapter is growing so long that I must be content to add, merely as examples, three of the notes we took on documents relating to Part II.]

NOTES ON DOCUMENTS

First Document. — *Analysis made in class of an episode in Sir Walter Scott's Ivanhoe: The capture of a feudal castle in England about the year 1200.*

[The best pupils read aloud in turn; I interrupted after each paragraph, questioned the class, and asked them to sum up briefly what had been read. Gradually the following plan took shape and was written down by the boys.]

The narrative is a dialogue.
(Scott's skill in dialogue. See also *Quentin Durward.*)
The beautiful Rebecca does not let the wounded knight go to the tower window: she watches the fight so as to keep him informed.
(1) *Preparations for the attack:* The commanders. — Their war-cries.

(The dialogue is interesting because the speakers are not equally versed in the art of war: Rebecca, who can see what is going on, understands but little, whereas Ivanhoe can understand without seeing. He questions, interprets, completes.)

(2) *The shower of arrows — The attack on the barbican:*
Single combat between Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight. Slaughter of the last defenders of the barbican. A pause in the fighting.

An interlude: Argument between Rebecca and Ivanhoe over the ideals of chivalry.

(3) *Fighting is resumed:* The castle is taken through treachery.

[In class we analyzed only the first part of the story, but I urged the pupils to read the rest — in English, if they could. It is just as possible to influence the boys by the reading that we suggest as by that done while we stand over them in the school-room. We should never let them flounder about among the treasures of history, literature, or of a foreign language. We should show them what elements are common to all their studies, and how to turn them to practical account: we should give them working methods that are good not only in school but in life.]

SECOND DOCUMENT. — *Detailed outline made at home.*

FIRST PROCESS: *Search for Ideas*

You will read once more the extracts from *The Song of Roland*,[1] and as you proceed you will be on the lookout for the good and the bad qualities of a typical baron living about the year 1050. To fix them in your mind, you had better take your notes on a very big piece of paper, where there will be plenty of space between them. You will soon see that, without your having anything to do with it, certain quotations, certain similar formulas, will seek one another out, ready to make a paragraph. Draw a line round them, or mark them with the same number. Before you know it, while you are still busy on your work of research, you will have done part of your work of composition.

[1] G. Paris, *loc. cit.*, pp. 1–30.

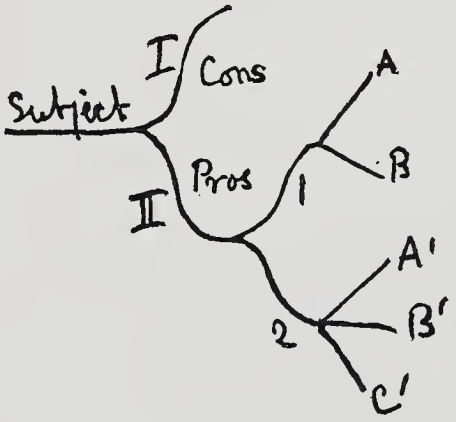
SECOND PROCESS: *Composition*

Next, you will choose — for you probably have more than you know what to do with — the ideas and examples that will help you to bring out the baron's contrasting qualities. Enumerate, in the order of their importance, the texts that bear upon him, with the first words of the line or the passage, and the exact reference.

The general outline for almost every essay is the same. There is a first division into two main parts, usually *opposed* to each other, and presenting the two sides of the question. Since in this world nothing is perfect, we always have to consider in a thesis the *pros* and the *cons*, the good and the bad, the right and the wrong, the true and the false; we cannot be fair unless we are impartial, and play that we are the lawyer first for one side and then for the other. "The eleventh-century baron?" we ask, as Lawyer No. 1. "What a brute! What a savage!" — "He was a hero, sir," we retort, as Lawyer No. 2, "a saint! Would to God that nowadays — " You know how people go on. Very well! Not until we have examined the two theories, one after the other, in the light of the texts, should we make up our minds; then we should give over the second and more important part of the theme entirely to what we believe to be the truth.

The second part, in its turn, is divided into two or three paragraphs, oftener two than three, for the splitting-up process continues. Two ideas never have exactly the same value; the more significant will, therefore, naturally come after, and will be subdivided into two secondary ideas. Our outline will look something like the sketch on the opposite page. Stand it on end: would n't it do very well for the drawing of a tree? You see that an essay develops much as a plant grows.

We never vary the signs: Roman numerals for the chief division, Arabic for the sections, letters for the paragraphs. This makes dictating outlines and taking notes a simple matter.



AMPLIFIED VERSION OF THE PLAN

1. In the Eleventh Century a Baron is still a Barbarian

(1) *He is a plundering soldier:* His greed for booty. — The sacking of Cordova.

(2) *He is an ignorant soldier:* Battles in *The Song of Roland.* — — No tactics. — The commander's only order: "Smite hard!"

(3) *He is impulsive:* He gives way to his emotions. — His fits of anger. — His tears.

2. His Two Redeeming Points

(1) His religion:

(*a*) *Narrow and fanatical:* He kills the pagans or converts them by force. — *Simple and unthinking:* The Christians do not distinguish between Mohammedan and pagan, Apollo and Mohammed. — The pagans are always in the wrong, the Christians always in the right.

(*b*) *But fervent and generous:* Desire to defend Christianity. — Repentance of sins, and absolution given by the Archbishop: "Confess your sins aloud!" (*Clamez voz colpes*, line 1132). — Penance imposed: "Smite hard!" (*Por penitence les comandet a ferir*, line 1138). — Reward that faith assures to the valiant warrior: the martyr's crown.

(2) His sense of honor:

(*a*) *Devotion to the liege lord:* Respect for the oath of fealty. "For his lord to endure both frost and scorching heat, and to spare, if need be, neither life nor limb" (lines 1118–1119). — To stay at his post: "Shame on him who shall flee!" (line 1047). — "If die we must, not one of us will fail you" (line 1048).

(*b*) *Wish to deserve self-respect and the esteem of others:* Ashamed to be a coward (line 1107). — Wants to be worthy of his sword ("Durendal," "Hauteclaire," or "Joyeuse"). — Roland does not intend that minstrels shall sing reproaches of him (line 1014).

(*c*) *An exaggeration: The point of honor.* — Detailed study of three famous stanzas (lines 1049–1081). Three times Oliver beseeches Roland to sound the horn, alleging the strength of the enemy. Three times Roland refuses to call Charlemagne to his aid: he would feel this weakness a disgrace.

Roland's error: He exaggerates the importance of bravery. He forgets that his duty is to conquer, not to die; that the twenty thousand men are his trust, and that he should not allow them to be massacred uselessly. The poet realizes this: Roland is fearless but Oliver is prudent (line 1093).

THIRD DOCUMENT. — *Analysis of a thirteenth-century fable, written in octosyllabic verse.*[1]

THE KNIGHT WITH THE KEG (LE CHEVALIER AU BARILLET)

[Most of our fabliaux are coarse and vulgar: not so the half-dozen chosen by Gaston Paris. These few pages conjure up the Middle Ages. The pupils followed the various episodes with close attention; they caught something of the beauty of religion in those savage times; and it was they themselves who worked out the formulas with which, paragraph by paragraph, we summed up the little story.]

1. *A plundering, impious baron refuses to go to confession or to do penance on Good Friday.* However, to keep his knights company, he rides with them to the chapel in the hermitage.

[1] G. Paris, *loc. cit.*, pp. 126–141.

2. *The knights make their confessions and beg the hermit to soften the heart of their lord.*

(1) The hermit *by his amiability* persuades the baron to enter his humble abode.

(2) *By his insistence* he persuades the proud miscreant to tell him his sins.

(3) *By his tears* he persuades him to do penance.

[The dialogue between the baron and the hermit is so vivid, the end so touching, that the boys took keen pleasure in hunting for terms that would best summarize each paragraph. After a lively discussion, in the course of which we rejected a number of the terms suggested, they chose the words "amiability," "insistence," "tears," as the most exact.]

3. *The baron tries to fill the keg.*

(1) *In vain he dips the keg into the stream near by;* the water will not flow in.

(2) *He persists,* not as a penance but as a "point of honor"; for he will not admit his failure.

[The boys grasped this distinction very quickly, when they thought back to *The Song of Roland*, and the great importance it attaches to the "point of honor."]

(3) *His travels* in search of water that will fill the keg. — His moral and physical suffering. — The water always runs by.

4. *He returns to the hermit, exhausted, dying, defeated.*

(1) *His despair:* The hermit reproaches him for his incorrigible pride.

(2) *The hermit's sublime charity:* in a fervent prayer, he offers himself to God for the baron's salvation. The baron is so much moved by this act that at last his pride breaks down.

(3) *He weeps* — and a tear falls into the keg, expands, wells up, and fills it to overflowing. This miracle proves that God is touched by his repentance.

(4) *The sinner's confession.* — Communion and death.

[To make this simple "analysis" took us three hours. Yet the more I teach, the more I see the superiority of

this exercise over a detailed "explanation of the text," such as in the last few years has been used here in France to excess. I know no better way to study *terms*, still more to discuss *phrases* and *figures of speech*, than our boys' eager rivalry in finding exact, clear formulas. Commentaries are useful, beyond a doubt, but they are negative and monotonous, and, if practised too often, the sure result is tired brains and flagging attention. To be good for a boy's active, positive mind, they should be completed and corrected by active, positive exercises — exercises that give him a chance to express his own ideas in the right words.

Besides, there is no better preparation for forming an opinion of a text, after it has been fully understood and assimilated. *Analysis* leads easily to *synthesis:* the boy has but to recall the feelings and ideas that are familiar to him from his reading, and to word them in his own way: he tells a story, and his story, more than any critical reflection, shows that he understands, has opinions, remembers. Both *analysis* and *narration* have the advantage over *commentary* of being complete and in accordance with nature. Whereas *criticism* of texts calls upon our reasoning faculties, *analysis* and *narration*, though they give reason a fair share of the work, rely on instinct, feeling, memory — the least conscious parts of our intellects. In so doing they come close to the conditions of life.

The reader will notice how our study of the fable, *The Knight with the Keg*, has affected the first of the following narratives; in the second, he will trace the influence of *The Song of Roland*, which was as familiar to the pupil of 1905 as to our class to-day.]

First Theme [1]

The Devil's Pit

The forest of Velours near Fontaine-Française, long one of the most beautiful in Burgundy, was in ancient times a favorite meeting-place for the nobles of the neighborhood whenever they went a-hunting. Like all woods, it had many a legend attached to it, stretching away into the remote Middle Ages — legends that not so very long ago the oldest inhabitants used still to relate of an evening. I remember one in particular that as a child I heard from the withered lips of a woman of ninety: the legend of the *Devil's Pit.*

1. Gaston, Count of Lux, makes up his mind to have a hunt on Easter Day, despite the entreaties of his knights. Just as he is entering the forest, two mysterious horsemen range themselves alongside, one on his right hand, one on his left.

2. When the hounds pick up the scent, the first rider tries to restrain Gaston, the second urges him on. The Count persists in following the stag. The cavalcade bears down on a poor shepherdess and her flock.

3. Checking before a hermitage, the Count lets the horses trample and lay waste the garden-plot; he eats and drinks with his retainers, while the hermit recites vespers in the lowly chapel.

4. The hunt is resumed. At dusk, the right-hand horseman vanishes after a last appeal. Suddenly, as the Count turns to his other companion, the earth opens and swallows them up in a yawning chasm. The abyss, which remains to this day, is known as the *Devil's Pit.*

[1] Assigned to the Fifth Class, April 30, 1921.

THE SUBJECT AS DEVELOPED BY AN EXCELLENT PUPIL

Near a beautiful Burgundian forest, there lived once upon a time a rich noble, named Gaston of Lux. His appearance was deceptive. Indeed, he seemed affable and good. But he was nothing of the kind: on the contrary, he was cruel, avaricious, lawless, and impious. In a word, the Devil had gathered together every vice and every passion to make him a present of them. Often he rode out with his men-at-arms to seek adventure. He sometimes came upon merchants, whom he did not fail to plunder. He robbed all the estates near his own. He believed neither in God nor in the Devil, and took pleasure in committing the most abominable crimes.

One Easter day, he woke very early. The bells of the neighboring chapel were joyfully celebrating Christ's resurrection. The sky was calm and cloudless. The fledglings, which had just been born at the return of spring, were chirping in their nests. The fields were turning green. Everything seemed to be coming back to life after the three days of mourning that had just ended! Hallelujah!

But the wicked Count had other plans. "To horse! To horse!" he cried to his knights and followers. Already the courtyard was filled with horsemen, and the noisy pack was rushing toward the lowered drawbridge.

"Sir," said one of the cavaliers, humbly, "you forget that to-day everybody should be kneeling before the altar to give thanks for the Saviour's resurrection. Is it right to enjoy the pleasures of the chase on sacred Easter Day?"

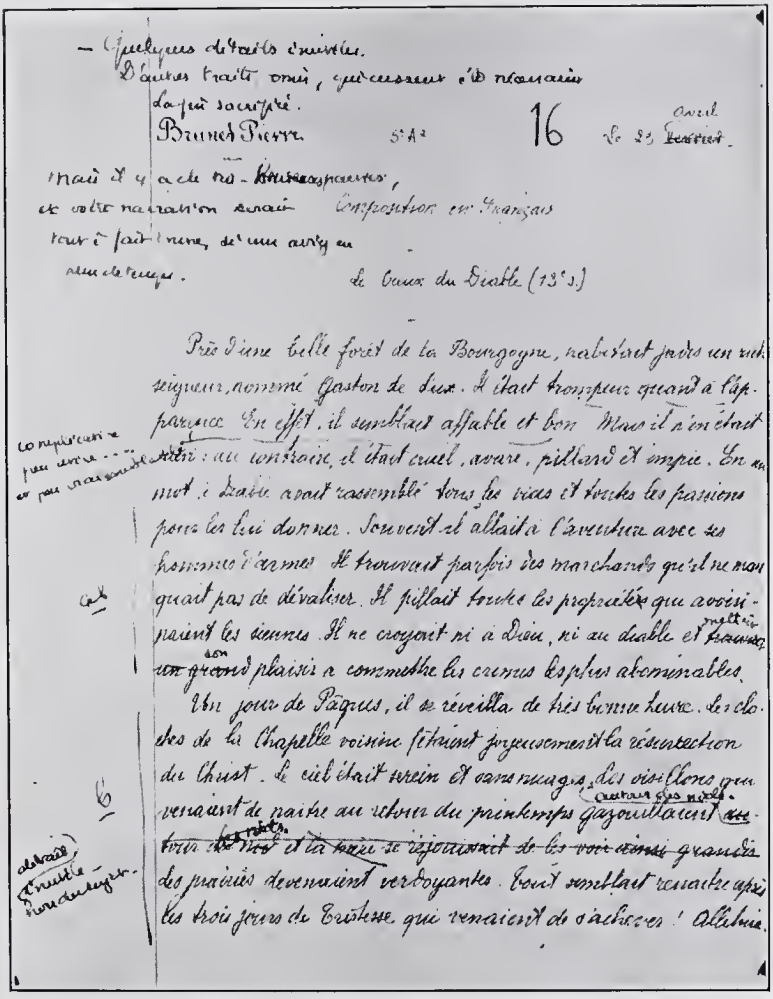
And as Gaston remained silent, —

"Indeed, sir," put in another, "you are unworthy of the sufferings that Christ endured for us. Come, the bells are calling; come and partake of the Lord's Supper!"

"By Heaven!" he cried at this fresh appeal. "Are you monks, gentlemen, that you want to mumble paternosters? It is well enough for our chaplain, whom I see hurrying up in great distress. Let him stay behind and say his prayers with the noble ladies! To us warriors the horn sounds pleasanter than the bells. A baron knows no rest."

And without another word, he puts spurs to his horse, and pushes ahead after the hounds, deep into the forest. The troop of horsemen follows, armed with bows, arrows, and spears, while the stag draws away the baying pack.

Suddenly, on coming out at the crossroads of La Duchesse, two unknown horsemen appear from the side lanes. The one, riding a white horse, wears over his hauberk a dazzling tunic; his fair hair hangs to his shoulders; his face is beautiful as a sunbeam, and full



Facsimile of First Page of Pierre's Manuscript
with his Teacher's Corrections

of courage, gentleness, and goodness. The other is astride a black charger; his breastplate is scorched by fire; his shield bears a dragon amid flames; his cruel face, his piercing eyes, are signs of his ferocious nature; there is something satanic in his frown.

They take their places at a gallop, one on the right of the Count, the other on the left.

"Noble lord," says the first, "even now through the trees you can hear the distant sound of bells. They are calling you. Hark! Turn back; there is still time. Come!"

"Do not listen to this spoil-sport!" cries his companion on the left. "A pretty sight, indeed, if a baron, hard in pursuit of a stag, should give up the chase and return to recite *Ave Marias* with the ladies!"

"I declare," answers the ill-fated Count, "you are right, you with the dragon, and your advice is good. Tally-ho, tally-ho! Hurrah for the chase! Let no one be ahead of us at the death!"

As he speaks, the hunt, with its twenty galloping riders, sweeps through the deep wood and out into the plain. Soon it bears down upon a flock of sheep, whose shepherdess sits spinning.

The startled animals lose their heads, and plunge under the horses' hoofs. The hunt passes like a whirlwind. In its wake, the sheep lie scattered about, crushed and bleeding, while the shepherdess, shaking her fists above her head, curses the Count for his cruelty, and bewails the hard lot of the poor. The Count, flashing by, haughty and erect in his saddle, does not even look her way.

And the stag keeps on running. He strikes into the forest. But the sun is high in the heavens; the young leaves make a poor shelter from its rays. A spring near an ancient oak, a grass-plot starred with anemones, tempt the Count to stop by the hermitage of St. Bénigne, where lives a pious anchorite. By the side of his humble dwelling, a patch of wheat and a kitchen-garden supply the old man's simple needs.

"Halt!" shouts Gaston to his followers, while the huntsmen whip in the pack, and the troop prepares to dismount.

"Don't you see," says his right-hand companion, "that this clearing is too small for your retinue? Look! Already the horses are cutting up the garden and trampling the green corn."

"Who ever heard of a noble's going hungry and thirsty to humor a villein!" replies the Black Knight. "Eat and drink first, sir. The hermit can always find something instead of his old carrots and his four heads of lettuce. *Dominus vobiscum* never wants for bread!" [1]

[1] A mediæval proverb.

"Well said, comrade! Here! Let some one take the quarters of venison from the wallets, and prepare my meal down by the spring. As for water, my friend, what say you to reddening it with some bottles of Vougeot?"

"With the monk's wine!"

"Exactly. *Vinum laetificet cor hominis.* The vintage of the monks makes the heart gladder than any other."

"It sanctifies it as well. . . ."

"More surely than any holy water that these shorn . . ."

The white horseman, no longer able to bear these blasphemies, moves sadly away, with downcast eyes. He walks up to the hermit, who stands on his doorstep, helplessly watching the sacrilegious ravages, and both enter the little chapel. A few minutes later, the thin tinkle of a bell announces vespers, and the intoning of the psalms is heard, while the boon companions, stretched on the grass, devour the dripping meat, and drink deep of the heady Burgundian wine. Before long, shouts and snatches of vulgar songs drown out the words of the liturgy.

"*Magnificat anima mea Dominum,*" chants the old man in a quavering voice. "*Fecit potentiam in brachio suo; Dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.*"

And the response comes clear and strong: — "*Deposuit potentes de sede, Et exaltavit humiles.*"

But Gaston de Lux is deaf to every warning.

The hunt had started again. The tired animal, unharbored once more by the hounds, was not long able to keep up the unequal race. As Gaston had intended, it was he who slew it, by the edge of a little pond, in whose surface the setting sun was reflected.

"That is not much like the chiming of bells," sneered the black rider, as the huntsmen wound their horns in triumph. "Joshua had no louder trumpets, I wager, under the walls of Jericho."

"And unlike Jericho," continued the irreverent Count, "the walls of the Castle of Lux will stand without a tremor before the anathemas of the whole tribe of parsons forever and ever."

"Gaston, Gaston!" for the last time the white horseman entreated, as the scoffing baron lifted himself into the saddle to ride home. "Before it is too late, take pity on yourself and on your soul. Since daybreak you have braved the divine anger; you have trodden upon the possessions of the poor, who are God's best friends, and now you dare to believe that you can defy the Almighty."

He stretched his hand toward the bridle of the Count's horse, in a last effort, a last gesture of pity.

"Out of my way, prophet of evil, or my whip shall teach you not to interfere with me!"

Already the wretch was raising his arm to strike; but the lash whistled through empty space. The white horseman had disappeared, leaving behind him a glowing trail.

"A pleasant journey," called out the other, with an infernal laugh.

"Forward!" added Gaston, in a less assured tone. And the troop started home at a wild gallop.

Just at the moment when, beyond the edge of Velours Wood, the high towers of the Castle of Lux came in sight, Gaston's horse made a sudden swerve. A huge pit had opened before him, from which burst forth flames and whirling smoke.

"What? You hesitate? You, Gaston, Count of Lux, who are so brave with shepherdesses and monks!"

"Whoever scoffs at me shall — "

He had no time to finish his threat. A grip of steel closed about his throat; stunned, strangled, he felt himself sinking, borne down by a supernatural force —

After the sulphurous fumes had cleared away, the knights and men-at-arms could see nothing but a great hole, choked with rocks. They fled, panic-stricken. But none of them in their hearts pitied the hardened sinner who had so often led them into evil ways; rather they marveled at the divine justice, and recalled the verse from the psalm:

Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus.
Initium sapientiæ timor Domini.

To this day the villagers do not care after nightfall to pass the abyss, with its rank growth of briers and its crawling vipers. They call it the *Devil's Pit.*

PIERRE BRUNET[1]

[1] The first half of the theme stands almost exactly as it was handed in. The last two sections have been much developed, but always along lines indicated by Pierre.

Second Theme

Charles VIII and Anne of Beaujeu (1487)[1]

Charles VIII, constitutionally delicate, dull of wit, ill-educated, generous, and credulous, was occupied as usual in reading old tales of chivalry. From them he was acquiring a taste for adventures in war and desperate encounters. It was with his head full of the exploits of Charlemagne and of his paladins that he looked forward to fighting the Turks some day in Asia, and that, as a first step, he undertook in 1494 the conquest of the Kingdom of Naples, to which he claimed an ancient right.

1. You will imagine him at the age of seventeen, ill at Amboise, seated on a winter's day in front of a great fire, while a page reads to him from a manuscript of *The Song of Roland*, which has been unearthed in the castle library.

2. You will describe the young prince's feelings as the story of the combat and of Roland's death unfolds; he wants to finish the poem to himself.

3. His sister, Anne of Beaujeu, comes upon him unawares as, burning with fever, he is reciting the lines of the *Song*, carried away by the very thought of the battles in which he will engage under the walls of Constantinople and of Jerusalem.

4. She reminds him of the present difficulties, the perils that still menace the kingdom, and the duties that will devolve on him when his turn comes to reign. Finally, taking the manuscript from him, she advises him to read *The Garland of Wars* (*Le Rosier des guerres*), written for

[1] Assigned to the Second Class in 1905 as a three-hour test, after the same sort of preparation in our history lessons that we have had this year.

his special benefit by Étienne Porchier at the command of Louis XI.

Once more let me say a word about how to set to work. Oh, yes, I know! You have heard it all before. Pay attention just the same; it will do you no harm.

1. *Search for Ideas.* Jot down whatever enters your head, just as it comes.

2. *Arrangement of Ideas.* Remember that all your ideas are far from being equally important. There is really only one for each paragraph; the others should be subordinated. Your first care must be to decide which is the essential idea, and to make it stand out. Reject pitilessly everything that does not strengthen its effect.

3. To-day I am going to be especially exacting about your *style*, at least about the side of the art of writing that lies so close to the art of composition. Order and clearness are not enough to convince and stir the reader: something else is needed — Ah, I am glad you have not forgotten our friend Buffon. Yes, we must add *movement*, which may mean one thing for an essay and quite another for a speech, and again for a story. In to-day's narrative, the movement should come from the contrasting of delicate shades.

(1) In *portraits*, do not tire us with a long analysis. Is there a boy present who needs to be reminded that two or three details —? I thought not! You have listened to this so often from me — and you must have heard the same thing time and time again from your drawing-masters — that I will not repeat it, unless you compel me.

(2) In *dialogues*, as in *portraits*, you will be spared much useless groping if you never forget that point. Two characters seldom have the same importance; generally

it is the older, the better informed, the more in earnest, who directs the conversation; the other is content to keep the ball rolling, to interrupt, to contradict, to agree. Of course, there are exceptions, and we find in tragedies scenes where both characters have speeches of the same length. But these scenes are much rarer than the others.

(3) The speeches that you put into the mouth of your leading actor should never be long, but, however short the phrase or sentence, it should be *rhythmic*. Even in prose there can be no movement without *rhythm*, that is, without a certain balance between the different parts of the sentence. Why don't you imitate Charles VIII, and read your sentences aloud? The sound of your own voice will be your best guide in expressing the enthusiasm of the Prince, or the anxiety of the Lady of Beaujeu. I see that the boarders are about to object. Indeed, you are forbidden, and with good reason, to do any such thing. But you can at least let the words ring in your heads and listen to them. Beethoven was deaf: you can be mute and hear all the same. As for you day-scholars, perhaps your families will make fun of you. What of that? There are times when you must not mind seeming eccentric.

THE THEME [1]

1. In one of the rooms of the castle at Amboise, Charles, King of France, is seated in a large arm-chair near the fire.

The Prince is pale; his eyes have bluish rings round them, and shine with unwonted brilliance; he is ill, feverish, with clammy hands and moist temples.

Outside it is snowing and cold; the wind howls. And all alone in front of the high emblazoned chimney-piece, Charles gives himself up to gloomy reflections. He is weak and helpless, although he is a prince. He feels that everyone has deserted him, and is des-

[1] I print the most successful paper.

perately sad, with no other distraction than watching on the hearth the dancing flames, which throw their fantastic light out into the room.

He wants to go hunting, to ride down a stag, or to let fly at wild fowl the hawks from his falconry. But the weather is too cold — and, besides, is he himself strong enough?

"Does Your Highness wish me to read the adventures of the *Lion Knight* (*Chevalier au Lion*) or of *Lancelot?*" inquires a curly-headed page, who has just entered.

"Go look for something else," answers the Prince. "I know the adventures of the *Lion Knight* by heart, and I am tired of *Lancelot.* Are there no more stories?"

"The chaplain of the castle gave me a rare book, which you surely have heard of, Your Highness, — *The Song of Roland.* It seems to be about Charlemagne and his peers, Roland, and his friend Oliver. It tells the adventures of the French who fought the Mussulmans in Spain."

"Yes, yes, read it to me, my friend!" cries the Prince. "Certainly, I know of the valiant deeds in the time of our ancestor Charlemagne, and I should like to read about them."

2. The Prince sank back in his arm-chair, stroking with one hand his favorite greyhound, who was sitting at his feet, his head on his master's knee. The page began to read. He had selected the account of the final struggle between Charlemagne's paladins and the Saracens at Roncevaux. His flexible voice grew soft and loud by turns. Charles listened, his teeth clenched, his fever-bright eyes looking into space; as in a vision he seemed to see before him the gallants in their agony. With puckered forehead and contracted brows, his hands nervously clasping the arms of his chair, he followed the reader's voice, trembling with enthusiasm. From time to time, the death of one of these knights wrung from him a cry of admiration or of rage. He saw the very spot, the vale of Roncevaux, the mountains rising abruptly on every hand, the French driven to bay like wolves before a pack of hounds, the swarming Mussulmans, numberless as vultures on a field of battle. He saw Oliver, the warriors, the peers, Roland, with Durendal in his hand, his shield on his arm, laying about him recklessly, in front, to right, to left, cleaving helmets, cutting off heads and hands. He saw above the turmoil the noble gesture of Turpin, the Archbishop, as he blesses the Christians.

Suddenly, his eyes full of tears, his cheeks flushed, his heart beating, he rose, ran to the page, took the book from him, and in his turn read, in a hoarse, shaking voice; he had reached the death of

Roland. The heroes had fallen, one after the other. Then Roland, half dead himself, blew his cleft ivory horn.

The Prince read on, with his back to the fireplace, facing the astonished page, who did not understand his master's unwonted ardor.

3. Absorbed in his reading, Charles did not notice one of the doors of the room open, or see the white steeple headdress of his sister Anne of Beaujeu, Princess of France, and Regent of the Kingdom.

She entered gravely and calmly, and stopped a few paces in front of her brother, without speaking. Though the Prince was by this time aware of her presence, he went on reading. Roland was dead, and the Angel Gabriel was bearing him up to Paradise, where his companions awaited him.

When Charles had finished, the book slipped to the floor from his nerveless fingers. At a sign the page withdrew.

"You must not read so many romances, brother," said Anne, in a gentle tone. "You tire yourself needlessly. It is not wise. Give me the book, Charles!"

The Prince picked up the manuscript, and handed it to his sister.

"I know it now by heart," he declared. "But, sister, why do you want to prevent my reading about the glorious deeds of our ancestors? Is n't that a noble pastime, and am I not right to enjoy it? I think a French prince can follow no better example; and for me, who am to reign, how could I read any other books! I love combats, strife, wars, the glory of battle, and the din of armies. Oh, my dream is to go at the head of a French army, lance in hand, spear at my side, to fight the Turks, who hold sway over Jerusalem. Think of the honor and renown of liberating the Holy City, and protecting Christ's sepulchre! Think of our home-coming, covered with glory, blazing with gold, the Orient at my feet, the Mussulmans crushed, the kings amazed and afraid! Ah, happy are those who, sword in hand, see the walls of hostile citadels crumble!"

4. "Before going to the Orient, poor King of to-morrow, dream-conqueror, look at your own kingdom. We have enemies at home and on the frontiers, waiting but a sign to attack your France, our France! Poor King! Go, go! Prepare your troops, raise your armies, cross the seas, take the Holy City. But where will you find the necessary men and money? The treasury is empty, the nobles are their own masters, the villeins do not want to take up arms. Hardly a handful of men remain faithful! Your father's Scottish Guardsmen, ill-paid, have returned to their mountains.

"Poor King! I have frightened you, and made you cry. Some day, it will no longer be my words that terrify you; it will be the cares of a kingdom in danger.

"Prince, here is a book that the late King, your father, asked Master Étienne Porchier to write, *The Garland of Wars*. He had it written expressly for you, suspecting that you — too weak a son of too powerful a king — would be sure to dream of planting the banner and the cross on the walls of the Holy City."

Then, turning away to dry a tear, "Good-bye, my lord," she said.

She went out, leaving the poor King of France disconsolate, alone in the vast chamber, which the twilight was filling with shadows. He sat thinking over his vanished dreams, uncertain as the future — and as himself.

Émile Henriot
(Pupil in Second B.)

THIRD SERIES

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TEXTS

I. Personal Memories: What I Know of Corneille's Writings

Sainte-Beuve says of La Fontaine that he suits all ages, and that throughout our lives we can find something new in him to set us thinking. That is the way with the classics. The great writers know the human heart so well, they are so responsive to its moods, that our experience will never equal theirs. We think we understand them when we have taken in but a small part of their idea; we are surprised and delighted several years later, after we have seen a little more of life, to read them again with other eyes, and to receive fresh benefit from them.

Young as you are, I believe you must already have begun to realize this curious fact.

I want you to make out an exact statement of all you know about Corneille. Mention:

1. At *what age*, under *what conditions*, you studied Corneille: plays read, passages learned by heart, themes or written analyses. (Be as definite as possible.)

2. What you have been *told* and what you yourselves *think* about him. Prod your memories. Let the sound of your parents' or your former teachers' voices come back to you; a gesture, an intonation, a joke, a scolding — any such detail will rouse other recollections. You think they are dead and gone; they are only slumbering.

At our next lesson, in the light of these reminiscences, we shall consider how to study Corneille in a different way.

Classroom Discussion

The themes are fairly to the point. Your knowledge of our classic authors has been built up, as I supposed, like geological formations, in layers successively deposited. I notice that from three separate sources, your family, your personal reading, your teachers, you have already acquired some idea of Corneille. The later impressions have been made without injury to the earlier. I hope we shall be able to say the same of your fourth introduction to him, which I am planning for next week, and which will be unlike the previous three. To-day, we have all we can do to talk over the past.

(1) The first memories are of childhood, from the age of six to ten. Six? Yes, certainly. At six, Trouard-Riolle, for a New Year's gathering, learned the Challenge Scene from *The Cid*, which gave him an excuse for strutting about all day long and exclaiming to whoever came his way: "Count, a word with you!" Jauffret and Portalis, also, at the age of seven, raised their young voices to the proper pitch to challenge the haughty Count or to rejoice over Rodriguez's victory; Berty, at eight, played Don Diego on a stage in his own home, where a Don Gormas of the same age gave him the classic slap with practised hand.

Corneille, here, is but a pretext for exercising the memory and training the voice and gestures of these young actors.

(2) Later, at about twelve years of age, feeling the need of reading something, no matter what, these boys devoured everything they could lay their hands on, including Corneille's masterpieces. They assure us that they understood them perfectly, and found them no more

tedious than other books, because the *story* was dramatic. One boy declares that on the whole he liked Jules Verne only a little better, and another, that these romantic adventures had the same fascination for him as Fenimore Cooper's novels — though, it is needless to say, *Round the World in Eighty Days* (*Le Tour du monde en quatre-vingts jours*) and the exploits of Leather-Stocking and of Renard-Subtil were still the prime favorites. Cauboue read Corneille in unusual surroundings, six thousand-odd miles from France, where, in the midst of a savage country, the story of the emotions of civilized people was doubly interesting. He says:

Horatius in Madagascar

The first of Corneille's plays that I read, explained, and learned, was *Horatius* (*Horace*). I was then twelve years old, and was living in Madagascar, in the village of Antsirano. Every morning, after my horseback ride, I climbed the rising ground that led to the Bishop's palace, my Corneille under my arm. There, with a kind Father of the Order of the Holy Ghost seated beside me under the banana trees, which stretched their large leaves and clusters of delicious fruit above us, I read of Camilla's love for Curiatius. I watched this ill-fated woman's terror during the disastrous battle on which the supremacy of an entire people hung; I recited the imprecations that were to cause her death. The priest explained to me that the events, as related by Livy, seemed too barbarous to Corneille's benevolent disposition, and that, to make his hero's deed admissible, he put the famous malediction into Camilla's mouth.

On the steamer that carried me back to France, the amusements were not inexhaustible. After playing quoits, after insinuating my restless person into every cranny from stokehold to bridge, after growing tired of watching the sharks swallow old preserved-food tins, I stretched myself on a long chair, and, rocked by the swell, read aloud passages from *The Cid*. The lines fascinated me. I enjoyed their musical rhythm, and, like Demosthenes, I repeated several times over, to the accompaniment of the waves, the speeches that pleased me most.

It is clear that what strikes each one of you at that age is, naturally enough, neither the strength of the composition nor the depth of the analysis, still less the moral principles to be found in the play; as in Villehardouin, Joinville, and all guileless, straightforward writers, it is the sonorous beauty of the words, and the strangeness of the "adventure." Indeed, one of Corneille's merits is to have given to his tragedies the sort of interest possessed by simple melodramas or fairy tales. Romantic poetry appeals to children and to the multitude. Perhaps for that reason Corneille will long remain popular. As Sainte-Beuve says: "More education and culture are needed to appreciate Racine than Corneille. Racine's power is not exposed to view, like his predecessor's; it is cloaked and veiled."

(3) You had to grow older by two or three years (an eternity at your age) before you could see anything in Corneille beyond this vivid, ingenuous poetry, or understand the calm beauty of the classic art under its still entirely romantic covering. I see that your teachers have done their best to make you grasp this, and that they have succeeded. What is a play? What is a scene? What is a character? These points and many more like them are not too advanced to take up in Third, in the form of plans and analyses. At that age you are not yet able to write a dissertation, or even a letter on some topic of literary criticism; but it is fairly simple for you to summarize, by means of numbers, brackets, and all the devices you know, an author's development of his subject. This is the infancy of the art. Corneille, because of his vigor and his self-evident qualities, is the very author to practise on; and your reports, especially Courtet's and Rémilly's, show that you have fully caught

his meaning. Nor are we ready to drop these elementary exercises even now; too much stress cannot be laid on the first principle of the art of writing, which is above all "to arrange one's thoughts in order, beginning with the simplest matters" (Descartes).

(4) Yet, at the same time we shall turn, if possible, from rhetoric pure and simple to philosophy. The word is a long one. Don't let it frighten you. We shall keep to the philosophy of common sense, and if you become philosophers, you may be sure it will be without suspecting it.

Write for next week the following theme.

II. An Informal Dissertation: What Help Should Corneille Be to Me?[1]

1. Reservations and Objections

It is no easy matter, just at first, to think in what way Corneille can help me: the *situations* are unusual (mention four: two lines each), and only a knowledge of history explains the harshness of certain feelings and opinions (mention three).

2. The Thesis

And yet —

(1) *Incidents worthy of Corneille* in my insignificant life. Times when I yielded my own desires to a superior will (Rodriguez); conquered an evil sentiment (Augustus); sacrificed a trivial pleasure for an ideal (Cinna, Polyeucte). Struggle, defeat or victory. (Authentic, personal recollections. However much they may recall Corneille, that need not prevent your giving them a humorous turn.)

(2) *Explanation of my defeat or of my victory.*

(*a*) Why I was cowardly:

Weakness of will, and the habit of lying down under defeat. Description of a dunce.

(*b*) Why I was brave:

Confidence in my own strength, and the habit of making an exertion. Experience proves that all we need, if we would be our own masters and gain authority over others, is constant effort. Description of a schoolboy who knows his own mind.

[1] From the almost limitless material, choose only events in your own lives.

Classroom Discussion

You have been more successful with Part I than with Part II. The best students already know how to compose a very simple paragraph of literary dissertation, with examples arranged in suitable order and clearly explained. And I find that you share my dislike of critical jargon. Courtet's treatment is the most complete.

What help should Corneille be to me? Really, it is hard to tell offhand. What interest can I take in an author who writes only on subjects that "transcend nature," and places his characters in situations so exceptional as to be entirely improbable? The conditions are strange, to say the least, and it seems unlikely that I shall ever encounter similar ones. Take, for instance, Rodriguez's predicament: to avenge his father's honor, he must kill the father of Ximenes, the woman he loves. If it were anyone but Rodriguez, to think of marrying her would be out of the question; for him, no such thing. After many lamentations a reconciliation takes place between the lovers, soon to be followed by their marriage. And is n't it equally unnatural to find Cinna plotting the death of his friend and benefactor Augustus, for love of Æmilia? Nor is it everybody who can uphold his own opinions and parade his beliefs with Polyeucte's ardor; and Camilla's story is none the less exceptional for being true to history. To see her two brothers and her lover killed; to insult the murderer and to perish at his hand, all in twenty-four hours, would in our day establish a tragic "record." I am sure we already have enough examples. Still, I can think of many other opinions and feelings whose harshness can be explained only by a knowledge of history. How can we understand the character of the elder Horatius, his fortitude at the death of his two sons and of his daughter, unless we know something of the life in these barbarous times and the terrible consequences to the city of a defeat, — men massacred, women and children carried off into slavery, — the urgent need of grim patriotism? How can we understand Æmilia's cold, blind, implacable hatred for her protector, her second father, if we do not realize the fanatical strength of the beliefs she inherited from her republican ancestors, the sacred character of the ancients' devotion to the cause of public liberty? It is just as impossible, except in history, to find an excuse

for the cruelty of the Cid's chivalric honor: history tells us that a man was lost if he allowed the slightest indignity to his person, at a time when no strong government enforced respect for the law, when a baron could rely on but one means of protection — his own sword: "God and my right!" And it is examples such as these, so difficult to understand and with so little to commend them, that you ask me to admire? You ask me to imitate these strange men, to find in my heart, or to plant in it, sentiments like theirs? You are joking!

And yet, who knows? Perhaps by searching carefully, I may remember, in my insignificant existence, some incidents "worthy of Corneille." I believe I can! For what is it that is needed to be a young Rodriguez, at least "in principle," as the natural philosophers say? Simply the quality that is the keynote of his nature: the ability to sacrifice a personal desire to a will entitled to respect.

CHARLES COURTET

[Analysis of each example completed in class (Horatius, Æmilia, the Cid).]

No one handled Part II very brilliantly. Here, however, are a few well-chosen subjects:

THE CLEMENCY OF AUGUSTUS

Yes, one day I had a chance to prove that I was neither more nor less than a young Augustus! There was a boy in my class whom I liked very much. He was more backward than I: I used to help him with his home-work; in school I conscientiously whispered his lessons to him. In time he began to take all this so entirely for granted that once, when I had been unable to help him and he had been given a bad mark, he complained of me; he told the teacher that I had disturbed his work. I was punished. Then I believe I felt as indignant with him as Augustus could possibly have felt with Cinna. This boy, for whom I had taken so much trouble, had accused me falsely! He had forgotten all I had done for him! At first I was seized by an irresistible desire to denounce him in my turn, to tell the teacher that the good marks were due to me, or at least to give the boy one of those thrashings that are long remembered. But then (notice how like Augustus!) I stopped to think, and gave myself a talking to: "Charles!" I said, "that is a poor plan of yours. You know whom you are dealing with. You know this boy, and his weak will. Remember what I have often told you,

that by choosing the easiest way we soon lose the power to exert ourselves. This miserable scamp has been the victim of his indolence for a long while; it was not to-day that he committed his offense: it was on the day when for the first time he gave in to temptation, to laziness and carelessness — and that day is lost in the night of time. He has become an irresponsible creature with no will of his own, a thing, not a man! He does not count. Now, calm down, and forgive the poor dunce. You know that being kept one day after school is not so bad!"

What is true of Corneille's hero is true in real life of everybody. Once our will is under control, we feel no more hesitancy, no more internal conflict, no more worry over external things. In any event, we know in our hearts what we want and what we shall do.

CHARLES MALLET

VENGEANCE AND REMORSE. THE LEADEN SOLDIERS

I remember experiencing the very same feelings that troubled the soul of aged Don Diego when he was insulted by the Count of Gormas. The slap must have been as hard, the affront as deeply resented, as cruel. I was nine years old. In my young brain, heated by anger, I was revolving a terrible revenge, a revenge such as Don Diego himself had surely never imagined, an unprecedented revenge, which would properly punish the offender — my brother. Without wasting time on superfluous lamentations (and mine were not in verse), I started in pursuit of vengeance. I had no son to defend me, nor a good sword for the attack; I was obliged, therefore, to use guile. Quickly I slipped into my brother's room; noiselessly I opened the big cupboard where all his toys were kept. The first thing I saw was his box of soldiers. Oh, it was a lovely box! The little foot-soldiers, with their red trousers and dark blue jackets, packed stiffly into their cardboard niches; the cavalry in aggressive attitudes, on frisky horses, were doubtless but awaiting a signal to advance. Well, I gave that signal: the proud horsemen, in a headlong collision, swooped down on one another pell-mell, cutting off heads and slashing at tails. The infantry also, crushed in the common defeat, were soon transformed into a pulpy mass of lead, out of which stuck hundreds of twisted bayonets and thousands of mutilated limbs. And this carnage was my doing; I looked at it with a smile on my lips, the ghastly smile of revenge. Suddenly I fled, for I thought I heard a noise. Surely that was my brother coming up. What would he say at sight of his annihilated army? He would bitterly regret the slap he had given me, which

had brought such a just punishment upon him; he would cry perhaps, for he was very fond of his toy soldiers. Yes, I had been too severe, I saw it then. On the same provocation, he would never have behaved so. After regret, remorse crept into my soul, and with it the desire to make amends for my fault. But what was I to do? He would come in and find me confronted by my deed. Hurriedly I piled the soldiers into their box, carried them in a heap to my room, and, taking my own beautiful soldiers (exactly like my brother's), which had been given to me for a New Year's present, I put them in the place of those I had so spitefully destroyed. The sacrifice was great, but it was the only way to atone for my act. My brother never knew that anything had happened.

GEORGES DE JANKOVITZ
(The first sentence has been altered.)

A TEMPTATION RESISTED

I can speak only in passing of two rather able accounts of resisting temptation. Trouard-Riolle describes how hard it was to give up, at his father's command, a day's hunting with a friend who was a dangerously poor shot. Another pupil (our young colonial from Madagascar) tells us what it cost him to obey his father and keep out of the water, when he saw his happy playmates bathing at a little distance on the beach at Antsirano:

> Under the tropical sun, in this land where gigantic trees grow, where the earth, without any care, supplies its fortunate inhabitants with fruits of incomparable flavor, everything tempts you to disobey. You want to be free, like the gigantic baobab, like the wild boar in the forest, like the zebra in the plain. The struggle is terrible, and the small voice of your conscience is quickly silenced.

He goes on to analyze the stages of the crisis: he pictures himself already on the outskirts of the garden, about to break away, and then held back by a last scruple. He tells of his satisfaction at having done what he should; in his own boyish eyes he seemed a man. And he concludes with the story of a shark, which makes our

flesh creep: the moralizing shark appears upon the scene a few moments later, just in time to prove the wisdom of the father's orders, by biting off the leg of one of the bathers.

Decidedly, exoticism has its charms — at a distance. Yet what impresses me more than the exoticism is the way these two fathers, with none of Rousseau's elaborate stage-setting, place their sons in a position to act for themselves, to reflect, and to resist. Both of them give the reason for their command, and leave the boys free to obey or not as they see fit. Their trust is not abused.

Not long ago it was the fashion (though the fashion has passed) to call this sort of training "Anglo-Saxon." The truth is that it is merely the result of common sense, and is French, very French, as French as our old Corneille.

Incidents "worthy of Corneille," such as these, are never out-of date.

III. An Informal Dissertation: A Modern Nero, or A Child Whom I Know

Sarcey and Legouvé, those excellent masters of criticism, who were so skilled in discovering things of present-day interest in our classic authors, recommended reproducing the great tragedies as contemporary dramas and clothing these legendary figures in the dress of our own times. They were quite prepared to strip the characters of their tragic grandeur, to substitute delinquencies for crimes, and shortcomings for vices; of the two aspects presented in any faithful delineation of life, their tendency was to bring out the ridiculous or comic rather than the dramatic or tragic. But situations or characters were not altered beyond recognition, and, in the informal discourse of these critics, the old masterpieces took on new and unexpected life.

You will apply this process to Nero.[1] Nero is wicked by nature, with what doctors call a tainted heredity. Besides, he has been badly brought up, very badly indeed. At the time we make his acquaintance, the last obstacles in his path are breaking down.

You will bear in mind Racine's own expression, "nascent monster," and look about you for spoiled children who resemble Nero (the race shows no signs of dying out).

A complete dissertation would be too much to ask of you, with your limited experience. Choose a single instance, and work it up into a monograph about two pages long, like the themes on Corneille.[2] Pick out one of the following points, it does not matter which, provided the observations given in support of it are authentic in every particular.

[1] In Racine's *Britannicus*. [2] See pp. 204–208.

(1) *A bad education.* Agrippina's methods. Instead of controlling her son by sternness and watchful care, she uses:

(*a*) Empty caresses, foolish indulgence.

(*b*) Unwholesome dread, fear of Britannicus.

In the end she corrupts Nero by her own ambition and egoism.

(2) *Good but tactless masters.* Seneca's shortcomings: an aspiring rhetorician. Burrhus, honest, but simple-minded and a trifle solemn.

(3) *Nero's worst failing.* "Waywardness"; what is called in the regiment, "insubordination." The instinct of revolt, the spirit of contradiction, which resists for the pleasure of resisting.

(4) *The habit of gratifying his slightest whim and of considering his own pleasure.*

(5) *The habit of disregarding everything that is not whims or pleasures.*

There do exist agreeable, absolutely inoffensive, egoists. They may be heedless, frivolous, without a thought for their neighbors, but they have no trace of ill-nature. Often their easy gayety, the simplicity of their manners, their enjoyment of life, make them, for all ordinary intercourse, very pleasant companions. Whereas those I have now in mind belong to another category, — which luckily is rarer, — the "vicious" egoists. These would willingly repeat after Orgon: [1]

> And I'd see perish brother, children, mother,
> Nay, wife, without one moment's fond regret.

What does the happiness of the people about him matter to this maniac! What does Junia's honor or Britannicus's life matter to Nero! Whenever Agrippina shall

[1] In Molière's *Tartuffe.*

become too much of a hindrance, his mother's very existence will be of no account to him. Of course, since the egoists we know are not all-powerful, since they are restrained by certain conventions, even the most vicious among them will only faintly resemble the murderer of Britannicus. The bad sons of our acquaintance use cruel words instead of dagger-thrusts, and kill their unfortunate parents with grief instead of with poison. But morally they are no better than their imperial model. They are Neros.

(6) *Vanity*. Tenor and poet. Is there anything a Nero would not do for applause?

(7) *Cruelty*. The refinement of wickedness. The art of torturing his victims.

EXAMPLES: Nero forces Junia to torment Britannicus. See the scene where he surprises Britannicus at Junia's feet. See also his remark about his mother, "I shake hands with my opponent," and the ironic insolence of the preceding tirade.

Perhaps you will notice other points, which may suggest further comparisons. Read the part over and over. There is always something new to discover in any great picture of real life.

A pupil: "May we choose as an example a child of four or five?"

Certainly. At that age character shows distinctly. Agrippina recalls that

> E'en from your earliest years, my love and pains
> Have wrung from you but tenderness pretended.

Another pupil: "But there are so many children like Nero."

That is exactly why I proposed this theme. It will be interesting from the very start to keep a sharp lookout for possible subjects, and to decide which is the most promising. Later comès the original work, which I ask you to take particular pains with, the detailed, vivid analysis of your chosen example. You must ransack your memories for all the striking features, and make your portrait a person of flesh and blood. In short, give me, each one of you, two pages like those by Cauboue (*Horatius in Madagascar*),[1] by Mallet (*The Clemency of Augustus*),[2] and by De Jankovitz (*The Leaden Soldiers*).[3] I want their counterpart.

You can get suggestions from an anecdote told by Nisard in his *History of French Literature*.[4] One evening, as he was dining with a German family, the conversation turned on Schiller and Racine. Nisard pointed out that the studies of character in *Britannicus* were full of home truths. "Think of all the Agrippinas in domestic life," he went on; "headstrong women, as we call them, who want to be mistress of their son's house and to run it in his name." He enlarged upon this idea, greeted by a silence that he took to be one of approval. On his departure, he learned that the more his words had rung true, the more uneasy his hearers had grown: Agrippina and Nero had been listening to him! And although he must have pleased Nero, he had given grave offense to Agrippina. "I was sorry," he adds, "to have been so ill-timed in my admiration of Racine; but I count this incident as proof positive of the practical truth of his tragedies."

[1] P. 200. [2] P. 205. [3] P. 206.

[4] D. Nisard, *Histoire de la littérature française*, vol. iii, p. 21, note 1.

Classroom Discussion

Apparently five or six pupils still did not know what was expected of them. Two boys described faults that are not at all like Nero's; others understood the subject, but tried to give a general portrait of the child in various situations. That is not what I asked for in these *two pages*. Their work inevitably was superficial.

All I wanted was a *single paragraph*, the analysis of a short, definite incident, and of one only. It is quite possible to form an opinion of a person from one closely observed act. And indeed, most of the class took hold of the subject in this way.

First, we have three studies on over-indulgent fathers and mothers, warranted "absolutely true." It is the old story of the wilful, difficult child, who gets the best of his soft-hearted parents. Indulgence, I know, is not Agrippina's failing; she perverted Nero by other means. Still, though the boys are not exactly on the right track, their themes have some connection with the subject. Listen to one of them:

"Yes, darling, you shall have your train of cars."

This was Mrs. Leopold's answer to her six-year-old son, Louis. The scene that had just taken place had been very violent. Little Louis, with his pretty face, framed in yellow curls, was a self-willed child. If once his lordship said, "I want that," his wishes had to be attended to, or else there was a fine tantrum accompanied by genuine roars. And then too his mother had no strength of mind. "My little Louis is so sweet," she used to say; "such a dear child! I would do anything for him." And she believed what she said, that misguided mother, and every day gave in more and more to him. "Ah, poor Mrs. Leopold!" her neighbors would exclaim.

This time, however, the opposition had been stiffer than usual. His mother had just been called to account by Uncle James, the sea captain, and told to tighten her rein on the young rascal. Louis did not care for his Uncle James. He recognized his determined

will, and trembled all over when he heard him say in his gruff, sailor's voice, with a roll to his r's: "If I were your father, my boy, I'd send you to sea!" So he had waited for his uncle to go before making his request. His mother, still feeling Uncle James's good influence, began by answering:

"I am tired of your always wanting something. You cannot have your train of cars."

The child, taken aback, stared at his mother for some seconds. "It can't be mamma," he kept saying in his rebellious little mind. But as ill luck would have it, he heard the deep sigh that this effort drew from his mother. He took courage and raised his head; a mocking smile puckered the corners of his mouth. He clenched his two small fists nervously, like an athlete preparing for a struggle; then he began to bellow, and big tears filled his pretty blue eyes. As soon as his mother saw his tears, she relented. A few more roars, and she was telling him he could have his train — later, when he was a good boy. From that moment she was lost and the victory was his. Once on the downward path, his mother, with her habitual weakness of will, promised her son, her little Louis, the railroad train he asked for. Every day similar scenes occurred in the household.

M. Damain

Sollier and Ricard have chosen faults that really do resemble Nero's: viciousness pure and simple, viciousness for the love of the art, for the pleasure of injuring others, or of making them suffer.

Master Theodore J——, when I knew him, was a mean little beggar. His mother herself (an odd and unusual thing) had spoiled him by her example and advice. Not that this woman had Agrippina's failing: she was not ambitious; she was merely consumed with curiosity. But the effect was the same; her devouring, insane curiosity had done as much mischief as a real vice. Just as Agrippina had made Nero the instrument of her ambition, so this wretched mother had known no better than to use her own son as an intelligence officer; she had turned him into a "newsmonger." And he liked to gratify her. He had an astonishing knack of making people talk, and would run to tell his mother whatever he had learned. This dangerous young man, who was only nine or ten years old, found his chief delight in this business of spying. When he could not pick up a good story for his mother, his deviltry

prompted him to invent the entire anecdote — generally an atrocious slander. He was never so happy as when he had succeeded in annoying someone.

But a day came when it was no longer possible for his mother to congratulate herself on having such a son. Their neighbor in the country was a lady whose only son, thirteen years old, was the apple of her eye. You may imagine that the good woman watched anxiously over her offspring; her tenderness for him was at times ridiculous. It did not take our diabolical Theodore long to discover her vulnerable spot, and this is the outrageous trick he played on her. While on a bicycle ride with her son, he left his companion and returned in haste to inform Mrs. X——, with a terrified air, that the boy had gone out in a boat — and such a boat! — an unsteady skiff, which would capsize on the least provocation. Mrs. X—— was distracted, beside herself with fear; she believed her son was dead, drowned. She saw him already at the bottom of the river. She sent several boats in the direction she supposed he had taken, and she was so much upset by her emotion that she was ill for a fortnight. X—— came home the same evening; he had never set foot in a boat. But his comrade had been well entertained; he had had a good laugh at the gullible mother's expense: it was really so funny to see her alarm and despair. Theodore was severely punished, but to no purpose. When I lost track of him, he was only waiting for a chance to begin again — out of revenge!

C. Sollier

Cruelty to animals, in very young children, is a symptom that should not be neglected. Though it is easily corrected, it is a disquieting sign of hard-heartedness, if not of viciousness.

> Nought hath prevail'd against you, and your hardness
> Might well have turn'd, in full course, my goodwill.

Ricard and Du Page have observed this vice closely at first hand.

And we have other good stories: *The Obstinate Boy*, in a provincial school, who learned a different lesson from the one given out, on purpose to vex his teacher, and answered his reproof by flinging a bunch of keys at

his head. *The Boy Thief*, bold in his exploits, stubborn in his denials, clever at shifting the odium of his deeds to an innocent head. *The Wretched Scamp*, whom Courtet did his best to rouse to some interest in work and in a good method, to win over by kindness, and who, after trying the patience of his young instructor in a thousand ways, looked him in the eye and said with a final air: "I never give in!" Oh, it's a fine collection! I omit them with regret. I omit also *An Ugly Temper* (a boy who breaks the toy intended for his brother); *An Ingenious Revenge* (a boy who pulls the furniture to pieces, to make the bow and arrows he is not allowed to have); *Brutal Egoism* (a child who plays noisily, and runs and shouts, outside the room where his grandfather lies dangerously ill). And there are others still. The subject is inexhaustible. Let us read just one more, the description of the monster with lowering forehead and evil eyes (Nero's forehead and eyes) at whom Cauboue shuddered when he heard the tale. The incident happened far from here, in Egypt, but the type belongs indiscriminately to all countries and all times; the local color merely gives originality.

At X—— in Egypt, one of those cosmopolitan towns into which flow the riches of Asia, without a doubt one of the finest shops belongs to Messrs. Marochetti and Zendono, and every man of taste owes it to himself to visit their establishment. . . . Mr. Zendono, an Italian, a short man with a very large head, took the trouble to show us these marvels himself, and sang his own praises as well as those of his merchandise (he was Purveyor by Appointment to the Khedive, Prince Nashimoto, the King of Siam, etc.). His shop was, in fact, very unusual: on the walls hung rich, brilliantly-colored silks; lacquered chests, the work of the patient Japanese, hobnobbed with bronze statues or the Satsuma ware of some old samurai; and piled on top of coffers decorated with ivory chrysanthemums, were copper boxes inscribed in silver letters

with verses from the Koran. But a cupboard of carved sandal-wood particularly took our fancy.

"You are looking at that piece," Mr. Zendono commented. "It certainly is very beautiful. I would not sell it if I were offered a thousand pounds. It is connected with a sad and painful history."

"Tell us about it," my father said.

"That cupboard was carved by my brother, the station-agent at L——. It took him fifteen years, and, shortly after he had finished this fine piece of work, he was the victim of an accident. He left a wife and an infant son. My sister-in-law, a worthy woman, but with no will of her own, brought the boy up very badly; he did exactly as he pleased, and his mother, instead of correcting his faults by a good whipping, used me as a bogey. I was an ogre, she told him, who carried off naughty little boys and ate them up. At ten years of age this young imp belonged to all the gangs of little Arabs whose noble aim it is to relieve travelers of their purses as they land from the steamers. He had several times already felt the native policeman's hippopotamus thong across his back.

"Last year I had a despairing letter from my poor sister-in-law; she asked me to come to her assistance: the night before her son had beaten her, and had sworn to drown her.

"I started at once. When I reached my dead brother's house, what was my surprise to find in the hall a little white-haired old lady, bent nearly double. That woman was my sister-in-law! I had left her three years before, her face still young and beautiful, though she was drawing near her fiftieth year, and in that short time this is what her son had done to her. I visited her own rooms: of the furniture that my brother had carved there was not a trace; not a trace either of the antique Satsumas. My nephew, in his fits of fury, had broken them all. I admit that my anger knew no bounds. The house, formerly so well kept, was dirty: it had not been dusted for six months (so my sister-in-law explained); no Arab would stay in her employ because of her son's brutality.

"As she said he would soon be back, I waited for him. Finally he came. Never have I seen so slovenly a creature. His boots were caked with mud; his breeches, once white, were the color of the earth; his scarred face, his enormous red nose, were horrible to see. 'Hallo, Uncle Bugaboo! What are you doing in my house?' he asked me in a thick voice.

"I shall not relate the scene that followed between us; it would take too much time. You may be sure that I tried for a long while to bring him to reason, both by gentle words and by giving vent to

my anger. He, huddled rather than seated in a chair, listened and shook his head without a word. At last he rose, drew from his pocket a long Arab knife, and fell on his mother. I intercepted him, and his dagger cut off my thumb. [Mr. Zendono here showed us his right hand, where the thumb was indeed missing.] Frightened by his act, though I am sure he had shed blood several times before, he fled. I took my sister-in-law home with me, and I have never again seen the boy who used to be her son."

IV. Analysis and Criticism: How to Read Molière

Scene I from *The Misanthrope* (lines 88 to 180)

Subject Matter

I. Analysis of Ideas: Outline

1. *The two opposing ideas* (lines 88 to 118). The discussion begins calmly.

2. *Dramatic exaggeration of the two opinions* (lines 119 to 180).

Alceste's and Philinte's repartees and rising exasperation.

TRANSITION

Some such preliminary analysis is necessary for all careful reading. But to get any good from it, we must not stop after noting the sequence of ideas. We must next weigh their value, discover what the author has to tell us, and decide what we think of his philosophy. Here judgment steps in.

II. The Art of Criticism: Two Notes [1]

For the analysis an outline is sufficient; whereas your criticism should be in the form of two short notes, each a page or a page and a half long.

First Note: Good Qualities of Alceste and of Philinte.

Alceste's uprightness; the less solid but very agreeable qualities of Philinte. Brief conclusion: uprightness and agreeableness are not incompatible.

Second Note: Failings of Alceste and of Philinte.

Alceste: two faults (hardness, pride).

Philinte: dangerous skepticism.

[1] For the need of giving both sides of the question, see p. 182.

No regular conclusion. You will simply refer to your opinion of Alceste as you finish speaking of Philinte.

REVISED VERSION

Preliminary Exercise: Outline of the Scene

General idea and subject of the scene: a philosophical discussion of human vices.

PART I: A TRIVIAL INCIDENT (LINES 1 to 88)

The pretext for the argument is a trivial incident. Two ordinary men would find hardly enough material in it for the first eighty lines; their discussion would probably remain frivolous and superficial. But Alceste has both a *philosophical turn of mind* and a very *sensitive soul;* he is thus twice removed from an ordinary man. Therefore, the interest of the scene begins where, in real life, the conversation would have ended.

PART II. PHILOSOPHY (LINES 88 to 180)

The weeping and the laughing philosophers.

I. *Discussion calm at first and arguments sound* (lines 88 to 108).

1. *Alceste's reasonable statement* (lines 88 to 96): Deep grief at sight of human vices. Wrath increases as he enumerates them.

2. *Philinte's reasonable rejoinder:* humorous (lines 97 to 100); then serious.

Alceste's behavior is open to two objections:

(*a*) His protests are useless: the world will not change (lines 102 and 103).

(*b*) It is injurious to himself: it brings ridicule upon him (lines 104 to 108).

II. *In the heat of the argument they exaggerate their views.*

1. *Alceste's hatred of mankind:* twofold cause (lines 109 to 122).

An example: the scoundrel with whom he has gone to law. He is a blackguard (lines 123 to 136); nevertheless he is received everywhere and given the best positions (lines 138 to 140).

Conclusion: Alceste will seek refuge in the desert (lines 141 to 144).

2. *Philinte's skepticism:* Excess, even of virtue, is insufferable, nowadays especially (lines 145 to 152); and, what is more, useless; sheer folly (lines 153 to 158).

[Notice that the summary of these thirteen lines is made in one sentence, merely by separating its parts.]

Disdainful tolerance is true wisdom (lines 159 to 166).
Alceste's final objection (lines 167 to 172).
Philinte's ludicrous exaggeration (lines 173 to 178).

This is the climax of the scene. If it is to continue, a new topic must be introduced.

PART III: SENTIMENTAL CAUSE OF THIS MISANTHROPY (LINES 181 TO 252)

The scene changes. The third part discloses the real cause of his philosophical indignation. It has its root in Alceste's temperament and in the unfortunate situation that harasses him. Our *ideas* may be general, philosophical, true; but often we adopt them for reasons of *sentiment*.

Alceste hates the human race as he does because his love for Célimène is baffled by her coquetry: he is a *morose lover* (*amoureux atrabilaire*, which, there is reason to believe, was Molière's original sub-title).

Second Exercise: the Two Notes

FIRST NOTE: GOOD QUALITIES OF ALCESTE AND PHILINTE

Alceste is an upright, straightforward man. His indignation over the vices of some people and the smug self-conceit of others proves his scrupulousness and courage. It is thanks to Don Quixotes like Alceste that the crimes of mankind are brought to light and branded; it is the Alcestes and the Jean-Jacques Rousseaus who pave the way for revolution.

Philinte is intelligent, very agreeable in appearance and conversation; his qualities are certainly less essential than Alceste's, yet they have their value: courteous manners, gentle words, tolerant judgments, make social intercourse smoother and existence more endurable. It is thanks to good-natured people like Philinte that public and private life is not unsettled by continual scandals; it is because of the disciples of Philinte and of Voltaire that we enjoy in peace the fruits of revolution.

In fact, Molière's two characters are both right in their own way; the qualities they stand for are not incompatible. We may at the same time be upright and indulgent, frank and courteous, proud and gentle; we must merely take care to avoid excess, even excessive love of virtue.

Second Note: Failings of Alceste and of Philinte

Unfortunately, both Alceste and Philinte carry their opinions to such extremes that they have the defects of their qualities.

Alceste is unrelenting and pitiless; he is absolutely lacking in charity. Since no one is perfect, a certain amount of tolerance and kindness is necessary in order not only to be agreeable and gentle, but to be strictly fair. Furthermore, in thus accusing the world at large, Alceste seems to consider himself the one wise and virtuous man that ever lived; he alone is fit to pass judgment; he alone is fit to redress wrongs. His severity is fortified by insufferable pride, and is due in great part to personal vexations. This misanthrope is first and foremost a man "crossed in love."

Philinte, though of a more genial disposition, is no fairer in his judgments. His tolerance is skepticism; he does not expect generosity from his fellows simply because he thinks them incapable of any worthy feeling. His apparently inoffensive doctrine is really much more pernicious than the misanthrope's: personally, Philinte has an excellent character, but those who accept his views are inclined to be more easy-going than he. And here lies the danger. For virtue can be attained only through constant effort, and where it is concerned, it is better to err on the side of excessive ardor than on the side of cold indifference.

V. Analysis of a Character Taken from Comedy

First Subject:[1] Chrysale in *The Blue Stockings*[2] (*Les Femmes savantes*)

Second Subject: Orgon in *Tartuffe*

Advice

The method is the same as for *A Baron in the Eleventh Century*[3] or *Rousseau's Feeling for Nature*.[4]

1. As a *preliminary work*, you must jot down the various traits of character as fast as they appear in the play, putting the *bad qualities* on the left of the page and the *good qualities* on the right.

Arrange your notes on a large sheet of exercise-paper; separate them well, so that you will not become confused, but can begin at once to give them some sort of order, and little by little to group them.

2. The *second process*, of *classification* and *composition*, can thus be carried on at the same time as your analytical reading, by using numbers, brackets to connect similar ideas, or large loops to enclose examples under a common heading.

All you will have to do then is to transfer to your final sheet the detailed outline, which has taken shape gradually and easily in the course of your reading.

You will hand in your first draft as well as the copy.

[1] Write on one only.

[2] *The Blue Stockings* seems to be the best English equivalent, although the expression was not used until the eighteenth century.

[3] See p. 174.

[4] See p. 234.

Classroom Discussion

None of the exercises is entirely satisfactory.

1. *Serious blunders.* Some of you have made three drafts. I did not want these plans worked up into a dissertation, for you have neither the time nor the skill to handle literary criticism as it should be handled. Others leave the characteristics in the "order of their appearance," as in the preliminary work. You do not grasp the *unity* of the character, the dominating defect or virtue, which should be the *principal idea* in your exercises.

2. *Smaller blunders.* Most of the class pick out the chief failing, which is, both with Orgon and with Chrysale, *weakness of will.* But you do not accentuate it from the start, nor group the minor shortcomings round it. Some of your outlines are too sketchy; some stop abruptly after a good beginning. One boy repeats in Part II (*Faults*) what he has already said in Part I, when speaking of the good qualities: he composes a "telescopic" plan — the different sections are contained one inside another. The best papers mention nearly all the necessary examples, but they jump at random from one detail to the next, without any natural sequence.

The outline should be arranged somewhat as follows:

Chrysale

Preliminary Work

Read the play, or at least the scenes in which Chrysale appears. Note each of his characteristics on a separate line, so that you can see all the items at a glance.

Chrysale's kindness to his daughter Henriette.
Lack of perseverance. (He does not carry out his intentions.)
Weakness of will. (Submission to his wife. He has not a word to say when she thrusts Trissotin upon him.)

Good nature. Gayety.

Common sense. (He gauges Clitandre and Trissotin at their proper value.)

Generosity. (He does not think it important that Clitandre should have a fortune.)

Consideration for his servants. (He takes Martine's part, and dismisses her reluctantly.)

Justice.

Weakness of will. (He gives in point by point to Philaminte, and acquiesces in an act of injustice.)

Common sense and simplicity:

(*a*) From his domestics he requires good cooking rather than fine language.

(*b*) He thinks a woman should be a good housekeeper.

(*c*) He describes graphically the disorder in his own household.

Weakness of will. (The long tirade beginning: "I am speaking to you, sister.")

Narrow-mindedness. (Girls are of no account except as housewives.)

A certain coarseness of language.

A certain coarseness of feeling. (Egoism. Desire above all for rest, peace, and quiet.)

And so forth. The enumeration should continue.

SECOND PROCESS: FINAL OUTLINE

Preamble: Portrait of Chrysale. (In describing his looks, bring our his weak point: coarseness.)

I. *Chrysale's Kindness.*

1. *Good-nature and cordiality:* his bearing, his manners. (The scene with Ariste.)

2. *Simplicity, common sense in everyday affairs.* (The housekeeping scene.)

3. *Amiability, indulgence toward his children and his servants.*

Transition: Unfortunately, these virtues become defects, for want of determination and courage.

II. *Chrysale's Weakness of Will.*

1. His good-nature is often sheer *indifference.*

2. His good sense is *narrow* and *commonplace.*

Other arguments taken from the housekeeping scene. The same material, analyzed into its various parts and rearranged, can be used in the preliminary as well as in the final work.

3. Lastly, his kindness may be as dangerous for those about him as another man's ill-nature. The fate of his children.

Conclusion: Chrysale is, of course, a *good man*, but he is one of those people who, from weakness of will, carelessness, and laziness, allow a great deal of harm to go on around them. He wants to be let alone, and does not realize that his own comfort should frequently be sacrificed in the interest of others. These good people do no actual wrong, but they do nothing to prevent it.

ORGON

Introduction.

First Sentence: The general idea. A failing often ridiculed by Molière: weakness of will. Mention several other characters.

Second Sentence: Application of the idea. Orgon is one of the best examples, for two reasons: poor judgment; irresistible force of the passion that sways him (religious fervor).

I. *Remote Causes of his Defect: Facts about Orgon.*

1. *Only son of a domineering mother.* The education she has given him.

2. *Aged husband of an ultra-fashionable woman.* To quote Tartuffe, Orgon is henpecked by Elmire. Once only, during the Wars of the Fronde, did he give signs of vigor.

II. *Occasion for Display of Weak Will: Exaggerated Piety.*

1. *He is afraid.* He sacrifices everything to an egoistical fear lest he shall not save his own soul.

2. *He falls in with an intriguer.* From the very first he yields to the scoundrel's strong will.

III. *Growth of the Evil.*

1. *Sensibility blunted* while it remains fixed on a single object: Orgon loses all human feeling. ("And I'd see perish brother, children, mother . . .") He neglects his wife's health. His daughter's happiness is nothing to him.

2. *Limited intelligence.* Orgon judges by appearances. (The way Tartuffe wins him over.)

He scorns all evidence. (Vain warnings.)

He sacrifices most important interests. (The casket.)

IV. *Underlying Cause: Incurable Mediocrity of Character.*

The crisis he goes through unsettles but does not reform him. His petty anger in the last scene.

He remains an overgrown child, symbol of all mediocre human beings, eternal dupes of the Tartuffes of this world, eternal prey to schemers.

VI. A Comparison: Euclio [1] and Harpagon [2]

Advice

I have purposely chosen a commonplace subject, because it makes good material for the most elementary form of this kind of dissertation.

The preliminary work is done in just the same way as in analyzing a single character or a single play. But be sure to take two sheets of paper, one for *resemblances*, one for *differences*.

Divide each sheet in halves, like this:

First sheet: Resemblances:
First half: *Euclio.*
Second half: *Harpagon.*

The remarks under one heading should correspond as much as possible in form and arrangement to those under the other.

Second sheet: Differences:
First half: *Euclio.*
Second half: *Harpagon.*

Revised Version

I. *Resemblances*

The resemblances between certain details are striking. Plautus observed the simplest characteristics of avarice, and Molière naturally reproduced them. It will, then, be a help to us, after we jot these traits down under each name, to group them as follows:

1. *Strength of the obsession.* At the least noise, the miser runs to examine his treasure. Euclio's behavior. Harpagon's behavior.

[1] See Plautus, *The Pot of Gold* (*Aulularia*).
[2] See Molière, *The Miser* (*L'Avare*).

2. *Evil feelings it arouses.* Brutality; unjust suspicion. Scene with Staphyla. Scene with La Flèche.

3. *Eventually it takes possession of the man's entire being.* He becomes crazed with grief and despair: hallucination in the two plays.

II. *Differences*

The differences, however, outnumber the resemblances. Molière is not satisfied to describe merely the superficial signs of avarice; he gives the *cause* and *effects*, by an infinitely deeper analysis.

1. *The Nature of Avarice*

Euclio's avarice is incidental. Not long before in his poverty, his stinginess was but commendable thrift. Considering his situation, his principles still are sound; we pardon him willingly for his anxiety over the treasure he so miraculously discovered.

Harpagon's avarice, on the contrary, is a monomania. He has not the same excuse: he is rich. (Mention facts that prove this: his way of living, his position, his investments.)

His obsession is:

All-engrossing, exclusive of any other sentiment (except one — a senile infatuation).

Useless (a rich man's parsimony).

Illogical (his actions are not those of a clear-sighted, practical man).

2. *The Effects of Avarice*

Plautus's incomplete and superficial play, therefore, is a comedy depending merely on intricacy of plot ("comédie d'intrigue"), whereas Molière's gives us an opportunity to define a character-play ("comédie de caractère").

Plautus and the "comédie d'intrigue." Euclio's miserliness is so secondary a quality that it has no influence on the outcome of the play.

(*a*) *It is not a deciding factor in any of the incidents.* The plot would be the same if Euclio had not found his pot of gold; his temporary mania leads to nothing but disputes with the slaves, and has no bearing on Phaedra's marriage.

(*b*) *The events in the play do not affect it.* They throw no light on avarice in its varied forms, nor on the ravages made by this vile passion in the soul of an ordinary man.

Molière and the "comédie de caractère." Harpagon's greed is an essential part of Molière's play: the events are planned to bring out its different aspects.

(*a*) *Harpagon makes those about him suffer.* His servants; his children.

(*b*) *Their vengeance.* He is ridiculed: Frosine's mockery; the neighbors' jokes.

He is scoffed at. The two great, almost tragic, scenes between the miser and his son: "Your gifts mean nought to me!"

He is deceived. Plotting goes on around him (Valère and Élise, Cléante and Marianne).

Finally, he is robbed. The thing he most dreads! Brought about by his fear, by stupid precautions, which betray his monomania.

Conclusion

The subject was merely touched upon by Plautus. Molière recognized in the incident a means to call attention to one of the most sordid forms of human egoism: he gave it philosophical value.

FOURTH SERIES

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TEXTS

I. An Analytical Outline

How to Take Notes on an Author

(Two Notes on Jean-Jacques Rousseau)

Prescribed Text: A. Schinz, *Vie et œuvres de J.-J. Rousseau* (Heath & Co.), pages 5 to 21.

Note on Rousseau's Childhood

Dates and principal episodes. Incidents that give the best idea of

(*a*) the *sensitiveness*, (*b*) the *intelligence*, of this gifted child.

Analysis of an Anecdote

The Aqueduct (pp. 15 to 18), from: "There was, outside the door," to: "at ten years old I knew more than Cæsar."

REVISED VERSION OF THE NOTE

Part I. Childhood, to the Age of Fourteen

I. Defects

Too much feeling. Too little system in his training.

1. *Indulgent tenderness of his household.* His father, his aunt, his nurse (his mother died at his birth). His father, an easy-going man. The sadness of the boy's early years. "When my father used to say to me: 'Jean-Jacques, let us talk of your mother,' I would answer: 'Then, Father, we shall cry!' And even at these first words he would begin to weep. . . ." And the remarks that follow, as far as the significant: "I could feel before I could think!" (Pp. 5, 6.)

Emotion, terrifying in a child of his age, as the result of a commonplace incident (Mlle Lambercier's comb). A symptom that would not have escaped a watchful family. (Pp. 12, 13.)

2. *Ill-advised choice of reading: prematurely developed imagination.* Seventeenth-century novels. "Our interest was so keen that we read in turn without stopping, and spent whole nights in this way. . . . Sometimes my father, hearing the swallows in the morning, would say contritely: 'Go to bed; I am more of a child than you!'" (P. 6.)

"A dangerous method!" comments poor Jean-Jacques. We may well believe it.

"Thus," he adds, "I acquired a knowledge, unique at my age, of the passions! This confused succession of emotions gave me extravagant, romantic notions of human existence, which experience and reflection have never quite effaced." (P. 7.)

Plutarch. "Plutarch was my favorite author. . . . His absorbing pages are responsible for that republican love of liberty, that proud, ungovernable turn of mind, impatient of restraint or compulsion, which has tormented me all my life. . . . With my thoughts constantly on Rome and Athens, living as it were with their great men, myself by birth the citizen of a republic, the son of a man whose strongest passion was the love of country, I was fired by their example; I fancied I was a Greek or a Roman." (P. 7.)

The final episode: imitation of Scævola. (P. 8.)

Plutarch was clearly preferable to the novels. But he should have been supplemented by more modern authors. From this honest but simple moralist, Rousseau formed too favorable an idea of antiquity; and this bias, which was common to all the youth of the eighteenth century, was not without influence on the revolutionary assemblies.

II. Good Qualities

1. *Gentleness and kindness.* "How could I be naughty, when I had before my eyes examples of gentleness, and round me the best people in the world? My father, my aunt, my nurse, my relatives, our friends, our neighbors, all my associates did not, it is true, do my bidding, but they loved me . . . and in my turn I loved them." (P. 9.)

Description of his aunt, his constant companion: " . . . to listen to her singing, seated or standing by her side."

"I can to this day see her expression, her attitude; I remember her little caressing ways; I can tell how she was dressed and how she arranged her hair, even to the two black curls ('heart-breakers') that hung on her temples in the fashion of her time." (P. 9.)

2. *Cultivated tastes.* The love of music, which he owed to this fine woman, and the memory of the songs she used to sing to him: "Would you believe that I, old dotard, a prey to care and anxiety, sometimes catch myself crying like a child as I hum over those little tunes in my cracked, shaky voice:

Tircis, I dare not
Listen to your piping." (P. 10.)

3. *Simple tastes.* From the age of ten to twelve, at the house of the pastor Lambercier, village life developed simpler tastes in the child. Love of nature. Guidance of the pastor. Rousseau's friendship for his cousin Bernard. (P. 12.)

Part II. Youth, from Fourteen to Sixteen Years

His hardships are real, but magnified in his imagination. Examples: two narratives. One is pleasant reading: the boy's sufferings are not so acute that our pity prevents a smile. The other is sad, touchingly and simply told. We might be reading a page from *Jack* or from *David Copperfield;* it is the old story of cruelty to children.

1. *A vocation missed.* He sets out to learn from M. Masseron, the town clerk, what his uncle calls the *useful trade of a grafter.* His description of M. Masseron is worth noting:

"Ceaselessly complaining of my laziness, my stupidity, telling me day after day that my uncle had assured him I knew *something, something* . . . whereas in truth I knew nothing; that he had promised him a likely lad and had sent him a blockhead." (P. 18.)

2. *Cruel treatment from an engraver.* "My master, M. Ducommun, was a boorish, quick-tempered young fellow, who made short work of clouding the glamour of my childhood, deadening my affectionate, lively disposition, and degrading me in spirit as well as in station to the true level of an apprentice. The tyranny of my master finally made unendurable an occupation I could have liked, and gave me vices I should otherwise have despised. At my

father's house I was fearless, at M. Lambercier's I was free, at my uncle's, prudent; I became cowardly at my master's, and from that moment I was lost." (P. 18.)

3. *Other episodes told at greater length.* The first theft:[1] asparagus. (P. 19.)

A second theft:[2] apples. (P. 19.) Description of Jean-Jacques at sixteen years of age.

A decisive moment: The famous incident of the drawbridge. (P. 21.) What a little thing decides destiny!

REVISED VERSION OF THE ANALYSIS

or "The Art of Preparation" in a Well-Composed Narrative

I. Planting a Willow, or The Origin of an Idea

1. *M. Lambercier's walnut-tree.*[3] Planting. Ceremonies. Details that impress the children. Imitation.

2. *The children's willow.* The idea takes shape. The feelings of the two young proprietors. Their care and efforts.

II. Building an Aqueduct, or The Preparation of a Drama

1. *An obstacle.* Lack of water.

2. *Necessity is the mother of invention.* Ingenious undertaking.

Notice the choice of exact details in this passage, and the effect produced with each one. They give a more vivid impression of the young architects' zeal than would ten lines of such epithets as resourceful, clever, earnest, industrious.

3. *Anxious expectation.*

III. The Drama and the Epilogue

1. *The drama.* Here, as in all comedies, the longer the preparation, — the analysis that familiarizes us with the characters, — the more rapid the crisis, the more precipitate the catastrophe. M. Lambercier's anger.

2. *Amusing epilogue.* The children are reassured by M. Lambercier's laughter. They recommence their planting at a little distance. (Pp. 15 to 18.)

[1] Also given on page 279 of the Schroeder edition, which is interesting for its curious engravings.

[2] *Loc. cit.*, p. 381.

[3] *Loc. cit.*, p. 375.

II. Notes on Rousseau's Feeling for Nature as Shown in His Works

Systematic Reading of an Author

You will pretend that we are planning to write a dissertation on Rousseau's feeling for nature, and have completed the *preliminary work*. Pen in hand, we have read together our volume of extracts, and have jotted down our impressions on the usual large sheet of paper. We have even begun the *second process* (composition), grouping our notes by means of brackets, figures, and numbers.

Only, contrary to our habit, by an inexcusable oversight, we have not given the exact references.

The research work has all to be done again! You will find that our notes make the task of rereading comparatively easy, but you must supply our serious omission by citing opposite each entry the passage to which it refers. Quote the first words of the selection, with the title of the work, and the number of the page in your edition.

PLAN TO BE COMPLETED BY REFERENCES AND EXTRACTS, AS IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTER

Part I. Feelings and Opinions

Misanthropy: Exaggeration of this attitude.
Love of solitude: Revery.
Love of a simple life: Mental and physical life in the country; governments and customs differ with climatic and geographic conditions.

Part II. Imagination

1. MECHANICAL SIDE OF THE IMAGINATION

Vividness of impressions: The senses (sight, hearing, touch).
Exactness of descriptions: Precision of details.
Richness of imagery: Powerful, unusual, or picturesque images.

2. ART AND JUDGMENT

The art of composition: in a well-constructed sentence (which sketches a landscape or tells an anecdote of country life); in a whole paragraph; in several pages of narrative or description.

PART III. PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS

Science in Nature: Botany; why Jean-Jacques likes botany; how he makes others like it; the Girondins, his disciples; Bosc and Madame Roland.

History of the human race: How primitive man lived. Refer to similar passages in the extracts from Buffon, with the date of their publication. Rousseau must have been influenced by them.

Religion in Nature: Hymns to the Divinity.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTARY READING FOR PUPILS WHO CARE TO GO DEEPER INTO THE SUBJECT

Those of you who will visit the library this week, who will ask for one of the three following works, and prove to me by their notes that they have read fifty pages to advantage, will be excused from the regular theme.

1. J.-J. Rousseau, *Letters on Botany* (*Lettres sur la botanique*).

A masterly example of a clear, simple, attractive, yet scientific method. See especially the letter on the *Cruciferæ*.[1] Some very fine colored plates, from Redouté's paintings, were published in 1805 and 1822, under the title: *The Botany of J.-J. Rousseau* (*La Botanique de J.-J. Rousseau*).

2. A. Rey, *The Naturalist Bosc. A Botanizing Girondin* (*Le Naturaliste Bosc. Un Girondin herborisant*).[2] Points to notice: Jean-Jacques attending Jussieu's lectures; Madame Roland, botanist; the proscribed Giron-

[1] Musset-Pathay edition, 1823, vol. vii, p. 15.

[2] Paris, 1882. Revised and reprinted in the *Revue de l'histoire de Versailles*, 1900, p. 241 (Bernard, editor).

dins in the forest at Montmorency; episode of the flowers brought to Madame Roland in prison; Bosc and Larévellière-Lépeaux; a disinterested naturalist.

3. *Recollections of a Nonagenarian. Memoirs of François-Yves Besnard* (*Souvenirs d'un nonagénaire. Mémoires de François-Yves Besnard*) (*1752–1842*).[1]

Read in the second volume the account of his visit, shortly after July 14, 1789, to Ermenonville and Jean-Jacques's tomb on the Isle of Poplars. The description is surprisingly fresh and simple. Pay particular attention to the more intimate details, such as the inscription left by the priest Brizard on Rousseau's shoes, which were still in "good Antoine's" possession: "Gabriel Brizard wished to do honor to his name by dedicating it to the foot-gear of the man who never walked except in the paths of virtue!" Read also what enthusiastic disciples have written on the tomb: "To Nature." "Here lies the man of Nature and of Truth." To which Besnard feels compelled to add: "To whom else should homage first be paid in acknowledgment of our freedom?" Nor did he neglect to gather from the grave some flowering orchids, willow-herbs, and sweet-trefoil, as well as mosses, for Madame Larévellière-Lépeaux's herbarium. We have stepped into the past and are living a few years after Rousseau's death, in the first months of the French Revolution.

From this time forward, I am going to ask you to do more and more of this kind of work. For your part, make inquiries on all sides, of your relatives and of your friends. Several of you must surely have among your acquaintances a booklover who would rejoice to give an

[1] Published in 1880 by Célestin Port, Registrar of the Department of Maine-and-Loire, Member of the Institute.

eager student the freedom of his library. Get what you can from his books; get what you can from his conversation too. Literary work, like scientific work, is not always done at a desk or a blackboard. Original research on a special point makes quite a different sort of impression from studying a more complete but commonplace text-book. Lose no opportunity to pick up information that is not prescribed on our programmes; follow the botanist Jean-Jacques into the fields and into the woods; learn from him to read the "great book of Nature"; make a pilgrimage, at least in thought, to the Isle of Poplars.

Final Suggestions on Prints and Engravings

(*In Connection with the Isle of Poplars*)

Illustrations, especially facsimiles of old prints, are being used in schoolbooks more and more; the day is not far distant when the study of art will occupy a recognized place in a course on literature. Look, for instance, at this photograph of a print by Moreau the younger, which a friend of mine recently took at the National Library. At first sight, it seems much like any of the rather poor reproductions that are on sale. As a matter of fact, it is valuable and rare in two respects. It is from a proof before letter, in which the lines are extremely fine; see the pure, soft light, and the naturalness of the reflections in the water. And, what is more, examined together with the other proof in the collection at the Library, it is as good as a history lesson; it teaches us about Jean-Jacques and his times, and gives us something to think of.

For the second copy, which was struck off a little later, is less beautiful and lacks one detail. In the foreground of our picture, to the left, an old peasant-woman, in cap and apron, is kneeling. While the townspeople talk among themselves and point to the mausoleum, while others row across the little lake to read the epitaph, this simple old soul has bowed her head by the water's edge. She has never read *The New Eloisa* (*La Nouvelle Héloïse*); perhaps she cannot read at all and has never heard of Jean-Jacques; but she knows what is fitting at the tomb of the dead: this Christian is unsuspectingly at the feet of the Savoyard Vicar! The theologians at the Sorbonne saw the artist's ironical intention; they asked for the suppression of the seditious figure, and in the second proof the left-hand corner is empty! The good woman, who so guilelessly followed the dictates of her heart and prayed, however inappropriately, for the soul of the philosopher of Nature, has been removed by order of the authorities. We are indeed back in 1778 — the date of the engraving.

Never let slip a chance to supplement your reading in this way by a study of works of art. You do not have to wait till you can own a valuable collection. What you need is a pair of eyes for looking about you, in the streets, at your friends' houses, and especially in the museums. If there is one good quality that foreigners agree in according to our nation, it is taste:

France, O Mother of the Arts!

Joachim du Bellay might still write to-day. Our skilled workmen (Du Bellay would have called them our "artisans" in the sense of "artists") are almost unequaled in many industrial arts, and the atmosphere they breathe

J.-M Moreau del[t] Ph t. Mayer

J. J. Rousseau's Tomb at Ermenonville

in certain localities naturally tends to preserve their delicate skill. It is just as important for you to develop your artistic as your literary side, or rather the two should go together; and our secondary system of instruction should give special care to the education of taste.

III. Letter from J.-J. Rousseau to the Marquis of Girardin, to thank him for offering the hospitality of his house and park at Ermenonville (May, 1778).

The writer, old, harassed, and ill, accepts the invitation because of his love of solitude and of nature.[1]

Sir:

The hospitality of your house and park at Ermenonville can but be welcome to a lover of the country, who daily laments his separation from nature. Your generous offer went straight to my heart; it touched me the more because for so long my fellow men have accustomed me to very different treatment. I see, sir, that one compassionate soul has pity on my misfortunes, and desires to make my last moments happy. The promptness with which I am answering your kindly summons proves, better than any words, the depth of my gratitude.

You cannot imagine the relief it will be to me at last to leave Paris, that abode of horror, where I have had nothing but suffering. Of late, especially, my existence has grown intolerable: on every side powerful enemies are seeking to injure me; they are bent on my undoing; I am the object of persecution as unjust as it is violent. Forced to be constantly on my guard, I have come to doubt my fellows and to look on them all with suspicion. This state of mind causes me much sorrow. I, who was born to love mankind, who wanted nothing but a little friendliness, find myself cruelly repulsed, overwhelmed by contempt or hatred, and hunted down like a criminal. My sensitive soul asked only to love, and was forced to hate. Then illness came to add its ravages to the many troubles I already endured. My respites from it are rare. Always as soon as I am on my feet again, I seek the calm and solitude of the country. What risk would I not run to spend even a few moments with nature? There, I forget my black thoughts, I become gay, I enjoy life. But when I have to return, even at first sight of the outskirts of Paris melancholy settles down on me again. I am assailed by dark presentiments, and I come back more depressed than I set forth. In giving me a refuge in the country, you are offering

[1] Written in Class 1 during the first term. The author has read *The Reveries of a Solitary Wanderer* (*Les Rêveries d'un promeneur solitaire*) to some purpose. See the *Letter from Horace*, p. 160.

the only remedy that can ease, if it cannot cure, the malady of my soul; I fear you will not save the life of this grievously wounded philosopher, but, by your charity, you will gladden his last days.

What a calm, peaceful existence I shall lead in the heart of nature! The park at Ermenonville, whose beauty I have often admired, has left a delightful impression on me. The majesty of its venerable trees, its velvety lawns, the lovely stream that, bordered by luxuriant green, waters this enchanting park — everything combines to make it the most delicious place where a man could dwell. I like to think of the happy time when I shall enjoy all its charms. Already I see myself wandering at sunrise through the paths still wet with dew, to greet awakening nature. That is to me the best moment of the day. This impressive sight gives me a feeling of calm and repose, and makes all dark thoughts vanish from my rejuvenated heart, with the fleeing shadows. I love to inhale the strong fragrance of the trees, I love to hear the birds twittering joyously to welcome the coming day. Afterwards I shall seek solitude on that Isle of Poplars, which lies in the middle of the lake. I have long been attracted by its freshness, its pleasant situation, its poetry. Everything combines to make it a tempting retreat: there I can escape from intruders; there under my very eyes is the running water, which murmurs as it flows. I have ever been fond of dreaming at the water's edge. Sometimes I amuse myself by watching the gambols of a school of fish, whose silver bellies glint in the sun, or the flight of mosquitoes and gauzy-winged dragon flies; sometimes by listening to the sharp call of the kingfisher, or watching him graze the surface of the lake as he flies, a fish in his beak. But what pleases me most in an island is the isolation it affords. It is enjoyable to pretend that the surrounding water is impassable; to revel in a seclusion where nothing comes between oneself and nature; and the silence, hardly broken by the continuous hum of insects, lulls the melancholy of the sage more effectually than human voices.

Ah, how sweet it will seem to me, that cherished solitude! How I shall enjoy, not only the charm of the landscape, but the very simplicity of country life! When, after a delicious morning by the edge of the lake, I return to the Hermitage, which your bounty has set apart for me, a thousand forgotten feelings will spring to life in my soul; a thousand joys, known only to those who have spent their youth in a village, will cheer my heart for one last time. The pavilion that you intend for me is, you say, at some distance from your princely mansion; it is simple, it is reminiscent of the cottage with green shutters where Jean-Jacques's thoughts are ever turn-

ing, and from its open windows one of your farms is visible. How ingenious and considerate a friend's kindness may be, anticipating my wishes, and divining my slightest preference! In that cool, shady refuge, I shall pass the warmest hours of the day: I shall take my meals on a rustic table; to replenish it, there is no need to empty your warren or to bring rare vintages from your cellar. Fresh water, products of the dairy, vegetables cooked in bacon fat, and, to begin the meal, a good omelet with chervil, such as our peasants make — these will suit the Philosopher of Nature. Outside I shall see the barn-yard of the silent farm; the men will be in the fields, the livestock out to pasture; merely the barking of some stray dog, the clucking of hens as they scratch about the yard, the heavy flap of a duck's wing, will remind me that life is never entirely absent, but is pulsating on every side.

For since my early youth I have learned to understand the countless voices of nature; in the country everything speaks to me, everything diverts me, and the most commonplace details are sometimes those that rouse in me the sweetest memories.

But there is one special hour when my soul is filled with a strange emotion. It is in the evening, when the sun, already low on the horizon, warns men to cease from their labors and to prepare for the stillness of the night. When I hear the rattling of the wagons and the lowing of cattle, when the laborer's song draws near my hermitage, when I see the fire lighted on the cold hearth, and the smoke rising from the roof, then I shall wander away from the farm out across the fields. Better suited to the morning hours is the lake with its iridescent waves, or the wood of hornbeam and beech, their leaves slightly stirring in the breeze. In the evening, I like the open spaces, the fields of wheat, golden as far as the eye can reach, while in the glowing sky, behind clouds of many hues, blazes the setting sun. It is then that man feels most powerfully the poetry of nature, and that the soul rises untrammeled toward its inconceivable Author. Indeed, everything speaks to me of Him, everything is marvelous in this world — the work of His hand. A blade of grass, a tender plant, is enough at times to overwhelm me with emotion. Botany leads me from surprise to admiration; it discloses to me each moment, in infinitesimal things, the wisdom of the Creator; I repeat of the tiniest flower what the Gospel says of the lily: "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." But perhaps I prefer the hymn that is sung in His praise by the vast stretches of earth and sky. As night succeeds twilight, as the first stars appear in the dark firmament, the fathomless depths open before my awestruck eyes. And when, a little later, all these

myriad worlds revolve above my head, following the laws established by an eternal Wisdom, my soul is mute before these great sights. I feel crushed by the weight of the universe; I want to take flight into the infinite; and I find myself murmuring: "O Supreme Being, O Supreme Being," without another thought or word.

Such, my dear sir, will be the existence you offer me in the heart of nature. Your kindness ensures for me all the happiness possible for a man crushed by misfortunes; you will enable me to take a little interest in life. May you be rewarded for the consolation you give to old Jean-Jacques! May you be rewarded for the hardships you avert from his last days, for the rest you give to his tired soul, and to his heart tormented by the bitterness of life and the wickedness of men! Thanks to you I shall be happy and tranquil for the short time I have yet to live; thanks to you I shall await in peace my approaching end, surrounded by calm, smiling nature; and when my soul, quieted and appeased by these beautiful sights, shall leave this suffering earth for a better world, it will wing its way with greater freedom towards eternity.

GASTON LEROY

(Amplified and revised after: "Ah, how sweet.")

FIFTH SERIES

THE END OF THE YEAR IN CLASS 2

I. Two Ways of Handling Literary Criticism Narration and Dissertation

A Difficult Narrative: Realism in Racine's Works

I. NARRATION

Racine's Grief

1. At Boileau's house, in November, 1679. An informal dinner: Racine, Chapelle, La Fontaine, a few other friends. *They discuss the scandals* that have transpired, and those that are suspected.

(See, for a summary of the facts, Funck-Brentano, *The Poison Drama* (*Le Drame des poisons*).)

2. Racine sits rapt in thought. The others question him. He reveals the sorrow that is torturing him. The great ladies implicated in the scandals bear a startling resemblance to the heroines of his plays. He fears that he has drawn *immoral characters.*

(See, for his subjects, Brunetière, *Epochs in the French Theatre.* (*Les Époques du théâtre français*), pp. 153 ff.)

3. In vain his friends try to reassure him: La Fontaine reminds him of the *appealing, lovable figures* in his plays, who stand for virtue. Boileau takes up the defense of the *criminal characters:* these studies of human nature are great moral lessons. Even Arnauld believes this.

(See *Selected Plays by Racine* (*Théâtre choisi de Racine*), Lanson edition, p. 755.)

4. Racine leaves early and alone, touched but not convinced. Throughout the night he weeps at the remembrance of his masters at Port-Royal. Arnauld is lenient toward *Phaedra* (*Phèdre*), but Nicole calls all dramatic authors "poisoners." Henceforth Racine will have no thought but for the salvation of his soul and the education of his children.

A few dates: First performance of *Phaedra:* January 1, 1677. Racine's marriage: June 1, 1677. Voisin's trial, Criminal Court: April 10, 1679–October 1, 1680. Trial suspended. Renewal of trial: May 19, 1681–July 21, 1682.

II. DISSERTATION

How do you explain Racine's definite renunciation of the theatre after 1677?

Introduction

Racine's apparently inexplicable discouragement.
The historical facts.

Motives

1. *Superficial* (for a long time the only ones advanced): Phaedra Cabal; weariness; piety.

2. *Deep-seated:* conjectured by Brunetière; confirmed by Mr. Funck-Brentano's discoveries in the Arsenal Library.

Value of Motives

1. *Certain real grounds:* Racine's *subjects and characters:*

   (*a*) Fatality of passion.
   (*b*) Irresistible impulse to commit crime.

2. *Grounds exaggerated by Racine:*

   (*a*) His analyses of character are not an *apology for crime;* they are faithful, complete paintings of

life. Virtue is not excluded. *Aim of life* in Racine's eyes, as in our own, is by continuous effort to subordinate evil instincts to reason. (He thinks this impossible without grace; we rely on will-power.)

(*b*) Description of terrible consequences of ungoverned passions teaches a *great lesson*. Such is Arnauld's opinion.

Conclusion

Racine's unfortunate decision. His extreme sensitiveness.

Relative Advantages of the Two Forms

1. In a *dissertation* you are much more likely to find the *essential idea* and its *attendant arguments* and *examples* than in a narrative. Your reasoning is clearer, because your minds are not distracted by other considerations.

2. In a *narrative* the *expression* comes more naturally, and has more life and color. The *art of painting* by choice of images, the *art of stirring* your reader by the movement of the sentence, will be less troublesome to acquire.

I want you to-day to use the narrative form.

REVISED VERSION

Extracts from two themes

1. Once again, the ancient house in the rue du Vieux-Colombier shelters those intimate friends: Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Chapelle, and a few others. They are gathered at an informal dinner in the large hall, whose tiny leaded window-panes admit but a dim light. Only Racine is thoughtful; while La Fontaine is absorbed in composing light epigrams, and Boileau and the others are talking and laughing noisily, Racine remains sad. His steady, intense gaze, the contemptuous, weary curl of his lip, give him a distinguished air as he sits thus. Boileau exclaims:

"Well, gentlemen, that is all a cock-and-bull story, in my opinion. Believe me, we have not yet heard the last of the court scandals; we may expect even more curious revelations."

"I hardly think," answers Chapelle, "that all the accusations made by that Voisin woman are well founded. The wretched sorceress is taking advantage of the noise made over this case to ruin the people on whom she wants to be revenged!"

La Fontaine calmly replies: "All I have to say is that the wolf in the sheepfold may gobble up any one of the sheep!"

"And you are right," sighs the big Marshal of Vivonne. "There is no respect for persons in these days!"

During this conversation, Racine, deep in his revery, seems not to listen. "I by no means object," continues Boileau, "to the discovery of crimes and the condemnation of wretches abhorred in all ages. The shock comes when we learn so unexpectedly that here about us, in the same society, people whom we supposed we knew, and thought worthy of esteem, are poisoners, assassins, or even worse. Thank God, I am not given to seeing evil on every hand! But with so many great ladies incriminated, with the honor of so proud and haughty a nobility tarnished, you will agree that the situation sets one thinking. — Champagne," he calls to his servant, after a few moments' silence, "pass the wine. — To Monsieur Racine especially! I should not be surprised if he had melancholia."

Racine raises his brimming glass, then sets it down on the table without moistening his lips.

"Is it, by chance, the corrupt manners of the times that sadden you to this extent?" asks Chapelle as he draws up his chair.

"Racine," adds La Fontaine, "you are in trouble; we are your friends; what is the matter?"

CHARLES COURTET
(Pupil in Second C.)

2. "My friends," answered Racine, who had grown pale at Chapelle's last words, "unwittingly, you have revived in me a sorrow that I strive in vain to forget. It is three years since I left the theatre, and I shall spend the rest of my days in silence and retirement. I have a horror of the art that made my fame and fortune; I realize, too late, alas! that apart from religion and virtue, life is but idle vanity. May my example at least be a warning to you! You say that I am gifted; that is the cause of my unhappiness. For ten years I worked on the devil's own business, adorning, and as it were transforming with the charm of poetry, even murder, frenzy, and the violence of passion! Sometimes my words rang true, I enjoyed success and the applause of the multi-

tude: yet some honest man, coming, unluckily for himself, to a performance of one of my tragedies, must leave the theatre in the frame of mind of a Nero or an Orestes! I reread my work with despair when I think of the evil for which I am responsible.[1] All my heroes and heroines are swayed by love and evil passions: Hermione, violent, jealous, criminal; Orestes, a murderer because of his weakness of will; Narcissus, an odious traitor; Nero, the nascent monster, murdering Britannicus as a prelude to matricide; Roxana, frenzied by jealousy, putting to death the man whose love she cannot win; Phaedra, as guilty as Roxana and more corrupt. Everywhere blood! Everywhere savage passion, or folly carried to the point of crime! That is my work! Yes, often I seem to see before my eyes these beings whom I was tempted to bring to life, whom perhaps I actually have brought to life. Alas! they are like living spectres, the sight of whom burdens my conscience. And here today these phantoms are no longer only evoked in my dreams; they exist, they have confessed before the Criminal Court acts whose enormity cannot be concealed. By them, doubtless, Heaven desired to punish me, displaying to my terrified gaze what the poetry of legend and the glamour of antiquity had disguised. I regret my youth, which is gone forever, my works, consecrated to an impious purpose. Dear friends, do not tell me that these heroes, my creations, are immortal! That would be my greatest grief."

3. "I am sure, my dear Racine," La Fontaine then resumed, "that you exaggerate. You see but one side of your plays, you remember only the criminals. And you forget the lovely, the great and poetic, figures that stand in your tragedies for innocence and virtue. Take my word, my dear friend; the poet who is able to describe, besides Phaedra and Roxana, women like timid Junia, tender Berenice, wise, gentle Iphigenia, will not be thought to love the violence of terrible passions; the poet who has moved us by the virtue of Hippolytus, who offset the omnipotent emperor by courageous Burrhus, who spoke through the "soul of Mithridates," will never be suspected of indulgence for Nero; he who showed us such wisdom and piety, such good judgment blended with charm in the person of immortal Andromache, will not be accused of lenity for Hermione."

"Bravo, sir!" replied Boileau. "And yet, if you will allow me, I shall go a step further than you, and venture to take up the issue with Monsieur Racine in defense of his criminals themselves!

[1] Certain epithets were added or substituted in class, and two lines were completely rewritten ("Everywhere blood . . .")

If the sight of virtue edifies the public, the depicting of crime rouses a horror of evil, and this virtuous indignation has a stronger effect on character than lukewarm admiration. In *Phaedra* especially, *Phaedra*, which more than all the rest seems to trouble our friend, the moral lesson is so fine that Monsieur Arnauld, you are aware, is unsparing in his praises. The very thought of crime, as you yourself say, my dear Racine, and this time quite rightly, the very thought of crime is looked upon in the play with as much horror as the deed itself. The most trifling faults are severely punished. *Phaedra* brings to the minds of Christians the weakness and the perversity of human nature, the perpetual recurrence of sin; like all your plays, it makes plain that redemption is possible only through *saving grace*, as one of your most revered masters at Port-Royal, Monsieur Arnauld, himself believes. The exact analysis of a human being, of the moral crises through which he passes, — the reluctance that restrains him, the passions that sweep him on to his final downfall, — is an application, in the most beautiful form possible (since it is conceived by your genius), of the Augustinian doctrine. Without the help of God, man can do nothing; try as he may, he will irrevocably be led into the very excesses and crimes he detests: Phaedra is a Christian in her remorse; she is very like a Christian in the struggle that precedes her sin; she is a Jansenist unillumined by grace![1] So take heart once more and have confidence in yourself! Do not condemn a work that is admired by the most excellent men: rely on the word of experienced judges. Three years ago[2] I gave you encouragement, and you would not heed. I said that your tragedies were admirable, because of your deep wisdom, and your noble and delicate art. To-day I repeat that they will go down to posterity as great moral lessons. I beg you to listen to the advice of a sincere friend; do not cut short, in its prime, a career that is still so full of promise."

JULES LABBÉ
(Pupil in First C)

4. Boileau ceases speaking; Racine, moved, touched, but not convinced, cannot regain his spirits, despite his friends' efforts to rouse him from his sad mood. Their insistence troubles him, and at an early hour he takes his leave. The night drags through for him; he does not sleep; he falls to musing or rather to thinking. He thinks of his youth and in particular of his teachers at Port-Royal-in-the-Fields. He recalls the good recluses, learned, pious,

[1] This sentence was rewritten in class.

[2] 1677. *Epistle VII* (*Épître VII*), *to Racine.*

and disinterested, who had charge of him in his boyhood. How long it seems already since the time when, out among the wild flowers, Nicole and Antoine Le Maître would read Tacitus and Virgil with him, or Lancelot would explain Euripides! Racine sheds bitter tears at the memory of the offensive, cruel letter he had the effrontery to write against his former masters and the devout ladies of Port-Royal. Arnauld, it is true, approves of his tragedies; he is lenient toward *Phaedra;* but Nicole, in *The Visionaries* (*Les Visionnaires*), calls all dramatic poets "poisoners of the public mind." Well, his decision is made: his conscience dictates the course to pursue. His works have already done harm enough; Racine will retire from the theatre; he will seek a reconciliation with his honored teachers; he will turn his thoughts toward the salvation of his soul and the education of his children; he will fulfill the duties of a Christian and a father to atone for his past offenses. Joyfully, on that night, Racine, the great Racine, renounces the theatre forever!

CHARLES COURTET
(Pupil in Second C.)

THE PARENTS CALLED IN CONSULTATION

[Judging solely from these extracts, we might be disposed to think the subject fairly well adapted to boys either finishing Class 2 or beginning Class 1. But we must not let appearances deceive us, or forget that the only merit of this book is that it gives an exact account of facts. Courtet and Labbé were the winners, respectively, of the first prize in Second and the second prize in First. Apart from their work, the themes were almost all unsatisfactory, with a much lower average than I expected. An attempt at a similar treatment of Molière, in the fourth examination, succeeded so ill that I have omitted the outline, rather than print it without the themes. Of course, no general conclusion can be drawn from these isolated observations; but, from what my colleagues tell me, the results are no better in other classes, and good themes on these comprehensive subjects are always the exception.

I was so sure that it would be interesting to include the parents in our consultation, that I wrote to three of them, men of various ages, positions, and points of view, whose joint impressions would probably sum up the average opinion of cultivated people.

The first was, on the whole, in favor of curtailing our literary programme. "I read," he says, "with deep interest the work you submitted to me.[1] Though I realize that the preparation for the baccalaureate is more than an excuse, I deplore your having to assign to pupils, who are often very young, exercises that are beyond their powers. Essays like Levrault's [2] seem to me the only type of criticism that Second and First Form boys are equal to." I intentionally skip the pleasant remarks that mitigate these opinions, for I want the ideas that concern us to stand out: the wish that literary exercises be limited to *analyses* and *comparisons* of very restricted subjects, with no general dissertations, on the ground that these are "beyond the pupils' powers."

The second letter, which goes into the question at greater length, contains more regrets and reservations:

"This work," it says of *Racine's Grief*, "presupposes a knowledge of the man himself and of his relations to his fellows, — a knowledge acquired only with age, with experience of life, with the study of philosophy and of society. This is too much to ask of sixteen-year-old boys. You can but try to develop in them a taste for such studies, and to prepare them to continue by themselves along the same lines. And indeed, what critical works of any weight are really adapted to their age?

[1] The essays on Racine given above, and the summaries, pp. 137–139.

[2] L. Levrault, *Literary Essays on French Authors* (*Études littéraires sur les auteurs français*).

Sainte-Beuve wrote for mature men; more recently, Sarcey's or Larroumet's criticisms, and Brunetière's articles are addressed to the serious readers of the *Temps* or the *Revue des Deux-Mondes;* Jules Lemaître's lectures are intended for scholars with trained minds. In Class 1 the pupils should be fitted to understand some day the art of criticism, but it is overstepping the mark to expect from them (as has too often been done in the baccalaureate examinations) one of Sarcey's reviews, one of Brunetière's articles, or a lecture by Jules Lemaître. I know well that it is a delicate thing to find the *limit.* Not to demand enough from good students in our lycées is to turn them out mediocrities; to ask too much of them is to transform them into pedants who criticize and reason like poor journalists. . . . But these considerations would carry us far afield, and I must stop without concluding, for I believe, in spite of Destouches,[1] that criticism and art are equally difficult!"

My correspondents are over modest! Both have expressed well, in their different ways, an opinion to which in the future we must pay great attention. They hope that we may still develop, even in Division C, a certain literary feeling; but our choice of subjects seems to them to require more tact and prudence than ever before.

This limit, which their excessive diffidence forbids their fixing for us, has been described with more precision by my third correspondent, the same who wrote me about our practical subjects.[2] In spite of his pronounced liking for the matter-of-fact and concrete side of our teaching, he declares himself, now that the time has come, an open partisan of literary dissertations.

[1] See *The Braggart* (*Le Glorieux*), II, 5. [2] See pp. 99, 100, 106.

"I have always thought of the dissertation," he writes, "as the most finished and useful exercise that could be set our school-children, even those who are absorbed in mathematics. For there is an analogy between a dissertation and a problem. . . . Narration, for your pupils, should have already served its purpose. In this slight and almost childish task they should have formed the habit of grouping their ideas and of expressing them in suitable terms — even of drawing a moral conclusion from facts: all this comes very close to dissertation and makes the transition from one exercise to the other an easy matter. It is, therefore, time for the pupils to discuss ideas, to weigh their value, the *pros* and *cons*, as you say. It is high time for them to write dissertations.

"The subject you assigned your class (*Racine's Grief*) has perhaps one drawback, not literary, but moral; though it may be well to warn the boys against any idolatrous worship of the Great Century, it is, I fear, rather unfortunate to dwell on this lamentable aspect of a fine epoch. . . . I understand, of course, why you disregarded this, for in other respects the subject seems to me everything that is desirable for Class 1. I do not believe that the analysis of such feelings is too difficult for lads of that age: La Fontaine's ingenuity, Boileau's common sense, should suggest ingenious, sensible ideas; the conflict in Racine's heart between his poet's conscience, his good intentions, and his scruples as a Jansenist, with its appalling sequel, should stir their own consciences; and I wonder when and where they would acquire the taste or find the time for these things, if not in the lycée, while still fresh from the reading of our classics. The one requisite is that the subject should be definite, related to the study of a special character or book, under given

conditions. Thus, from the list you sent me of subjects assigned this year in Class 1, I pick out 'What is a Moralist?' [1] as typical of the sort of thing that should be omitted or altered. Whereas, 'La Fontaine, Moralist' I like very much. And a general survey of the eighteenth century immediately becomes easier under the form you chose: 'Tell, according to Voltaire, Rousseau, the Encyclopædists and their party, what was meant in the eighteenth century by the word "philosopher."' My real preference, however, is for material like that which you took from Pierre Desseilligny: 'Bossuet to his uncle, describing Richelieu's entry into Paris.' There you have something clear-cut, concrete, with a solid foundation in history, and entirely within a boy's reach.[2] Subjects like this certainly must not be omitted from the programme. To sacrifice them would be to pluck the heart from our system of secondary education, if not to kill it outright." [3]

As I could not believe that my first correspondents would discard them either, *a priori*, I sent my notebooks of Class 1 for their inspection. Finally we all agreed that seven or eight of the subjects should be omitted; five or six others should be simplified; the remainder should stand as they were.

[1] Given by the examiners at Clermont-Ferrand.

[2] As a matter of fact, my First Form boys handled this very well.

[3] Not long ago our universities invited their candidates to write as if they were "La Fayette embarking for America," "Franklin asking the ministers of Louis XVI for help from France," or "M. de Vergennes himself urging the King to save the Thirteen Colonies." What was perhaps the best subject of this sort was proposed at the General Competitions (*Concours général*) in 1848: "A Puritan pastor, landing from the *Mayflower* on the neighboring shore, with a band of pilgrims, exhorts his brothers to found a nation on the principles of religious independence and political equality, and to march toward their goal with holy confidence. He calls down upon their efforts the blessing of Heaven (1620)." The prize was won by Prévost-Paradol.

It is clear, then, now that this year in Class 2 is drawing to a close, in what spirit we shall continue our work in Class 1. The parents are far from wanting rhetoric to lose its ancient dignity, or to see their sons unable to "discuss things with well-bred people." They still think that the literary dissertation is the best exercise, but they realize that finding subjects grows more and more difficult. The examiners seem in as great a quandary as we: the Sorbonne, when it leaves the candidates free to choose either (1) an explication of a sonnet by Ronsard; (2) a eulogy of Corneille; or (3) a description of a journey in an excursion train, is obviously humoring both tendencies. Not that I have any objection to the excursion train. Far from it — provided it remains an exception. Otherwise, we might find it carrying us in an opposite direction from the one we wish to take. But I do feel strongly that we need the Sorbonne as a stimulus to the boys to read the prescribed authors, and as an ally in our struggle to preserve the dissertation.]

II. A List of Books for Rainy Days During Vacation

(In Answer to an Appeal from the Pupils' Families)

How to Read and What to Read

As our work advances, you surely recognize that the *art of writing* is inseparable from the *art of reading*. Subjects for themes taken from daily life, valuable as they are to me when I want to awaken your powers of observation, are far from sufficient to develop your creative imagination, or to supply you with means of expression. Personal experience, because it is cut short at both ends and restricted on every side, has to be judiciously supplemented by the accumulated experience of generations. Books not only give you this for the asking, but teach you how to use it; they combine the art of observing with the art of composing and writing; in them the "best authors" of the world become your teachers, and are ready at any hour of the day with their inimitable lessons on every subject. I can, then, do no better than repeat what I have said many times before: "Read, read, and keep on reading!"

The families of my pupils have been quick to understand this fact, and often ask me what books their sons should take away for rainy days during vacation. This year I am enlarging a list I made some time ago; for, in spite of its deficiencies, first one pupil and then another came to ask me for it, and I do not believe that serious reading has more terrors for you than for them. Do not, however, overload your luggage or your memories, for these two months, with more than five or six volumes at the outside. If it rains an unheard-of

amount, you can get even with the "clerk of the weather" by retorting, like Royer-Collard: "I am not reading any more, sir, I am rereading!" The books I mention will bear rereading.

Since, of course, no one person can read all there is to read, or even a small part of it, each should choose from the best books with such sure taste that a few authors — only one if necessary — shall fill the place of the others. "Everything is in everything," says an old proverb: ideas on nature and on mankind are so universal that they are always recurring in all sorts of books. It is only the facts on which they are based that change, with changing conditions and differences of time and place, or with the branches of science that suit your individual abilities or fit in with your particular hobbies.

It is clear, then, that in picking out your summer reading you must keep two considerations in mind:

1. Take with you the books that interest you, and satisfy your curiosity of the moment. The "Specialists" among you (and it is not a bad thing to have a craze — you will have another so soon!) will keep to a single category. The "Scientists" will pass the novels by as frivolous; the "*Literati*" will disdain Viscount d'Avenel and his workaday subjects. You will be wrong — every one of you. But I will forgive you anything, provided you show taste of some sort, and follow that very best of guides, a *personal preference*.

2. Take with you the books that are new and original, whose authors are sincere and individual, determined to see things with their own eyes and to study nature at first-hand. By "new" I do not necessarily mean recent or fantastic. A great many "new" books date back to antiquity, and the most original are often those which,

faithful to classic traditions, look at things in the form of eternity (*sub specie æternitatis*). It is feeling that counts, and intelligence; not chronology. The best books are those that set us thinking for ourselves.

If you carry off with you three volumes on the seventeenth century, — let us say, Taine's *La Fontaine et ses fables*, Boissier's *Madame de Sévigné*, and *Scènes et portraits* from Saint-Simon, — I do not want you to expect too much from them. In eight weeks you have no chance to become thoroughly familiar with an important period. The first two volumes should teach you merely to see the living interest of the classics, and to think, as they do, in the language of well-bred people. As for Saint-Simon, he will amuse you; this collection, arranged for the schoolroom, is as good as a comedy of fashionable life at the time. And I shall gain my end if through this familiarity with a classic, — this "intercourse," as our forefathers would have said, — you acquire a little intelligent technique, a certain psychological insight.

Or you may choose Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, and De Rousiers's *La Vie américaine*. Although these volumes come under the heading "Travel," they are examples of a general method, applicable to a hundred subjects in no way connected with travel. *La Vie américaine* was one of the books in which Taine during his last years took the keenest pleasure. He liked to see the spread of the system of note-taking that he, with Le Play, had been the first to put into practice. This was before his methods had been popularized.

As a concession to the "Sports" I include Edouard Foa's *Mes Grandes Chasses*, which belongs to a class of literature that is abundant and popular in England and in the United States. And, if any of you are going to

Switzerland or to Savoy this summer, do not fail to get Dr. Zigmondi's book on the dangers of mountain-climbing. It is agreeably and simply written, and is full of every good quality that sport develops: energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and a liking for a hard struggle. Dr. Zigmondi was killed (before he had finished correcting the proofs of his book) because he disregarded his own advice, and attempted the difficult ascent of La Meije under adverse conditions.

Others, who are better informed than I, will suggest similar books to you. When you read them, do not forget their human, literary, even philosophical value. I know of a counsellor in the Audit Court (Mr. Albert-Petit) who was not above writing a book on fly-fishing. If an intelligent man writes with enthusiasm of any sport, no matter what; if he calls your attention to a law of nature or to a human virtue, his book suggests as many ideas, rouses as many emotions, as some purely literary work, and is as useful and good reading as you can find.

Finally, when I mention such books as Huret's volumes *En Amérique*, Viscount d'Avenel's *Le Mécanisme de la vie moderne*, and Smiles's *Self-Help*,[1] I am reverting to my favorite idea. It is a principle that is common to all these books, and well expressed by Huret. He repeatedly tells us — though he usually lets the Americans in his books speak for him — that it is necessary to keep pace with the most recent discoveries, to be always on the alert for what is new, and to utilize it before other people

[1] Pasteur greatly admired this book, though he wished that some of the biographies, serving to illustrate the power of intelligence, courage, or perseverance, were less fragmentary (Dr. Jenner's, for instance). He says: "Let us reverently collect for the benefit of posterity, even the smallest lessons from the lives of men whose stay in this world has permanently enlightened mankind." Vallery-Radot, *La Vie de Pasteur*, p. 232.

have a chance.[1] Particularly worth considering are the remarks of a French manufacturer, Mr. Clément, then on a visit to New York. "Every specialist," he says, "that is, every engineer, every foreman, every workman, is constantly wondering how he can make his machine work better and faster." [2] I recommend also, as typical, the dialogue between the author and a manufacturer, about a marvelous machine that has already been superseded by one "twice as efficient."

"And what are you going to do with this one?"

He smiled: "Oh, we shall scrap it." [3]

The same thing applies to our studies. Literary or scientific, they are useful to us only if they are always *ahead of* the average current information and opinion, not *behind*. To be among the few who are thinking to-day what the many will be thinking to-morrow; to be looked on as eccentric and peculiar because you do something that in a little while will be a commonplace — this should be your ambition; this should goad you to fresh efforts, and be the pleasantest and most fruitful way in which you can use your intelligence.

[It was with this idea in mind, and with no intention of compiling a complete bibliography, that I chose the following books. My hope is that those who read some of these volumes, even if they read only a few, will be able, as they close each one, to say of its author what Alfred de Musset said of Mathurin Régnier: "Your book is strong and good, sir, it has made me think." And I hope that from the vantage-ground of their new ideas, as from the platform of some lookout, they will gaze across a wider panorama of nature and of humanity.]

[1] Vol. I, pp. 104, 117, 307. [2] P. 117. [3] P. 290.

A List of Books for Rainy Days[1]

I. EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY

Legouvé, E., *La Lecture en action.*
Le Roux, H., *Nos Filles; qu'en ferons-nous?*
Patri, A., *A Schoolmaster of the Great City* (*Vers l'école de demain*).
Payot, J., *L'Éducation de la volonté.*
—— *Le Travail intellectuel et la volonté.*

II. ARTS AND SCIENCES

Avenel, Viscount d', *Le Mécanisme de la vie moderne.*
Fabre, J. H., *Souvenirs entomologiques.* (A selection of the best parts; one volume, Delagrave.)
Fromentin, E., *Les Maîtres d'autrefois.*
Hourticq, L., *L'Art en France.*
Lecoq de Boisbaudran, H., *L'Éducation de la mémoire pittoresque.*
Maeterlinck, M., *La Vie des abeilles.*
Rocheblave, S., *Le Goût en France; les arts et les lettres de 1600 à 1900.*
Taine, H., *Philosophie de l'art.*
Tiersot, J., *Un Demi-siècle de musique française.*
Vidal de la Blache, P., *Tableau de la géographie de la France.* (Vol. I of Lavisse, E., *Histoire de France.*)

III. HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION

Batiffol, L., *Le Siècle de la renaissance.* (Collection "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous.")
Boissier, G., *Cicéron et ses amis.*
—— *Promenades archéologiques.*
—— *Nouvelles Promenades archéologiques.*
Boulenger, J., *Le Grand Siècle.* (Collection "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous.")

[1] From the books in various languages scattered through Mr. Bezard's list, the teacher of English will be able to see, not only how the teacher of the mother-tongue in France brings good French books to the attention of parents, but how he reaches out into the fields of Greek, Latin, and English.

Most of the works are probably to be found on the shelves of the class library. For in French schools every class has its own library. Each year the boys in, we will say, the Second Class subscribe a certain sum for enlarging the collection of books that they have inherited from former second classes. In their turn, they leave the collection behind them for the boys who are coming after. The books are not only for use in school-work, but may be taken away for the summer. — *Translator.*

Bourgeois, E., *Le Grand Siècle.*
Fabre, J., *Procès de condamnation de Jeanne d'Arc d'après les textes authentiques des procès-verbaux officiels.*
—— *Procès de réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc raconté et traduit d'après les textes latins officiels.*
Ferraro, G., *Grandeur et décadence de Rome.*
Funck-Brentano, F., *Le Moyen-Age.* (Collection "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous.")
Fustel de Coulanges, N., *La Cité antique.*
Gebhart, E., *L'Italie mystique.*
—— *Les Origines de la renaissance en Italie.*
Jullian, C., *Extraits des historiens du dix-neuvième siècle.*
Lanson, R., and Desseignet, J., *La France et sa civilisation* (Holt and Co.).
Madelin, L., *La Révolution.* (Collection "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous.")
Michelet, J., *Jeanne d'Arc.*
Monnier, Marc., *La Réforme de Luther à Shakespeare.*
—— *La Renaissance de Dante à Luther.*
Saint-Simon, *Scènes et portraits.* (Two volumes of extracts, edited by E. de Lanneau.)
Ségur, Ph. de, *Histoire de Napoléon et de la grande-armée pendant l'année 1812.*
Stryienski, C., *Le Dix-huitième Siècle.* (Collection "L'Histoire de France racontée à tous.")
Taine, H., *L'Ancien Régime.*
Thierry, A., *Récits des temps mérovingiens.*
Voltaire, *Siècle de Louis XIV.* (Bourgeois edition.)

(*The Great War*)

Dorgelès, R., *Les Croix de bois.*
Duhamel, G., *La Vie des martyrs.*
Genevoix, M., *Sous Verdun.*
Giraud, V., *Histoire de la grande guerre.*
Le Goffic, C., *Dixmude.*
Lintier, P., *Ma Pièce.*
Masson, P. M., *Lettres de guerre.*
Muenier, P.-A., *L'Angoisse de Verdun.*
Vignes Rouges, Jean des, *Bourru, soldat de Vauquois.*

IV. LITERARY HISTORY

Bédier, J., *La Chanson de Roland.*
Boissier, G., *Madame de Sévigné.* (Collection des grands écrivains.)
—— *Saint-Simon.* (Collection des grands écrivains.)

Brunetière, F., *Les Époques du théâtre français.*
—— *L'Évolution de la poésie lyrique en France au dix-neuvième siècle.*
Dante, *Inferno.*
Faguet, E., *Le Dix-septième Siècle.*
Homer, *Iliad.*
—— *Odyssey.*
Hugo, V., *Morceaux choisis.* (Three volumes: *Poésie, Prose, Théâtre.* Collection "Pallas.")
La Bruyère, *Les Caractères.* (G. Cayrou edition.)
Lanson, G., *L'Art de la prose.*
—— *Choix de lettres du dix-septième siècle.*
—— *Choix de lettres du dix-huitième siècle.*
Lemaître, J., *Les Contemporains* (vols. I and II.)
Musset, A. de, *Morceaux choisis.* (Merlant edition.)
Sainte-Beuve, C. A., *Extraits des Causeries du lundi.*
—— *Portraits littéraires et portraits de femmes.* (Lanson edition.)
Taine, H., *Histoire de la littérature anglaise.*
—— *La Fontaine et ses fables.*
—— *Nouveaux Essais de critique et d'histoire.* (Chapter on *Racine.*)

V. TRAVEL

Baratier, A. E. A., *A travers l'Afrique.*
—— *Épopées africaines.*
Chevrillon, A., *Un Crépuscule d'Islam; Maroc.*
—— *Dans l'Inde.*
Diehl, C., *Excursions archéologiques en Grèce.*
Foa, E., *Mes Grandes Chasses.*
Fromentin, E., *Une Année dans le Sahel.*
—— *Un Été dans le Sahara.*
Gallouëdec, L., *La Loire.*
Huret, J., *En Amérique. De New-York à la Nouvelle-Orléans.*
—— *En Amérique. De San Francisco au Canada.*
Jusserand, J. J., *En Amérique jadis et maintenant.*
Klein, F., *Au pays de "la vie intense."*
Nansen, F., *Farthest North.* (*Vers le pôle.*)
Rodrigues, G., *Le Peuple de l'action.*
Roosevelt, T., *The Winning of the West* (*La Conquête de l'ouest.*)
Rousiers, P. de, *La Vie américaine.*
Taine, H., *Notes sur l'Angleterre.*
Tharaud, Jérôme and Jean, *Marrakech; ou Les Seigneurs de l'Atlas.*
Wendell, B., *The France of To-day.*

VI. BIOGRAPHY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY

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CONCLUSION

THE LAST MEETING OF THE CLASS

It is the end of July. For a fortnight the class has been but a shadow of itself, and to-day only a handful of boys remain to take possession with me of the quarters that are to be ours in Class 1. By a happy chance, I am to keep next year in First the pupils I have had this year in Second; so our thoughts turn naturally toward the future. The year that is ending has none of the sadness attaching to things about to disappear forever; if we glance back at all, it is to connect the past with the new year, which we feel is so near.

We take advantage of this last hour to look through the manuscript of "our book." We read it over together, adding certain points, crossing out superfluous words, the boys laughing at the accounts of their own blunders, which, of course, they "would never make now," and everyone working with such good-will that we cannot believe our ears when the gong cuts us short, with many pages still untouched. But is n't that always the way? Nothing is ever quite finished.

"Good-bye, boys, till next year! And remember, 'There is a time for all things.' You have not wasted your winter. Now, except for a little reading, don't do anything during vacation."

I am answered by a hearty cheer. We have never been more of one mind!

[To the reader, what is there left to say? On both sides of the Atlantic there are thousands of minds busied

with this problem of fitting our children to live their lives, and inclined to solve it in similar ways. Never can we teachers expect a greater reward for our daily efforts than to feel a growing coöperation for the betterment of education in our two countries.]